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FROM

James Byrne
of New York



THE
IRISH MONTHLY.

A Magazine of General Literature.

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

TWENTIETH YEARLY VOLUME.

1892.

DUBLIN:
M. H. GILL & SON, O'CONNELL STREET.
LONDON: BURNS AND OATES; SIMKIN MARSHALL, AND CO.

254.3



*Gift of
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NOTICE.

The many kind friends who take a personal interest in the prosperity of this Magazine can serve it best by forwarding at once their subscription of Seven Shillings, for the year 1893, to the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner-street, Dublin.

JANUARY, 1892.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

Never could words of mine express

His honour, his worship, his gentleness—

'Twas God who graced him with gifts so high.

The Song of Roland translated by Judge O'Hagan.

IT is already twelve years since the death of Charles William Russell, President of Maynooth. The world does not require so long a space to forget men much more prominent in their day; yet there are occasional indications that Dr. Russell is not forgotten. The latest of these occurred at the inaugural meeting of the Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, for the session 1891-92, when the chairman, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, wishing to establish by examples the high intellectual capabilities of Irish Catholics, fixed on three priests, though the context allowed him to choose among Catholic laymen also. He urged the claims of the Catholic community in Ireland as the claims of "a Church which had adorned the world of Irish eloquence by the name of the great Dominican, Father Burke; which, in the paths of lighter literature, had given them the works of Father Prout; which, in the world of learning and piety, had supplied them with the name of Dr. Russell."

"Silence is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed; let him, therefore, who infringes that right by speaking of, for, or against those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he opens not his mouth without a sufficient sanction." It is thus that Wordsworth begins to speak of Burns. The warning does not

apply so forcibly to a man like Dr. Russell, of whom nothing can be revealed that will not raise our ideal of human worth. Certainly he himself would have forbidden any such record in any shape or form. However, what would be distasteful to a nature keenly sensitive and exquisitely refined, may be useful to others; and many have thought that a fuller tribute is due to the memory of such an Irishman in the pages of a magazine in which he took an affectionate interest from the first number in July, 1873, to that which appeared a week after his death.

Changing slightly the opening phrase—for the subject of our sketch was several years younger than the first Irish Cardinal of our time—we cannot possibly begin our account of Dr. Russell better than by applying to the sturdy Catholic race from which he sprang, a passage which we heard from the lips of Father Burke at the Month's Mind of Cardinal Cullen:—

“Born in the first years of the century, of parents who carefully preserved the traditions of Catholic faith and piety which they had inherited from an honourable ancestry, the child from the beginning was offered and consecrated to God, and so trained as to present no obstacle to the high grace which God in His good time sent—a vocation to the priesthood. It has been said, and truly, that the highest ambition of most Irish parents is to rear a son for the sanctuary, and this, which is sometimes said by the enemies of the Church as if it were a reproach, is the grandest testimony to the undying faith, purity, and devotion of a martyred people. But it is not every household that can produce a priest. The Lord must truly build and guard such a house. There must we find a virgin faith sanctified by traditions of unbroken loyalty to the Church of God. There must the young Levite breathe from infancy an atmosphere of purity and domestic piety. The voice of prayer must be familiar to him from his early youth. From his mother's lips and the example of his father, must he learn the first lessons of what is destined to be sacerdotal virtue and holiness. From the heart of the home in which he was born and reared the chosen one must bring to the threshold of the sanctuary a virgin soul unacquainted with sin, for it is written, ‘Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place? The innocent in hands and clean of heart’ (Ps. 23). He must bring with him the silvery whiteness of purity, which the angel of the priesthood will afterwards refine into the gold of a higher charity.

‘And he shall sit refining and cleansing the silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and shall refine them as gold’ (Mal. 3). Such was the traditional Catholic family in Ireland, throughout centuries of persecution, still the seminary of sons strong in faith and holiness. And such was the home in which the child, Paul Cullen, first learned to love God.”

Such, too, was the home in which the child, Charles Russell, learned to love God and to acquire that priestliness of soul which a friend of his later years singled out as his most striking characteristic.

Charles William Russell was the second youngest of several sons born to Charles Russell and Anne M’Evoy. He was born on the 14th of May, 1812, at Killough, a small fishing town in the north of County Down, some five miles from Downpatrick and the grave of St. Patrick. His mother was one of many daughters of Peter M’Evoy, the others marrying into the well-known Louth families of Brodigan of Piltown, Gartlan of Monalty, and Kelly of Rathmullen. The name of this old Drogheda patriarch was preserved in that of a very clever grandson, Peter M’Evoy Gartlan, formerly of Dundalk, who was chosen by Gavan Duffy to represent the second branch of the legal profession in the most famous State Trial of the century, that of O’Connell and others in 1844. He was the author of a very brilliant article on the Trial which appeared in the *Dublin Review*, and was afterwards reprinted, and of which the young Editor of *The Nation* expressed warm admiration, mingled with discriminating criticisms, in a letter to Mr. Gartlan, which (with Sir C. G. Duffy’s permission) we published in an early volume of this Magazine, under the title of “An Interesting Relic of the Irish State Trials of 1844.”*

(To be continued in our Next.)

* We had pledged ourselves to open our new year with the first instalment of this sketch. A circumstance, known to many of our readers, has obliged us to be content with the merest beginning.—ED. I. M.

NEW YEAR BELLS.

WHAT say the bells ? Where are last year's joys ?
Gone like April flowers that a breath destroys.
Joys are shining pilgrims in a world bereaven ;
With a sound of song,
Come the angel throng,
Pass through our doors, and wander on to heaven.

What say the bells ? Where are last year's woes ?
Here, here for ever ; thorns outlive the rose.
In the empty chambers whence our gladness fled,
Through the lagging days,
Hooded sorrow stays,
By the cold hearthstone, brooding o'er the dead.

What say the bells ? Cast away thy grief ;
Let thy future freshen with the springing leaf.
April buds and blossoms may the graveyard strew,
Till the drifted blooms,
Covering the tombs,
Make for thy footsteps paths of peace anew.

What say the bells ? Heart, in vain, in vain !
Through the mass of blossoms rise the graves again ;
Yet although in loneliness thy weary ways be set,
Faint not, but believe
Better 'tis to grieve,
Better to grieve, dear heart, than to forget !

ELINOR MARY SWEETMAN.

“OUR JOE.”

AS old Harry Lupton wended his way homewards on Christmas Eve, he began to think seriously of writing to his son in America, and desiring him to come back to England forthwith. Every house in the village was astir with preparations for family gatherings; here and there indeed were travellers, already arriving, sons and daughters home from service, or snatching a holiday from “business” in the neighbouring market town. Some—and these were not the least welcome—brought only little bundles in their hands; but others carried hampers filled with good things (at sight of which there was a fine outcry among the small fry in the household), and others, again, dragged little tired children slowly along, or bore them in their arms. Then, when the door was opened, and “grand-ma’s” cheery wrinkled face peered out into the night, what jubilee there was! How Billy was promised a treacle-buttie immediately if he would “give over” his fretful wail, how much Nelly (bless her heart!) was declared to have “come on”; and what a marvellous likeness was discovered between the new baby and its father. Harry Lupton, picking his way over the cobble-stones slowly enough, for his lumbaguey caught him awful, and his legs was none so strong as they were, noted all this bustle, and there came a mist before his eyes other than that of the gathering dusk, and a chill about his heart which was not caused by the fast falling flakes of snow, or the cutting evening wind. When he turned up the little dark lane which led to his cottage—the last in the village, and a couple of hundred yards away from any of the neighbouring homesteads—he was obliged to stand still for a moment and cough, there was such a disagreeable sensation in his throat, and pass his hands across his eyes.

“It’s gettin’ time for our Joe to be thinkin’ o’ comin’ home. Our Alice must write an’ tell him. Her an’ me’s gettin’ on; we might be in we’re graves next Christmas, an’ then theer’d be no use in him comin’ at all. I’ll bid her write, I will.”

He nodded confidentially to the hedges and toddled on again, his tall bent figure and feeble gait pathetically endorsing his words.

In a few minutes he had reached his abode, a queer little two-storied cottage, built of yellowish stone. Light shone through the small-paned windows, and a cheerful glow irradiated the figure of the old woman who stood on the threshold.

"Eh, ye're awful late, 'Arry! I couldn't think what ever'd come to ye. Your back that bad, an' all."

"Come in, missus, come in, an' shut yon door, theer's wind enough to blow th' teeth out o' yer 'ead—if ye had any that's to say. Come, that's better! Coffee smells first rate. Off wi' th' clogs! Help us into the cheer, missus; e-e-eh, it do come same as a knife in a body's back, that plaguey sciatic, when one goes for to sit down. Theer! all's well as ends well; now th' bacon, an' th' toast. Theer! I'm feelin' a bit better now."

He drew his elbow-chair nearer to the fire, and fell to at his supper, a brighter expression coming over his face, and his melancholy thoughts banished for the time. Indeed it would have been hard to feel melancholy in that cosy little kitchen while the firelight danced so cheerily over the creamy walls, and well-rubbed furniture, and brought to view such a wealth of brilliantly coloured crockery, and so many glittering pots and pans. Mrs. Alice Lupton had nothing to do but "keep the place clean," and was scrubbing, and rubbing, and polishing from morning till night. Her own figure was very pleasant to look at, in its tidy north country dress. The loose jacket or "bed-gown" of lilac print gathered in at the waist by the ample linen apron, beneath which showed a skirt of striped lindsey; knitted stockings of bluish grey, and list slippers, completed Alice's attire, and her fresh-coloured, wholesome face was encircled by a wide-frilled white cap, tied under the chin with black ribbons. She was a pretty old woman, good-tempered and thrifty; and anyone seeing her as she sat smiling at her good man from the opposite side of the fire-place, would have felt that he was rather to be envied than pitied. After a few minutes however, he heaved a deep sigh, and laid down his knife.

"What's to do wi' ye?" asked Alice anxiously.

"I've been thinkin' a dale of our Joe to-neet, missus, an' I was sayin' to myself as it were gettin' time for him to be comin' home. Ye might write him a line an' tell him as his feyther says so."

"Well, master," returned Mrs. Lupton, rubbing her nose reflectively, "I don't altogether know if we didn't ought to let th'

lad bide till he comes of hisself. Ye see every letter tells us as he's doin' pretty fair, an' that; an' happen it 'ud be a pity to take him off's work just because we want to look at him."

"Let's see, he's been a matter o' sixteen year out yonder, hant he? He's a man now; aye, goin' on thirty-four, he is, an' ought to ha' laid by summat. A steady, hard-working lad same as he's been. He ought to ha' saved a tidy bit, enough to keep's feyther an' mother i' their owd age. We're gettin' on, missus—ye're that 'earty still ye make no count o' the time, but I'm gettin' past work, an' I say as it's time our Joe come an' worked *for* us. Theer!"

He hammered on the table with his fist, and nodded at his wife in a way which betokened that he had said the last word on the subject. Alice knew better than to contradict him; for on some points Harry was inflexible.

She was pondering a little anxiously as to the advisability of carrying out her husband's wish, when there came a knock, or rather a series of knocks at the door.

"Whoever can it be at this time o' th' neet?" growled Harry. "Go an' see, missus, I'm too crippled to stir."

Mrs. Lupton left the kitchen and opened the house door, starting a little at the sight of the man's figure which confronted her.

"Can I—will you kindly let me come in and warm myself for a few minutes? I am drenched through, and so cold and numb."

"It's a tramping chap, I doubt," said Alice in a whisper, as she returned to her husband. "But it 'ud be a charity to let him come in for a bit. He looks for all the world like a ghost."

"Let him in, then, though I'm none so fond o' tramps. But Christmas Eve a body mustn't be too 'ard. Come in, mister, an' sit ye down. It's an awful neet."

The stranger entered; a tall man who might have been good-looking but for the unhealthy pallor of his face, the sharpened outlines of his features, the stoop in his broad shoulders, and the stubbly beard which decorated his chin. His clothes, besides being ragged, were soaked with melted snow, and smeared with mud. Harry glanced at him with much disfavour, and edged away his chair a little; but Alice fetched him a plate, and presently desired him to comfort his inner man with bacon and buttered toast, while she warmed up a cup of coffee.

"Ye'll have come a long way, I reckon?" observed Harry after a pause.

"Aye, I've walked from Liverpool."

"An' afore that?"

"I sailed from New York."

"New York, eh dear! that's wheer our Joe lives," cried Alice eagerly. "I do wonder if ye ever come across our Joe, our son that is, as has been theer sixteen year. In the iron way he is. Joe Lupton from Lancashire. Did ye know him?"

The stranger was silent for a moment, stirring vigorously at his coffee, and seeming to reflect.

"Joe Lupton," he said slowly at last. "New York's such a big place. I know a lot o' fellows in the iron trade. Let's see, what was he like?"

"Eh, a tall slip of a lad wi' rosy cheeks, same as two ripe apples, and hair that curly! D'ye mind, master, how't 'ud twine round the comb of a Saturday when our Joe was a little 'un, an' I'd washed him i' th' dolly-tub? Eh, dear 'eart, he was a bonny child!"

"Why, missus, 'a tall lad wi' rosy cheeks!' What sort of a description's that?" chuckled Harry. "They women, they all; 'ays thinks as time stands still. Our Joe'll be a man now, wi' a fine pair of shoulders I reckon, an' a gradely beard to's face. But I'll tell 'ee, mister. He had a pair o' blue eyes, bright an' clear, as could look a man straight i' th' face, he had; and an honest kind of a way wi' him as ye feel he was a lad ye could trust. Did you know any one o' that make yonder o' th' name o' Joe, from Lancashire?"

There was silence for a little time again, and then the man shook his head.

"No," he said. "I don't know anybody o' th' kind. But you see he might be there an' yet I mightn't come across him."

"Ah," sighed Alice, deeply disappointed. "New York's a big place, as ye say. Is't a place d'ye think wheer folks gets on?"

"Ah, that's it," put in Harry, "is it a place wheer folks makes much money?"

The stranger broke into a short laugh. "Oh, aye! money enough!" he said, and buried his face in his cup.

"Didn't I tell 'ee?" cried old Lupton, nodding triumphantly at Alice. "Our Joe'll have saved a tidy bit. Eh, happen ye'll be ridin' to church i' yer own trap afore ye die, owd wench!"

There was a sound, as of a sudden explosion in the stranger's

coffee-cup, at which lack of politeness his host was mightily indignant.

"It's very fine for ye to laugh," he remarked, "an' yet theer's nought to laugh at as I can see. Our Joe's been workin' 'ard for sixteen year, an' I says he ought to ha' saved enough to keep us i' comfort, his mother an' me. He should come back, he should. Missus, ye mun write and tell him that to-morrow."

"Ah!" sighed the traveller, "I'm longin' sorely to see *my* old father an' mother. I'm homesick, an' yet I dursen't go home."

"Why?" cried Alice in surprise, while Harry paused, pipe in hand, to look up enquiringly.

"Ye see I've been in a bit of a mess," answered the man hesitatingly. "In fact I've been a sight o' trouble since first I went out yonder, as a young chap. I got into bad ways, an' fell in with a bad lot, and the long and the short of it is, I've just put in five years for burglary."

"Eh, dear heart!" ejaculated Alice, much startled. Harry half rose from his chair, and stretched out his hand towards his big stick.

"Nay, missus, don't be frightened o' me," cried the stranger eagerly. "I swear I'd rather die than touch a hair o' your head. You've no need to reach for your stick, sir," he added, turning to his host. "Is it likely I'd tell you my misfortune if I wanted to harm you? I'm thinkin' of my own parents this blessed night, an' wonderin' if I'll ever have the courage to own what I've done, an' to ax their forgiveness."

His voice shook, and he shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Eh, dear heart!" said Mrs. Lupton again. "Don't they know, then? Poor souls, it'll go 'ard wi' 'em, I doubt."

"It will," said the man, with something like a sob. "No, they know nothing. I kep' it from them, for I knew it 'ud go nigh to kill them. You see they come of honest stock, an' have always held up their heads pretty high. All the neighbours think well o' them, an' respect them. So I've always wrote as I was doin' well, an' the chaplain yonder was very good to me an' used to post my letters, an' bring me the replies. They're but simple folk, an' never guessed as there were anything wrong. God knows I'm loth to be the means o' bringin' shame to them now. An' yet I'm the only son they have."

Alice clapped her withered hands together, and rocked herself to and fro in her chair.

"God preserve us! What trouble some folks has! Eh, what awful trouble! I doubt they'll break their 'earts when they come to 'ear."

The stranger held his peace for a moment. Old Harry removed his pipe, and stared at him with increasing dislike and disapproval.

"I'm loth to bring shame to 'em," repeated the man at last from behind his sheltering hand. "Maybe, after all, it 'ud be best for me not to go near 'em. Maybe I'd better go back where I came from, an' tell 'em nothing."

"Ye're reet, theer," said Harry sternly. "To my thinkin' ye'd best go away an' keep away, lad. What for should ye go home to disgrace yer feyther an' mother, i' their owd age, them as is decent folks, ye say? T'ave th' neighbours castin' up at 'em, as their son was a thief, an' was i' jail five year? Why t'ud kill 'em straight off, I shouldn't wonder. Nay, nay, go back wheer ye've come from, an' try to lead an honest life, that's my advice."

"Aye," returned the other, almost in a whisper, "I'll go back an' try to lead an honest life."

"Ah, but I reckon your mother 'ud like to see ye," cried Alice, "I reckon she would, if it was ever so. But men folks is different. They're a deal harder, an' yet they can't bear trouble same as us. 'Twould go nigh to kill yer feyther, th' shame an' the sorrow would. Happen, ye'd best do as my master advises, after all."

The man's other hand went up to his face now, and his voice sounded husky and unsteady as he said: "Thank ye, I will, I'll go." Then, dropping his hands, he rose.

Alice's eyes filled with tears.

"Nay, but theer's no such hurry," she said, "an' th' neet's bad for travellin'. Ye'd best stop here, an' go on i' the mornin'."

"Ah, theer's th' shippon," added her husband rather unwillingly; "an' a good bit o' straw. Ye might make shift on't for bed. It's better nor th' snow anyways."

"Thank ye kindly," said the stranger. "It is so; I'm pleased to have the chance."

His eyes which had hitherto shifted uneasily from one object to another when they were not bent on the ground, now swept round the room with a long steady glance resting for a moment or two on the stooping figure of the old man in the corner. He made a step towards him with hand half extended, but meeting Harry's severe gaze drew back, and nodded instead.

Alice lit a candle and preceded him out of the room, carefully closing the door after her.

"Hark," she whispered when they stood without. "Ye needn't sleep i' th' shippon when all's said an' done. Theer's a bit of a room here near th' stairs wheer our Joe used to sleep. I've all'ays kep' it tidy, an' bed ready aired; it seems to comfort me, ye know, an' I think to myself sometimes, happen he'll come an' surprise us some day an' he must find all ready. Ye can sleep theer, the master needn't know."

It was a queer little cupboard of a room that Mrs. Lupton ushered him into, containing just a truckle bed, a chair beside it, and a chest of drawers with a jug and basin on the top. The man sat down on the chair, as though seized with sudden faintness, but his hostess was too busy with her preparations for his comfort to notice him.

"Little did I think as I'd ever let a trampin' chap same as you sleep in our Joe's bed! But I'm sorry for ye, an' that's the truth. I doubt ye took it 'ard o' my master to speak like he did. But theer! Men's ways are 'ard, and my master is all'ays so set on honesty."

She had put on sheets and blankets, smoothed and patted them, and was now shaking a pillow into its coarse, clean cover. When she had finished and laid it in its place, she suddenly stooped and kissed it.

Turning and catching her guest's eye, and observing the strange expression of his face, she blushed to her very cap borders.

"I doubt ye'll think me a queer sort o' body," she said. "But it's a way I've got whenever I come next or nigh this bed. Ye see I all'ays think o' our Joe's bonny face as I used to see it, mornin' an' evenin', laying on this here pillow, an' as I can't kiss that, I kiss th' pillow i'stead."

The man uttered a sort of groan and flung himself forward on the bed, clutching the pillow with both hands, and burying his face in it.

"Poor fellow!" murmured Alice, "ye're thinkin' o' yer own mother, I reckon."

At this juncture Harry's voice was heard angrily calling, and the tap of his stick came across the floor of the adjoining room.

Alice hastily extinguished the candle, and crept into the passage, artfully banging the house door as though she had just come in.

"Whatever ha' ye be doin' out i' th' cold so long?" cried her lord, emerging from the kitchen in much displeasure.

"I were but makin' yon poor chap a bit comfortable," returned Alice.

"I'm none too sure as ye did reet to let him bide here at all," said Harry. "I don't so much care for folks o' that kind about th' place. Whish! seems as if I could smell th' prison off him!"

Slowly the heavy feet, and the tapping stick passed the stranger's door; he had heard every word the old man said, and now burrowed his head yet more deeply into the pillow, and groaned afresh.

Mrs. Lupton, excited and compassionate, lay awake long after her master's snores made the very rafters ring, and at last, dropping to sleep towards morning, was troubled by a strange and painful dream.

She thought she saw their Joe, a child again with rosy face and curly head; and he stood without in the snow and wept, and his father drove him from the door. The vision was so vivid, she saw the little lad so plainly, with the tears on his chubby cheeks, and his mouth drawn downwards in the pitiful droop against which so few mothers can steel their hearts, that when she woke, she could hardly believe it was not real.

"'Twas wi' moitherin' about yon poor fellow, I doubt," she said to herself, and lay still, the memory of her dream mingling with the thought of the tramp, until she fell into a sort of waking nightmare, in which it seemed to her that her son and the tramp were one. Presently she started up, fully conscious, and struck with a sudden fear, a fear more terrible than that evoked by any nightmare, which made her heart stand still, and her hands turn cold. What if they *were* one? what if this "tramping chap," this jail bird, were really their Joe?

With awful clearness the stranger's story returned to her mind; she went over it phrase by phrase, word by word, there was nothing, nothing in his history which might not—admitting the fact that it were possible for Joe to have gone astray—have also befallen him. She remembered the tremulous speech, the down-cast looks, the emotion of their visitor; and the fear grew upon her, and shook her very soul. She sprang out of bed, while Harry snored on peacefully; the dawn showed grey through the uncurtained windows, and the wind whistled without. She flung

a shawl over her shoulders and pattered downstairs, the boards icy-cold to her bare feet, the chill air that circled through the house, seeming to penetrate even to her bones.

The door was ajar, and through it was to be seen a vision of a desolate white world, with never a living creature stirring; only a long irregular line of hedge and trees standing out gaunt and black against a lowering sky.

Alice caught her breath, and leaned against the door-post for a moment. Then, supporting herself against the wall, and breaking into a stifled, piteous whimpering, crept into Joe's little room. Lo, it was empty! The bed had not been slept in, but the pillow was crushed and soiled, and there in the middle, where the mother's lips had touched it, it was wet, as though with tears.

M. E. FRANCIS.

A WALK ON A WINTRY DAY.

RISE up, my indolent friend, from your easy chair and the glow of the sparkling fire that tells of the frost outside; lay aside your green-backed magazine, fresh from the printer, and that charming sketch of the town that should be dear to Irishmen since it was there that gallant, buccaneering, ill-fated Sir Walter first introduced the vegetable that has become the staple food of the people—let it wait awhile. When the curtains are drawn and the lamps lighted, you can read of Raleigh's house where Spenser read his *Fairy Queen*; you can let your thoughts go back to Maurice Fitzgerald, and to that Gerald who would not sleep in death on the Waterford side of the Blackwater, but kept calling for his kin "to ferry him over" till at last he was laid to rest in St. Mary's Church. Take the elder Dombey's advice and make "an effort" to resist the combined attractions of the fire and *Maga*, and I can promise you will be repaid for it.

Indeed you should have been outdoors earlier to greet the laggard sun and see his first beams reflected back from the white world, and to mark the hundred different tints—full crimson, fiery red, pale rose, and purple amethyst—in the east, and the

frayed-edged clouds of pearly gray floating zenithwards in the pale, blue sky. You should have seen the streams and pools sparkle and the blackbirds skip about, chuckling over the red berries ; but since you are too late for that, don your shortest skirts and stoutest boots and come. There has been snow enough to cover the earth, and frost enough to clothe the trees and shrubs with a delicate lace-work of rime, and to fringe the few deep orange leaves that yet remain on the oaks and wild cherries, as well as the bramble and glistening holly leaves.

Come along this country lane. Thanks to Jack Frost, there is pleasant footing, except in a few spots. Never mind if your foot does sink a little ; you are not wearing your newest gown with its long, clinging skirts, nor your dainty useless shoes, and can understand, like the children, the luxury of enjoying yourself without thinking of your best frock, etc. Speaking of children, do you hear that noisy crowd screaming and laughing on the hill where they are trying the delights of "tobogganing" on a small scale ? See, a couple of urchins are established on a short plank, and, at a push from their companions, away they go, flying down the hill, their board sliding quickly over the smooth earth. Ah ! a sudden rise on the ground, and off they go, their "contrivance," as some of them term it, rushing on a few yards further. Barring a few scratches and a plentiful sprinkling of snow, they are none the worse. One can't come to much grief with their very primitive "tobogganing."

The trees rise on either hand, and through their rimy branches we can see the sky rather grey than blue now. The tall weeds and gorse are fixed and stiffened, and several plants of "staunch mullein like a tower," have the appearance of hoary sentinels, and make the hedges very different from what they were when the scent of thyme and meadow sweet was on the breeze. Still the lane is very lovely. Far away in front is a little maiden in a scarlet cloak—a veritable Red Riding Hood—making a bright picture on the landscape. There are still a few stray hips and haws for the poor wrens wrestling for warmth among the bare boughs. A brave redbreast twitters a little, and in the words of one of the poets of Andrew Lang's "*At the Sign of the Ship* :

"Like a tawny leaf is his bosom,
Like a dead leaf is his wing :
He is glad of the coming winter,
As the thrush is glad of the spring."

Right cheerily he trills from a holly bush, gay with crimson berries, never heeding our approach till we are quite near, and then away he hops to where the garlanded ivy creeps up the stem of a silver beech, and eyes us warily.

But the sun is sinking lower, and a grey mist rising over the meadows warns us to turn our faces homeward. Now for a race down hill, "one, two, three, and away!" No one is here to know whether we run gracefully as Atalanta or otherwise. Briskly we tread along in the keen, exhilarating atmosphere till the village comes in view, its white walls standing out bright and clear. The far west is a sea of flame, and "the low sun fires" the white world "with mingled gloom and glory," and gleams "on village windows that glimmer red." We linger somewhat towards the end of our walk as travellers often do, casting wondering looks towards where

"——— a sunset's crimson glory
Burns as if earth were one great altar's blaze,"

till there is the pleasantest sight I know of to greet us— a flood of light from an open door; and also the appetizing odour of muffins and tea. Aren't you all the better for your walk, madam? Anyway—and that is a great deal to a woman—you are all the better looking, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and ready to enjoy your tea and the gossip that is a woman's legitimate right when the toils and troubles of the day are done.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

SOLATIOLUM.

I COUNT me blest in tranquil tastes that fill
Right pleasantly my being's nooks and corners.
E'en since these thumbs were tiny as Jack Horner's,
Such tastes have comforted and comfort still.
Did they but wile an hour away not ill,
It were enough to screen them from the scorners;
But gilders they, refiners and adorners
Of Life's not always palatable pill.

Sonnet aroon, thou of these pets art one!
Full many a vivid moment have I spent
In smoothing out thy octave's dual measure:
Until by contrast it seemed prose and fun
To let thy tercets follow their own bent,
Masking obedience as the whim of pleasure.

W. L.

WHISPER !

WHISPER !

The lights are dim within the room ;
 Across the blinds the ghostly shadows move ;
 Each mien is bodeful of the coming doom ;
 Each heart craves mercy from the God of Love.

Whisper !

The wand of death is raised to smite
 A maiden wasted ere her youthhood's prime ;
 A ship, sail-spread, is fading through the night ;
 A bud is withered ere the flowering time.

Whisper !

The exile's fate is hers. She dies
 Far from her own loved land of light and song.
 Under the murky pall of London's skies,
 Where hearts to pity nor to ruth belong.

Whisper !

She speaks of far-off Brosna's stream,
 Of Lusmagh's hills with blossoms all ablaze,
 Where years sped by in one long blissful dream,
 And gladness revelled in our childhood's days.

Whisper !

The dead-dew glistens on her brow ;
 The fever-flush is paling on her cheek ;
 The lips, once laughter-loved, are silent now ;
 The piteous eyes alone can plead and speak.

Whisper !

The dreaded shapes are gathering near ;
 The noiseless, fleshless tread is on the stair ;
 She knows his coming, hopeful, without fear ;
 His hand is heavy on her heart and hair.

Whisper !

A look—a sigh—and all is done.
 The heart that bravely bore its weight of dole
 Is stilled for ever. Life's dark web is spun,
 And Heaven is richer still by one pure soul.

JOHN T. KELLY.

WON BY WORTH

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WINTER DAY'S DRIVE.

"Who on earth said that Captain Crosbie had any idea of Julia Doran?" asked Mary.

"I don't know really. It was said he admired her. I saw them together at the athletic sports in summer."

"I wasn't at them. Why, she is younger than I am."

"Well, what of that, if they like each other? I think Captain Crosbie very good-looking, and he is every way eligible. I'm sure mamma would be delighted if he admired me. She is troubled about my engagement—poor mother—and it has been such a long one. Sometimes I wonder, Mary, will it ever end happily for us. 'Tis now three years since he went away, poor boy. He was only twenty-two. It is a man's face I will look on when he returns—if he ever do return. I think I'll miss my boyish love changed into a man. I wonder will he find me altered. We were the same age; but fretting is no beautifier; sad thoughts are productive of wrinkles. It is such a dreadful thing to have him out there—the watching for the post; the heart-sickness if his letters be a day late; and then I begin to think his love was only a boyish fancy. He may change; some people don't believe any man could be constant so long. Yet, I don't think he is forgetting me; his letters are as loving as ever, and I don't forget him; I am always thinking of him—always; even when I am laughing and talking with others, I fancy he may be dead or dying that moment—and it is miserable. I try not to worry myself lest it make me look old and cross. I was quite pleased to-night when I overheard someone admiring me."

"Oh! Helen, what a silly goose you are," exclaimed Mary. "Why, I think you are growing handsomer every day. If Robert was devoted to you when he went, he will be twice as much in love when he returns."

"God send him back safe, any way. I am sometimes grieved that papa didn't let us marry. Yet I would be a bad poor man's

wife, and he had only his pay. I should have only hampered him. Ah, long engagements are a weary thing."

"I had rather put up with the weariness and wait for Robert than marry anyone else," said Mary. "If I went so far as to love him. I'm sure I'd go so far as to wait for him. What else should I do, provided he asked me, you know?"

"Ah! it is not the waiting at all, Mary, but the uncertainty. Look before you love, and don't engage yourself."

"No one tempted me," answered Mary. "No one ever cared about me, but one—for a little while—he did not care long. Come, Helen, put back the tears, and don't be foolish. You and Robert will be as happy as a pair of lovers in a novel by and by."

"Well, perhaps we may. I used to cry myself to sleep long ago. but one gets used to everything, and I seldom grow tearful now. I suppose if he came to-morrow I should smooth my hair and settle my collar before I went to meet him. Poor fellow! I wonder what is he doing this minute. Come, Mary, we may as well go to bed, or Mr. Huntingdon won't compliment you on your bright eyes in the morning."

"I don't care if he never looked at my eyes. He may gaze into the Honorable Miss Rossroe's all his life for all I care—though I think he is really agreeable, and possibly kind-hearted too."

"Ah! it is well for you, Mary, you are heart whole. I hope we won't have troubled dreams to-night. You sang 'The Memory of the Past' beautifully this evening. Captain Crosbie thought so too. I was sitting near him, and he was looking at you all the time and listening most attentively. What an earnest kind of man he is, I wish he took a fancy to Julia Doran. She is a dear little thing. There! it is striking two o'clock. Good night, Mary. Don't attempt to speak another word."

Mary Desmond remained awake for a little time. The fireside conversation supplied food for meditation. Captain Crosbie's possible marriage was somehow unpleasant. Of course he was nothing to her. Still she did not relish the idea of his being more to another. If he were watching her singing, no doubt he observed Mr. Huntingdon's devotional way of turning over the leaves and the many whispers he bent to utter. Could it be possible he thought she cared for this passing admiration or estimated it at more than its worth? She got quite hot at the thought. Mr. Huntingdon had no right to single her out and make her remarkable. It was not kind of him. After a considerable amount of restlessness she composed herself to sleep with the remembrance that it would all be soon over. And yet she gave a little sigh too, for Mr. Huntingdon had been a pleasant

element in her quiet life. Admiration and attention are exhilarating, and it does not displease a young girl to find that she pleases.

Mary was standing in the bay window of the breakfast-room next morning talking to the children. Ida was standing on the chair near her, and Regy was lamenting the soft rain that was slowly washing the snow away, leaving unsightly patches where it had drifted. There was no further use for snares, and Regy mourned accordingly. Captain Crosbie was looking over a newspaper near the mantelpiece when Mary entered. He asked her to come to the fire, and made way for her by going to one of the windows. Mary did not take the offered seat, but went over to the little Lisles.

"You shan't go, Mary," Regy was saying when Mr. Huntingdon entered.

"Did you think of returning to-day?" he asked. "I shall see you in the evening, then, a pleasure I did not anticipate."

"You were right not to anticipate," replied Mary bluntly. "It will be late when I get home. Peter won't permit the pony to distress herself."

"Are you to drive the pony all the way from here?" he inquired.

"Oh, no, Miss M'Mahon will take me to the Five Crosses. Peter will meet me there."

"At what hour will you be there? I don't see why we should not meet you as well as Peter; it won't be much out of our electioneering line."

Captain Crosbie laid down his paper and went back to the fire, where he stood talking to Lady M'Mahon.

"Oh, before four o'clock, I suppose," answered Mary.

"Why, Mary, it will be quite dark then. Did you appoint such a late hour?" asked Lady M'Mahon in surprise.

"Perhaps he may be there sooner," answered Mary, "but the pony will require rest and food."

"It will be very uncomfortable for you to travel in an open trap on such an unpleasant day."

"I never travel in any other," replied Mary; "and I don't object to such light rain."

"You are too good to object to anything," he said, lowering his voice. "How can you be so good and so cold?"

"There is one thing I object to, Mr. Huntingdon," she said, and speaking in her usual distinct voice, "and that is compliments. They don't make me feel good at all."

"But, Mary," said Miss M'Mahon, "to return to our Crosses. i understood we were to be there at two o'clock."

Captain Crosbie looked at Mary, who had crimsoned.

"Ah, you are cruel," said Mr. Huntingdon. "The inference I draw is you want to avoid us."

"The inference is quite correct," replied Mary. "I wish to go home steadily without meeting any erratic embryo M.P.'s. I'll be muffled up, and speaking would be very difficult."

"Well, we shall leave at the same time, I suppose. Eleven o'clock will suit us both."

The conversation became general. The breakfast hour is essentially a gossiping one; and it was time to start when they stood up from the table. The candidate had to be in a village some miles away at twelve, so leave-taking commenced.

Captain Crosbie shook hands with Mary.

"It rains still," he said. "How are you going to the Five Crosses?"

"In the covered car," she replied.

"Could you not take it all the way? Miss M'Mahon won't care to go out such a day."

"Oh, I'm sure it will be fine, and I don't mind rain in the least. I never catch cold."

"It is a long journey," he said. He hesitated for a moment, then passed on to take his leave of others.

The two girls enjoyed their drive to the cross-roads. When they arrived there, they found Peter tranquilly waiting for them, and the pony fed and rested. After the usual amount of embracing the girls parted. Mary muffled herself well in her shawls, and Miss M'Mahon returned to The Grange.

The soft rain continued to fall noiselessly, scarcely dimming the landscape. Mary sometimes lifted her face to feel its cool freshness; for there was no cold in the atmosphere. She had enjoyed her days' visit and yet she was glad to be going home.

Peter wanted to know all about the company and how they disported themselves.

"I suppose everything was in grand style, Miss Mary? Sir William always did the thing dacent, an' not to draw in his hand now, moreover, before one from foreign parts."

"Everything was splendid, Peter. I wish you saw how the dinner tables were decorated."

"Yeh, didn't I often see as good? Many's the one I helped to lay out in Fintona when there was little talk of you; an' faith sorry I used to be for it, lashing money away, fillin' people that wouldn't thank ye. Often I sed to the missis that if we had a griddle down makin' money we couldn't hould. But shure the masther, God rest his soul, wouldn't give ear to Saint Pether, only to run ahead. But

Sir William has great manes, an' can do the choice thing. I suppose there was a sight of quality there?"

"There were a great number to dinner each day, and others used to come in the evenings, and the house was full besides."

"An' a dale of young ladies, of coorse. Was Mr. Huntingdon makin' up to any of 'em? 'Tis he has the nice soft talk to coax 'um handy."

"How do you know but that he made up to me, Peter? How should you like that?"

"Deed then, faith, not over well at all. I'd sooner one of our own creed an' counthry. No doubt, he's a fine gentleman, an' can *plumansy* one as nice as ever I seen; but 'pon my *ookies* I think there's nothing blind on the same man."

"That is a nice compliment, Peter. Would he be blind to take me?"

"Oh, that's not my manin' at all, Miss Mary. Too good intirely I'd think you for the likes of him. You have your fortin' between your eyes; but faith I donno but he'd like it of a yallowier colour. Yerra he hasn't the steadiness in him, only to be bowin' an' scrapin' an' dragging his moustaches. Why wouldn't he take himself aisy like the Captain? That's the man you could depind on, that won't be goin' over an' hether; *cantherallin'* like a blatherumskite. Was he great with any of the young ladies?"

"No," said Mary. "He didn't seem to notice any of them."

"He shows his sense inshure; he has a good life of it as he is; what won't make him laugh won't make him cry; but faith he could keep a warm house for a wife if one had the luck to get him, so he could. Believe me she'd have no cause to be wipin' her eyes. Shure I do be often thinkin' maybe ye'd take a strange likin' to one another."

"Why, Peter, I'm too silly for him. I always looked up to him as if he were my father."

"Yerra maybe 'tis ould you think he is," said Peter. "Deed then he's young enough for any young lady in the parish; but shure when ye're twenty ye thinks one of the thirty very sthale; an' as for forty. oh! Lord, it wouldn't do at all. But wait a while till you're thirty yourself, an' see then will the man of fifty think you young enough for him; deed then he won't, faith."

"But what matter to me what the fifty year old beau really thinks, Peter, if I do not want him."

"Iyeh no; you won't want any at all, I suppose; into a nunnery you'll go. God help us! Young people doesn't know what they want until the time passes, an' then they can't get it. If you don't sow in the spring, you won't reap in the harvest—my hand to you."

The bare brown trees receded as the pony trotted along briskly, Peter making comments upon all things dreamed of in his philosophy, until in the distance they could see the wooded hills of Fintona rising from the valley. The night fell rapidly. They turned at length into the grove road, where tall, interlacing trees shut out the cold grey sky, and made the gloom more profound. However, Peter and the pony had an intimate knowledge of every twist and turn, so they did not slacken their pace until they saw the lights in The Farm windows shining in the darkness. It was about four o'clock when they arrived.

Mrs. Desmond's cold was better, and she met them at the hall-door. Mary was soon seated by the fire, giving her mother an animated description of life at the Grange.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A TROUBLED MOTHER.

When the first rush of the conversation was over, Mrs. Desmond went to the kitchen to look after some household affairs.

Mary felt a little tired from her long drive, and the stillness of the small house having a soporific effect on her, she curled herself up among the soft cushions of a big sofa, and in a few minutes was asleep.

When her mother returned she laid a shawl upon her feet, and adjusting the lamp so that its light would not fall upon her face, she sat down to her knitting.

Mary's couch was one of those antediluvian pieces of furniture which are yet occasionally to be met with in old-fashioned houses, ponderous, comfortable, and subject to a great deal of ill-treatment not fitted to sofas of modern structure. Little children run races up and down upon them, and turn their ends into imaginary steeds that require a considerable amount of whipping and spurring. They serve as beds when there is an overflow of visitors, and certainly make themselves generally useful.

Mrs. Desmond continued her knitting, casting an occasional loving look at the flushed face with its nimbus of tumbled bright hair. Peter walked softly about laying the tea-tray.

"Whithen isn't she like a child fallin' asleep so nice and aisy?" said he; "an' shure, asleep or awake, she's great company in the house."

Mrs. Desmond smiled. "If we miss her so much for a couple of days, Peter, what shall we do when she goes from us altogether?"

"Is there any talks of it?" said Peter, stopping. "Has she a notion of the likes? But insure if she goes itself, isn't it only natural, an' the way of the world? Our fathers an' mothers showed us the pattern. 'As the old cock crows, the young cock learns'; but I hope she'll look, though—for out of hell there's no redemption."

"Oh, I am only speaking of what may happen," said Mrs. Desmond; "she has no idea of leaving us yet."

"Mr. Huntingdon does be here very often," said Peter. "I took notice of him givin' great eyes at her; shure no wondher, for she is very likely; but for all his riches an' his nice talk, I'd sooner she had some one nearer home."

The rapid sound of carriage wheels was heard, and in a moment Mr. Huntingdon's knock resounded through the house. Peter looked at his mistress, shook his head significantly, and went out to admit the visitor.

Mary had been aroused and was standing up, blinking at the light, trying to smooth her hair. If she had time to notice, she would have seen an anxious and troubled look on her mother's gentle face; but Mr. Huntingdon was standing at the door, hat in hand, handsome, and deprecating.

"Mrs. Desmond, you'll excuse me, I know. I couldn't pass by without inquiring how Miss Desmond got home. By Jove! I need not ask; like a young rose, she is only the fresher for the rains."

"I did not mind it at all," said Mary, "it was only the merest mist; and besides, weather has no effect on me. I rather enjoy a shower if I am not wearing a dress that spoils easily. I think it is very refreshing."

"Do you know you were the crumbled rose-leaf of my journey? I could not help thinking of you on an open trap."

"I am constituted for such adventurous modes of progression," answered Mary, smiling, "and having a large nature, I like the blue heavens above me better than the roof of a carriage."

"I have no doubt about the nature, whatever I think of its aspirations after a rainy sky. Mrs. Desmond, how I wish I could ask you for a cup of your refreshing tea!" And Mr. Huntingdon glanced sadly at the tea-table.

"I will give you a cup of tea with pleasure," she said, "if you don't mind keeping your horses standing."

"Oh, I could send them home. I'd like to compare notes with Miss Desmond on our very pleasant visit. But Crosbie is in the carriage. It would not be polite to send him home—would it?"

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Desmond.

"By Jove, so am I. Wonder could we allure him in for ten minutes?"

"Peter, give my compliments to Captain Crosbie," said Mrs. Desmond, "and say I shall be glad if he comes in."

"He can't withstand the temptation," said Mr. Huntington, taking a seat at the table near Mary. "Ah! here he is. Crosbie, Mrs. Desmond is about to pour oil into our wounds. I am absolutely pining for a cup of tea."

Captain Crosbie shook hands with Mrs. Desmond, and, with a frigid bow to Mary, said, "Huntingdon, I don't see how you can wait and all those people gone on to Fintona."

"Oh, we shall only remain a few minutes. Never be in a hurry, Crosbie. It makes your entrance more effective when you keep people waiting. They'll enjoy their dinner all the more for a delightful uncertainty about its hour. So you enjoyed your drive, Miss Desmond, and my concern was unnecessary?"

"Yes, I quite enjoyed it. Peter and the pony were both in excellent humour."

"I'm not surprised; under the same circumstances I should have been in humour also. We were at the Cross at half-past two and you had left. Why did you mystify me this morning about the hour you would be there?"

"Because," she answered frankly, "I did not like to meet a whole crowd of gentlemen."

"In plain words, you wished to avoid us."

"In plain words, I did," she replied.

"Ah, really I'm not sure that your candour is exquisite as I have hitherto imagined. But had we not delightful days at the Grange?"

"Yes, indeed," Mary warmly assented.

"Such refreshing tea. I feel as if I were beginning to expand. The last dance was pleasant, was it not? But you behaved badly to me about it."

"Huntingdon, it is not fair to leave your guests so long," said Captain Crosbie "it's almost seven o'clock."

"My dear fellow, you have done wonders to-day in the cause of your fellow-man. Don't remind him now of unpleasant necessities. Curious thing in Crosbie," he continued, addressing Mary, "he can't enjoy himself; have done my best with him; doesn't know what a pleasurable sensation is; I quite feel for him."

Mary laughed, and Crosbie arose.

"Well, I shall go," he said, "and send back the carriage for you"

"By Jove, a brilliant idea; not right though, only wish it were. Well I suppose I must tear myself away, and devote myself to a long masculine evening—no drawingroom, no gentle voices, no music. Don't you pity me, Miss Desmond. No more of my luck. But no doubt judgment will fall upon the disturbers of my peace. Good-night, Mrs. Desmond; a thousand thanks; I only wish I could remain longer. Good night."

The doors closed on the gentlemen, and in a few moments the carriage drove rapidly away.

Mrs. Desmond remained silent until the tea-tray was removed, then she said to Mary, who had drawn a low chair near her.

"Mary, was Mr. Huntingdon attentive to you at the Grange?"

"Indeed he was, mother, very."

"My dear, he seems very marked in his attentions. Has he given you any reason to believe he is serious?"

"For pity's sake, mother, don't think of such a thing. Lady M'Mahon said something about that."

"Did she notice it, then? My dear, I am sorry; he is different in rank, religion, and country, even if he were serious."

"Dear mother, don't be sorry for anything about him; he has not the least idea of me, or I of him; it just amuses him, and that is all." Mary laughed merrily.

"Well, dear," said the mother, with a sigh of relief, "I'm glad to see his attentions have not touched your heart. I was beginning to fear; for certainly he is very agreeable and handsome. I'll admire him more now that I find you admire him less than I imagined."

"Oh! he'd never touch my heart by paying me compliments," said Mary; "but I really like him, and perhaps I was pleased he took so much notice of me at The Grange, where there were a good many who didn't think I was anybody. Isn't that vanity, mamma?"

"Well, dear, it was very natural. It is pleasant to be noticed among strangers, and young hearts are sensitive."

"But I was shocked when Lady M'Mahon spoke as though he might be serious. I should not like him to make me remarkable."

"No, dear, that would not be well; people would take it for granted that you would marry him gladly; and when he was gone, and nothing came of it, it would be said that you were disappointed—You and Captain Crosbie don't seem to be as good friends as you were. Had you any misunderstanding, Mary!"

Mary stammered, and took up the poker to stir the fire.

"I don't want to force your confidence, my child, but I noticed a coolness lately, and he has not come here for some time"

"Dear mother," said Mary, laying her head against her, "I should have told you but that I thought you would be sorry."

"He said something to you, then?"

"He asked me to marry him."

"And you refused him?"

"Yes, I refused him."

The mother sighed and was silent.

"Ah, mammy," said the girl, "now I have grieved you."

"Not for your refusing him, my darling. Of course you did right when you did not care for him, but if you did care for him it would have made me very happy. Arthur Crosbie is a rare man; such a direct, simple, earnest nature; you are not likely to win the love of such a man again. But then, my dear, I quite understand that there is a great deal in him you don't see as I see it, and therefore it could not attract you."

"I don't think there is any one so good as he is," said Mary, "or whom I would so completely trust, but his loving me never occurred to me as possible. I thought he liked me—in a fatherly kind of way, because I was your child."

"Ah, my dear, 'tishn't usual for men of his age to have fatherly affections for girls of twenty or twenty-one; and he has the capacity for loving intensely; all the more intense, perhaps, for its never having been frittered away in fancied passions. I was fond of Arthur ever since he was a boy, and I don't see a change in him. The army, the world, and time, didn't alter him from what he was. Well, dear, those things can't be helped. You could not force your nature, no more than he could restrain his, and he is a manly fellow that won't allow disappointment to have an evil influence on him; but there is no one in all the whole world to whom I would give you, my treasure, so willingly—not one."

CHAPTER XXV.

A PLEASANT EXPLANATION.

Next morning, after Mary had performed her little home duties—those many small details that keep a house pretty and orderly—she put on her becoming fur-bound cap and warm jacket, and, taking a few delicacies, set off to pay a visit to one of the lodge-keeper's children who was dying of consumption. She was a pet of hers and her peculiar care since she got ill. She walked rapidly until she saw Captain Crosbie in the distance; involuntarily she slackened her pace, hoping he might turn off by a gate which he was approaching, but,

influenced perhaps by some odic force, he looked round, perceived her, hesitated for a moment, and then advanced to meet her.

"Good morning," he said, "you are out early; your journey did not tire you."

"Oh, not in the least," she answered. "I am going to see little Maurice."

"I am going in the same direction, if you do not mind having my escort. I wish to apologise."

He spoke coldly, and Mary rather resented the unpleasant frigidity, for, after all, what had she done to deserve it? She was willing to be friendly with him if he permitted it; and surely it was not just to blame her for not being ready to marry him the moment he asked her; a girl cannot love a man in one minute just because he tells her he loves her. She could not fall in love suddenly, like Juliet, if Romeo were the finest fellow in the world, and it was unkind of him to be so stiff to her.

"To apologise for what?" she asked.

"For my seeming rudeness in hurrying away Mr. Huntingdon last evening."

Mary's face flushed.

"Indeed," she said, "it is quite unnecessary."

"He should have gone home," he continued. "Several gentlemen had gone on before us, and they were waiting dinner. You must have thought me—disagreeable, to say the least of it."

"I thought nothing at all about it," replied Mary, shortly.

He looked at her.

"I hope you don't think I acted intentionally," he said, "or that I would do anything to—to——"

"To what?" asked Mary. "You may as well speak plainly."

"Take him away from you," he answered.

"To—to take him away from me," she said indignantly. "Do you think I wanted to keep him?"

"If he were not sure of being well received, he would hardly intrude on you at such an hour," he replied somewhat bitterly.

"I'm fairly tormented about Mr. Huntingdon," said Mary, stopping short. "It is really dreadful that two fellow-creatures can't talk to each other before everybody without some horrible match-making construction being put on it. I don't want Mr. Huntingdon any more than he wants me. Apologising for taking him away from me, indeed!"

"Excuse me," he answered deprecatingly, "but there seemed such a good understanding between you."

"And why should there not be? It is a strange thing if people

cannot be agreeable to each other on the same road to the same heaven without unkind remarks being made about them. I have no more understanding with him than with any other man; he was kind and attentive to me, and I like him very much."

"Is it only liking?" he asked, "merely liking?"

"I suppose you fancy a girl is ready to fall in love with any man that pays her a little attention. I ought to be greatly obliged to you; but, thank God, I'm not so sentimental."

"Forgive me for annoying you," he replied, "but others said that he seemed to admire you, and my interest in your happiness made me exaggerate——"

"Oh, don't mind my happiness," said Mary, scornfully. "You give me credit for lofty aspirations after it—fine clothes, fine houses, and a man I made jilt another woman. Those are the elements of happiness you thought I wanted. I have only to repeat that I am greatly obliged to you."

They had come to the style leading into the house.

"Shall I wait for you till you come out?" said Crosbie.

"No, thank you," she answered, "I prefer to go home alone."

"Say you are not angry with me before you go." He put out his hand.

"No, I shall not," she said, turning away, "for it would not be true."

She did not look at him, for tears were in her eyes, but passed into the little yard and disappeared in the doorway.

Captain Crosbie went on his way with a lighter heart than he had known for some time. The more anger she had shown the more it convinced him that it was his own jealous temper that had given weight to attentions that he now saw were only natural. Not but that Huntingdon's manner was calculated not only to lead superficial observers astray, but to mislead a girl who had more vanity and less perception than Mary. What a girl she was, so honest and straightforward. How mean and unworthy those influences seemed now, that he looked on as possibly actuating her. What little effect wealth or rank had on one of her independent temperament; she was not to be bought by the promise of a luxurious life, for her tendencies, though exquisitely human, were not earthly. Her conceptions of happiness were not restricted to the mere pleasurable sensations of a soft, indulgent existence. And how little impressed she was by Mr. Huntingdon's youth, fine appearance, and evident admiration. Honour may have impelled her to resist his fascinations, if he had fascinated her, but she did not seem to have been even in the least tempted by her own inclinations.

She was free—heart and hand. There was comfort for the present in that knowledge, and what was the use of dwelling on the future's more unhappy possibilities?

With a quick step Captain Crosbie took the homeward path, and in ten minutes entered the morning-room at Fintona where the gentlemen were still assembled looking over the papers.

"By Jove, Crosbie," said Mr. Huntingdon, "you look as if you came in winner for some handicap. Heard something pleasant, I'd swear. Cheer us up by some happy tidings. My news is of the gloomiest (pointing to a heap of letters). Maguire getting ovations where we were generously offered dead cats."

"Well, we have only to do our best," said Crosbie. "Your friends will be better pleased by your coming to the poll, and it will have the good effect of showing you your strength."

"Oh, certainly," replied Huntingdon; "now that I'm in the river, I'll swim while I can; I shan't scramble out on the bank. I know I'll be beaten in spite of my trusty friends, whose kindness I shall never forget."

"Even if defeated this time," said a gentleman, "it will show us what we are able to do, and we can take measures for another day. Those ultra-Liberals have things too much their own way."

"Ah, there it is," answered Huntingdon; "we like our own way, too, and unfortunately we can't get it. This age of Radicalism is trying to one of Conservative tendencies. It isn't pleasant for a man accustomed to drive four-in-hand to have to sink to the level of a public conveyance with the reins in the hands of others. It is a difficult thing to relinquish power of any kind amicably, and, by Jove, political power is becoming lessened in the hands of the Upper Ten now-a-days."

"Oh, things are going to the mischief," said another. "We'll soon be no better than pensioners on our own estates. What is the good of a man's having property if he have no power over it? Such humbug!"

"Property is not given to one man for his individual benefit," said Crosbie. "He should look to the general welfare. If he were just, he would not need to be coerced into equitable modes of action; but, as a matter of fact, men are not just where their own interest is concerned, and hence the necessity for tenant-right. To say a landlord will suffer by new land measures is an exaggeration. It isn't making a man suffer to lessen his power of behaving unjustly."

"It's wonderful with what different eyes a landed and a landless member look on those questions," said another gentleman. "Patriots, as a rule, have very little to lose. You don't see a man with a few

thousands a year willing to risk all for love of country—beggars generally go in for that sort of heroism."

"That argues, if anything, the corrupting influence of money," said Crosbie. "Possessions make a man cowardly. A fellow isn't so eager for the battle when he has a wife and children and a pleasant fireside, even though he fight to defend them."

"I wish my possessions stood to me in this instance," said Huntingdon.

"Most of the tenants will vote for you," answered Crosbie; "they promised readily when I asked them. Those that hesitated I did not press."

"It is for you they are voting, not for me," said Huntingdon. "A popular agent is a desirable investment, even though he sits upon his landlord. By Jove, Crosbie has me in leading strings. He would make a fitter representative of the people—takes large views, and all that sort of thing, while I haven't begun to look at the landscape at all, have no eye for perspective, I fear."

"Oh, you would make a good member," said Crosbie, smiling. "You'll open your eyes soon, and take clear views, and begin to work in earnest."

"Something happened Crosbie this morning," said Mr. Huntingdon, shaking his head meditatively. "He sees earth and the things thereof in a seraphic light. He is hopeful even of me."

"I'm of a sanguine temperament," answered Crosbie, laughing: "that accounts for it."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Huntingdon, standing up, "all I can say is, I will keep my promises, and I promise nothing that I do not well understand. I began the contest indifferent to its results; but the desire of success has increased with the difficulty of attaining it. I will study to deserve success. Going through the country and and meeting different people and classes have taught me that to be popular we must deserve it. A man's character—and very justly—is the only thing that stands to him to-day. When Rossroe urged me to try a Parliamentary career, I confess I thought it a decided bore; but some of the wild Irish freshness and vigour have entered my veins, and I feel—well, not unworthy of Crosbie's prophecies."

"I hope I shan't prove a false prophet," said Crosbie. "As a matter of charity you are bound to fulfil my oracular utterances. We had better come from speech to action now. Sir William M'Mahon is to meet us at Cloneen at two o'clock. You had better go on with him to the Mills. I will go to Castleisland, and join Captain Lucan in canvassing that district."

The carriages came round as he spoke, and they all set out for the

place of appointment. The rain began to descend quietly, with a decent show of intended perseverance. The wind got up a little, and blew about the bare arms of the trees. There was not a rift in the sullen grey sky to remind one of the obscured blue glory; but they proceeded on their way in the most excellent spirits.

(To be continued.)

FATHER DAMIEN.

THE moon is shining down with tropic splendor
 On a fair island set in sapphire seas,
 The air is luminous with starlight tender,
 Bright as the suns in paler climes than these;
 And all that loveliness for eyes that weep,
 And cease not till they close in Death's long sleep.

Dawn is upon the hills—the flowers awake
 In colors radiant as the skies o'er head—
 Oh sunrise glory! mocking hearts that break,
 Oh! tissued carpet for the leper's tread,
 It only adds a sting to his despair
 That all, except himself, should be so fair!

Unclean! unclean! are those who touch the isle,
 Severed from every tie that life holds dear,
 The heavens may sparkle, and the earth may smile,
 Light for the charnel! flowers for the bier!
 As well the festive robe for corpse decaying
 As starlit skies for these, and sunbeams playing.

For here the wail of agony undying
 Blends with the ceaseless murmur of the waves,
 The perfumed breezes bear the leper's sighing,
 Or idly play above the sea-washed graves
 Wherein they rest—those forms defaced and marred,
 Hidden from scorn within that lone churchyard.

What could they know of love, those exiles dreary,
 Cast out from man's? Nor sea or sky reveals.
 That one has said "Come unto me, ye weary,"
 That one is near who soul and body heals,

On whom their heavy weight of woe doth press,
As on a mother's heart her child's distress.

"Who will go for Me? Who will turn aside
The burden of the King of Kings to share?"
That cry went forth upon life's surging tide
And with it rose the wailing of despair.
There came an answer o'er the murmuring sea:
"Lord, I take up my cross to follow Thee."

How hath he borne it? Wind and waters tell,
From which the desolate lament has past,
Silent the sighing of the ocean shell
Borne to its home in the deep sea at last—
Silent the sighing of the human heart
That finds in God's unfathomed love its part.

He, with whose name to-day the world is ringing,
Bore to the isle the tidings of that love,
It burned within his heart—the message winging
With Pentecostal fire from above—
Damien de Veuster! they who saw thy face
Beheld the shining of thy Master's grace.

Where once the leper wept and cursed his fate
The sound of happy singing echoes now;
That soul can bear to suffer and to wait,
Who sees the crown of thorns on Christ's pale brow--
For they who see the thorns behold the glory;
Content are they to wait "life's finished story."

Content—'mid wasting of disease and pain;
There is a land where sickness is unknown,
There is a home which the worn feet may gain,
Room for the leper at his Father's throne!
Room 'mong the angels for the stricken one
Whom here God's saint alone refused to shun.

The pain is past, he lieth silent now
Beneath the shadow of the palm where first
He sheltered aching limb and tired brow
From the wild tempest and the thunder-burst.
O Life! O Death! with what strange power ye speak
From that low grave 'mong those he came to seek!

MARY GORGES.

AT HOWTH.

HOWTH is an isthmus, with a chance of finding itself an island some bright morning, so narrow is the strip of grass and sand that links it with the Continent of Erin. Running out seaward, it forms one protecting arm of Dublin Bay, and is, if the wilder, not the least beautiful shore of that noble reach of waters, by many said to be lovelier than the bay of Naples. A hilly peninsula running out into the Bay, and bearing on its rocky point the great Bailey Light, whose red revolving flame is eagerly looked for by mariners, and whose weird fog-signal moans round the coast on misty eves or foggy nights, like the cry of a soul in pain; breezy, heathery hills, with the rock-girt ocean on both sides, some pleasant woods belonging to the demesne of the Earl of Howth, and surrounding his ancient and interesting Castle; long yellow sands under green cliffs, and a long flat "burrow," known to naturalists as the home of rare growths of wild *Flora*, are the distinguishing features of Howth. It lies on the opposite side of the Bay from Kingstown, Bray, and the more favourite seaside resorts all along that line, and, though easily reached by train in half-an-hour from Dublin, is more isolated and rural than most of those other charming spots.

Last evening as I drove along the fine well-made road that travels round the entire peninsula, skirting the great cliffs, I reassured myself that there is no exaggeration in the above saying about Naples, always making allowance for the difference of colouring. I felt that if we lack the deep Italian blue, the sapphires in the wave, the unbroken forget-me-not tint of the heavens, there is something infinitely enchanting in the tender varying greys, ever gathering, flitting, dispersing over and about our own peculiar blues and greens on sky and water, and that no sumptuous depth of hue could possess more fascination than do these glories softened and traversed by filmy shapes that move off the sea in pensive shadows and reappear on its verge, luminous and glad, like bands of spirits fresh from the world behind yon silvery cloudland.

The train brings you to the foot of the hill climbed by the village, and to the edge of the harbour, with its brown-sailed fishing-boats, weather-beaten by many a storm braved in pursuit of the herring, which when fresh from the water is esteemed such a luxury.

“ Wives and mithers ’maist despairing
Ca’ them lives o’ men.”

And the herring fishery of Howth is as rife with danger as other herring fisheries. Through an unfortunate blunder the harbour of Howth, on which £300,000 were expended, is rendered comparatively useless from its position. Placed further eastward by another furlong it would have been thoroughly valuable, instead of provokingly inefficient. The village is poor, but no amount of whitewash is spared to make it look decent, and there are a few neat houses here and there fronting the sea on various levels, where lodgings can be found. Leaving the village straggling about the hill above the harbour, the high-road carries you up and out on the green heights, and away through rich grassland skirted by golden gorse and plummy ferns, and occasionally overshadowed by clumps of wood ; with you all the way is the broad bay washing nearer and nearer as the cliffs grow more bare and lonely, as the snug homes of the gentry nestling in sheltered spots get left behind, and the famous lighthouse, the Bailey (*Ballium*, habitation), breasts the waves on its perch—a ridge of outlying rocks. Here the waters between the hugh green cliffs and the opposite shores of Lambay are wide enough and magnificent enough to receive a whole fleet of Vikings. But the loveliest scenery is on the other side of the isthmus, by which you return, having rounded the point of the lighthouse, which, by the way, on a misty autumn evening gives forth a warning sound, far reaching as Roland’s horn,* and so terrible and ghostly that simple strangers not knowing what it means grow sick with fright on hearing it. On the side overlooking Dublin Bay, Howth is more beautiful than words could describe. Between the road and the cliffs there is a foreground of kine-dotted pasture, with occasional villa houses, and gardens, and ivy-hung walls ; and the trees that make an open screen between

* We cannot refrain from noting the pathetic appositeness of this allusion at this particular spot to *The Song of Roland*. Judge O’Hagan’s residence here will long be for many one of the associations consecrating the famous Hill.—ED. I. M.

you and the bay and the panorama of the opposite shores of Bray and Killiney, grow in a peculiar way, that reminds you of the stone-pines of Italy. A child said, "the trees here are so statueque," and one knew what is meant. Far out between their stems and branches lies that world of shimmering light, and cloud, and colour, which is Dublin Bay, and nothing was ever lovelier than the delicate and wayward outlines of the shores beyond, all clothed in blue and faint purple, and veiled in grey, with here and there a deeper pencilling where the cliff frowns, or the hills fold. Over yonder are the terraces of Dalkey, the steepes of Killiney, the great Head of Bray, with Dalkey Island asleep in the blue. If you are here at the right hour, you can see the Holyhead packet making for where a hovering smoke far down at the foot of the bay hints of Kingstown and the City, steaming through a flare of red and golden light like Turner's *Fighting Téméraire*.

Back on the lower land you must visit the ancient demesne of the Earl of Howth, where a quaint old castle stands in a prim garden with swan-inhabited pond, and plashing fountain, encircled by dark beautiful woods full of lofty cathedral-like aisles, moss-carpeted, and echoing with the cawing of rooks. The demesne is overhung by high granite rocks, purple with heather and golden with gorse, from which the whole peninsula can be viewed, even to the cliffs at the Bailey, where a band of defeated Danes took refuge after the Battle of Clontarf.

Night closed around the warriors' way,
And lightning showed the distant hill
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.

Howth bristles with war-like traditions. Here stands in front of the castle walls, the ancient tree from under which the sea-queen, Grania, stole the heir of Howth, and carried him off to sea, in anger at finding the Castle gates closed upon her arrival, because it was dinner-time. The Irish dined with doors open to the traveller, and the haughty queen refused to restore her hostage till promise was given that the gates at Howth should be in future flung open while its lord and his retainers sat at board. To this day the gates of the Castle of Howth are thrown open at dinner-time. The ancient tree is of immense width, but hollow and broken with time. The efforts which have been made to hold it

together by means of metal plates and girdings, have given rise to a story that the race of the lords of Howth will become extinct with the tree.

The founder of the family of Howth was a gallant Norman Knight, Sir Armoric de Tristram. In the twelfth century Armoric and his companion-in-arms, Sir John de Courcy, having in the Church of Notre Dame at Rouen, solemnly vowed to serve together, to live and die together, and equally to divide between them what they won by the sword, or received for its service, sailed for Ireland, furnished with letters patent from the King, giving to them and their heirs for ever all the land they could conquer by the sword, reserving for the King homage and fealty. Arriving on their errand of plunder, they landed at Howth, and fought a cruel fight with the Irish defending their own. De Courcy, being sick, remained in his ship, while Armoric de Tristram won a victory which secured him the lands even now held by William Ulick Tristram St. Lawrence, the present Earl of Howth. Proceeding further into the country he took possession of other lands. The Norman Knights, in their coats of mail and helmets, armed to the teeth, and mounted on horses also clad in armour, struck horror to the Irish imagination, which had never pictured the like. The Irish fought in linen clothing, and were at a terrible disadvantage, nevertheless they fought again, and were resolved to expel these apparently miraculous invaders.

The truly gallant incident of Armoric's life was his death. Learning that his friend de Courcy's lands in Ulster were threatened by Cathal O'Connor of the Red Hand, King of Connaught, de Tristram marched towards Connaught, and met the Irish in force, too great for his band of some 200 foot-soldiers, and a smaller number of mounted knights. Seeing that there was nothing but death before his soldiers, while those on horseback were invincible and secure, he instantly elected to die among those he had led, and, announcing his resolution, made his will as follows :

"To God I render and yield my soul ; my service to my natural prince ; my heart to my brother, Sir John de Courcy, and my wife ; my force, might, pain, and good-will to my poor friends and fellows here."

"He alighted" (says the old chronicler), "kneeled upon his knees, kissed the crosse of his sword, ranne his horse through,

saying, 'Thou shalt never serve against me that so worthily hast served with mee.'"

Having charged two young gentlemen to witness the fight from a hill, and afterwards bear tidings to Sir John de Courcy, Armoric led his band to meet their foes, who, on their part, exerted all their prowess in the attack on these terrible mysterious strangers in their mail, and with their armed horses, believing that those they saw were but the advance guard of an army. The Normans were destroyed to a man, fighting desperately, and "thus died Sir Armoric de Tristram, who among a thousand knights might be chosen for beauty and heroic courage, for humility, and courtesy to his inferiors, yielding to none but in the way of gentleness." Sir Armoric's two-handed sword is still, I believe, preserved at Howth Castle.

A feature of interest within Howth Park is the great Cromlech, supposed to be the tomb of Aideen, wife of Oscar, son of Ossian, who was slain at the battle of Javra, near Tara, in Meath, of grief for whom his widow died. Sir Samuel Ferguson, in a striking poem of many verses, has honoured poor Aideen's grave :

A cup of bodkin-pencilled clay
Hold Oscar's mighty heart and limb,
One handful now of ashes grey ;
And she has died for him.

They heaved the stone, they heaped the cairn.
Said Ossian, " In a queenly grave
We leave her," 'mong her fields of fern,
Between the cliff and wave.

The cliff behind stands clear and bare,
And here, above the heathery steep,
Scales the clear heaven's expanse, to where
The Danaan Druids sleep.

And all the sands that, left and right,
The grassy isthmus-ridge confine
In yellow bars lie bare and bright,
Among the sparkling brine.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

IN the olden mansion lying,
That knew me long ago,
I see the moon-white river
Shivering in the snow.

The moon, so close by the window,
Frozen in the trees with her light,—
A glitter of motionless silence,
All the ice-lit boughs are bright.

Jarring the drowsy stillness,
There are footsteps on the stair,
Lifting their ghostly echoes
From the chambers everywhere.

How near they startle the stairway!—
I feel the opening door.
Now, far and fainter and dying,
They echo in me no more.

In a moment the door will open,
How near they grow again!—
They have left the ghost of their silence
Walking within my brain.

Upon the empty stairway
I have heard them oft before;
In this olden house, returning,
They haunt me evermore.

Strangers have never heard them—
I know they all are mine,
Rising, O heart, and dying
On that haunted stair of thine!

To me forever recalling
Myself forever fled,
Startling the stair forever,
I hear my footsteps dead.

. . . O life, make braver thy beating
The terror on the stair
Is the long dread procession
That follows thee everywhere!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

THE AMERICAN MAIL.

IT is a bright, mild November day. The glory of summer has departed; but there is still an autumnal beauty about the woods at Glanmire and Fota, and Lough Mahon gleams fair and silvery as our train skirts it on the way to Queenstown. The "Jackal" tender, steam up, is beside the railway deepwater quay. The grim guardship lies at her moorings with her Sunday ensign displayed. I look across at the Haulbowline Stores and Government yards, and think of the days when the fleet and transports were being victualled there for the Peninsula and of the thousands of our poor countrymen who embarked there, never to return. I see the low-lying fortifications of Spike Island, and think of John Mitchel and many another brave soul once caged there for wise or unwise strivings against an unnatural system of law in Ireland. Upon the deck of the tender and on the wharf loiter men and women in accent and dress unmistakably "American." They came off the mail boat on her arrival a few hours before, and have been utilizing the time by excursions in the neighbourhood, many carrying bunches of flowers and wreaths of ivy. A vociferous crowd of vendors line a wooden paling, within which, greatly to the disgust of an official, they make occasional excursions, and upon which, as a matter of compromise, some of them manage to maintain an uneasy foothold. A tolerably brisk trade appears to be driven in black-thorn sticks, pots of shamrock, and "Irish lace," the buyers of which latter commodity are confined to persons of the male persuasion. It is much to be doubted, whether after their purchases have been examined by the eyes of female friends, they will have the courage to say how much they have paid for same.

It is now half-past eleven. A distant shriek is heard, the "Jackal's" steam-whistle responds, and the mail train from Dublin, with its long line of post-office cars, draws up beside the platform. There are a few passengers. The doors of the vans are thrown open, and a crowd of sailors and porters proceed to carry the mails on board. These appear interminable—for all parts of the United States from all parts of the United Kingdom—for Australia, for New Zealand, Japan, the South Sea Islands—how small the world is now. We read names of places thousands of miles away, yet now almost

as familiar as the names of the nearest provincial towns. The platform between the paddle-boxes is soon cumbered to its limit and then it is "stand clear below!" and another pile fills the lower deck—some 540 sacks altogether, most of these as heavy as a man can carry. And yet this is by no means an extra heavy mail, and is but a semi-weekly consignment, and for the most part from but one European country. What hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, human interests, and oceans of print are enclosed in those canvas bags. It is well for the Postmaster-General that few are of the opinion of an elderly old-time lady, who advised me in boyhood: "Whenever thee thinks of writing a letter, keep thy thoughts to thyself, and put the penny in a bag for the poor."

Meanwhile passengers and idlers are afforded a diversion. The "Nevada," one of the Guion liners, had been awaiting emigrants and despatches. Shortly after the arrival of the mail train her tender left the wharf, and we could now see her slowly getting under weigh—when one of her passengers who had just arrived, and come on board the "Jackal," found he had boarded the wrong tender, and ran a close chance of losing his passage. To hurry off his baggage, mount a car, and drive to the boat slip, was the work of a few moments. He could not have been long in striking a bargain, for we soon saw his boat in hot pursuit—the spray flying from her bow and from the oars of the rowers. The "Nevada" gained speed, the tender alongside putting passengers on board. The rowers redoubled their efforts. The tender cast off. "He'll reach"—"He won't." "They see the boat"—"No, she is under full weigh." It is all over—the boat slackens and pulls to the returning tender; but scarcely has she done so when the tender turns, signals to the "Nevada," which slows, waits for her, and the unfortunate man has saved his passage. It must have been at considerable expense, for Queenstown boatmen naturally make a stiff bargain upon such occasions.

And now the mails are all on board, and we are off. The "Aurania" lies in the man-of-war roads. We are soon in view of her. She has raised her anchor, the ponderous screw is already beginning to create a whirlpool on either side of her stern, and hundreds of beautiful sea-fowl are eddying around her wake. It is impossible to grasp the size of these great vessels until you are actually alongside, and have some measure by which to realize the extent of the towering hull and funnels and masts. As com-

pared to the old sailing ship, there is a loss in picturesqueness, but this is fully made up for by the stateliness of proportions and appointments—the general sense of fitness and power and strength and completeness—the long line of boats, the tier above tier of cabins, the captain's bridge and wheelhouse above all, and high up, supposed to be clear of all mundane influences, the compass gallery. The bulwarks are lined by hundreds of eager faces. Some feet of the stanchions are knocked away forward. There we are attached by hawsers, and the transference of the mails commences—the monotonous “‘1,’ ‘2,’ ‘3,’ ‘4,’ ‘5,’ ‘6,’ ‘7,’ ‘8,’ ‘9,’ ‘tally,’” of one of the officers, as the bags are carried on board, is broken by the clatter of the steam-winch as they are lowered into the hold. We have some twenty minutes to roam over the vessel. The great saloons, dining their many hundreds at a time, the reading and smoking rooms, the perfectly appointed state rooms all claim our attention. It is difficult to feel that we are not destined to form part of the microcosm in which we for the time find ourselves. Nothing is more striking than the vast length of the vessel (one-tenth of a mile), the spacious extent of promenade deck, and the perfect shelter and accommodation for deck chairs in all weathers, high above what must be the ordinary course of waves and spray.* The unkempt, anxious-looking crowds of steerage passengers are a deeply pathetic sight. At this season of the year there are few of our own countrymen, whatever fresh cargoes of men, women, and children, many of them miserably poor, from all parts of Western Europe now crowd these vessels, seeking a new home in a strange country, for the most part with the necessity before them

* I would refer those desirous of information regarding these great ocean steamers, to a series of illustrated articles which lately appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, now collected in book form under the title “Ocean Steam Ships.” The “Great Eastern,” which proved such a miserable failure, was built 35 years ago, in the expectation of accomplishing the passage to New York within a week. Such transits are now matters of course. We are not sufficiently proud that the finest of these boats are Irish. The “Teutonic” made the quickest passage on record (6 days, 16 hours, 31 minutes) last August. To such perfection has the economy of fuel been carried in the construction of engines and boilers (it is to be feared with much hardship in the driving of stokers and engineers) that it is said an amount of heat, equal to that evolved in burning a half-sheet of note-paper in a candle, is now, in these vessels, sufficient to carry one ton weight one mile distance. The “Majestic” is sister to the “Teutonic.” On 17th December she shipped at Queenstown, in addition to a large mail already loaded at Liverpool, 1,184 sacks, in the assurance that the contents would be delivered throughout the United States before or on Christmas Day.

of learning a new language, before there is any chance of their finding their places as American citizens. Was ever a more wonderful process in the history of the world than that by which the United States is now engaged in assimilating the outcasts and the poorly-off of other nations? What proud institutions are hers, that they should be so well able to bear such a strain! Surely if ever there were a nation that deserved the gratitude and sympathy of the rest of the world, it is the great Republic, to which these mixed multitudes are ever setting their faces. For the most part those on the "Aurania," are Poles, Norwegians, and Germans, perhaps "more Jews than Gentiles," as remarked to me by one of the sailors engaged in keeping the line clear for the transference of the mails. Germans went but a short way with most of them, and from the manner in which some of the children insisted upon shaking hands in return for donations of apples, many of them were Norse folk. To all it was impossible our hearts could not go out in sympathy. If plentiful and wholesome is the fare, dark and dismal and crowded enough looked the steerage. But what at the worst are seven or eight days in such a vessel, under strict sanitary and medical care, and regarding the women (thanks mainly to Miss Charlotte O'Brien) the most perfect safety and respect! What are at worst the few days' inconveniences before these, to the miseries and the horrors of old times! My thoughts go back to the famine years, and to the sailing emigrant ships that I used to see leaving our quays, into which so many thousands of our poor people crowded to seek a new home beyond the Atlantic. Gaily painted, made up for show, they were veritable whited sepulchres; without sanitary arrangements, without doctor or medical appliances; all sexes and ages were crowded together in open berths in an open hold. The provisions were served out raw, to be cooked by the passengers themselves at open fireplaces, which the first breeze of wind would render useless. After passages of indescribable horror, of long weeks' duration, many such vessels landed alive but half their human cargo, and of too many whom they did land, would it not have been far better if they also had found an uncoffined grave in the Atlantic? In no one way has the world more improved since those times than in the arrangements now made for the comfortable transit of passengers by sea and land.

I am greeted by an old friend, who tells me he is going out as a Missionary to the South Sea Islands. He is disappointed in

finding that I am not to be a fellow-passenger, and remarks that within five weeks, including one to loiter in the United States, he will be landed at Samoa.

We are now outside the Forts, and speeding to sea, the long heave of the Atlantic already telling on our tender. The last "tally" is called. The steam whistle is sounded, calling up dealers with their baskets and cans from the depths of the steerage. The engines of the "Aurania" are turned on full speed, the roar of the waste steam from her funnels ceases, hissing cataracts of water are being vomited from the exhaust pipes, the screw sends sheets of foam right and left, the gangway is drawn off, the crew are putting back the deck stanchions in their places, the hawsers are coiled in. The great vessel sweeps majestically to sea, and the "Jackal," towing the pilot boat, bears us back to Queenstown. How dear and sweet the shores of Cork harbour look, even in their brown winter mantle! How many prayers have gone up for those shores from the thousands who have left Ireland, as those we have thus seen are leaving to-day! How many prayers, night and day, go up for those shores from exiled sons and daughters! If it is our privilege to have our lot cast at home with the prospect of resting beneath the Irish sod, how great is the obligation cast upon us to strive earnestly, and humbly, and kindly, for Ireland's elevation and Ireland's happiness!

ALFRED WEBB.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

Why does not the Catholic Truth Society tell the author of this "Motto for the New Year" which it prints on a leaflet? We need not wait for a new year, but make this the motto for every new day:—

I asked the New Year to give some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet.
I asked and paused—it answered soft and low,
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice for me?" I cried,
And paused again—but, ere the question died,
The answer came: "Nay, this remember too—
God's will to do."

Once more I asked: "Is this all you've to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yes, this one thing, 'tis all the rest above—
God's will to love."

* * *

With that mania for revolutionary changes which characterises the young mind, I was inclined some time ago to propose "fork and knife" as a more logical order than the usual "knife and fork." You plunge the fangs of your fork into the unresisting mutton-chop before employing your knife in detaching a convenient portion thereof. But, after all, the matter does not end there; *that* is a mere preliminary. It is only then that the direct exercise of our proprietorial right begins. After the knife has within suitable limits effected a solution of continuity, the fork finally elevates the fragment to its proper destination: so that we may, without any flaw in the logical sequence of our ideas, continue as heretofore to ply our knife and fork.

* * *

In the *Memoriale Vitae Sacerdotalis* one argument advanced in favour of humility is that in seeking the lowest place you will be bothered with none of the competition that is sure to hamper you if you aspire to the higher places. The attraction of gravitation makes it easy to descend. The latest application of this principle I have noticed occurs in the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth. "Building in a dock is a far more economical process than building on a slip, for, instead of having to raise all the materials from the level, the workmen lower it from the surface of the ground, and thus they have the law of gravity to assist them. This assistance in the case of a first-class cruiser is calculated to be worth from £3,000 to £4,000."

Father Joseph Farrell once quoted to me with warm approval a saying which I find quoted by Longfellow also in one of his letters. A white man complained that he had no time to do anything, and got his answer from an old Red Indian: "Why, you have all the time there is, haven't you?"

* * *

An American dypsomaniac has rhymed off this Teetotaler's Alphabet. The second pair of rhymes is of Cockney flavour:

A stands for Alcohol—deathlike his grip;
 B for Beginner who just takes a sip;
 C for Companion who urges him on;
 D for the Demon of Drink that is born;
 E for Endeavour he makes to resist.
 F stands for friends who so loudly insist;
 G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels;
 H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
 I his Intention to drink not at all.
 J stands for Jeering that follows his fall;
 K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
 L stands for the Liquors his appetites crave;
 M for convivial Meetings so gay.
 N stands for *No* that he finds hard to say;
 O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
 P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass;
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
 R for the Red Nose he carries around.
 S stands for Sight that his vision bedims.
 T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs;
 U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums;
 V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes;
 W for Waning of life that's soon done;
 X for his eXit regretted by none.
 Youth of this nation, such weakness is crime—
 Zealously turn from the tempter in time.

And here is another bit of doggerel which has not travelled from America. God pity the wretched creatures who cannot get enough of sleep; and God convert the still more wretched creatures who take habitually too much sleep. This rhymester belongs to neither class. Not to the first: since one of his subjects of thanksgiving is that he has never lost a night's rest in his life and has never been obliged to have recourse to any more dangerous narcotic than a sleeping draught of Hail Marys. Not to the second: for on the contrary these rhymes open with self-reproach for having cut down the sleeping time too

much—and also the time of prayer, which sometimes comes too near deserving the other name also :—

More sleep, more prayer !—
 Then do and dare
 All that you can
 For sinful man,
 Yourself the first,
 God knows if worst.
 So will God bless
 With true success
 (Which oft is known
 To Him alone)
 Whatever you
 Think, say, and do
 From morn to night
 In heaven's sight,
 Till your last breath—
 Then, welcome, Death !

* * *

Did the Rev. Robert S. Hawker, author of the modern version of *And shall Treloarney die?* and who in his last days joined the Catholic Church, towards which he had always shown a great leaning—did he, as I have been told he did, make use of this retort to a man who called out at a public meeting : “ We won’t let ourselves be priest-ridden.” “ Alas, my friend, *you* need not have any fear of being priest-ridden ; priests do not in this respect imitate their Divine Master—they do not ride on asses.”

* * *

In an American Children’s Magazine some little girl, telling all her concerns to her journalistic “ Grandma,” mentioned that she was “ making a slumber robe” for her papa. I thought at first that this might be merely a genteel Americanism for “ night shirt ;” but the editor wishes the old gentleman “ many a good nap beneath your pretty present”—which points rather in the direction of an afternoon siesta and a loose dressing-gown. Alas, going to many duties, especially holy ones, but not to works of supererogation—we are too much in the habit of donning our slumber robes.

* * *

One of the friends alluded to at page 607 of last year’s volume of this Magazine, wrote as follows, after reading the first part of the sketch of Rose Kavanagh : “ The name suited her indeed, and her memory seems embalmed in the sweet phrases of the old poets :—

Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
 L’espace d’un matin.

[My correspondent supposes us to be familiar with the opening of Waller's "*Go, lovely rose!*" for he only quotes the end]: --

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

The rose seems to have given this one image to all ages and peoples. But the rose of Sharon has consecrated all roses, and not the least that Irish wild rose that grew up in her shadow."

Mr. Andrew Lang, in an article entitled "A Hunt after Books" in *The Century Magazine*, of October or November, 1891, describing the books that influenced him, takes occasion to refer to a recent pronouncement of Mr. Lewis Morris that the French language is unpoetical. "What (asks Mr. Lang) is poetical, if not *The Song of Roland*, the only true national epic since Homer?" This is only one of countless references to this poem made to the same effect; and all these writers, I suspect, know the *Chanson de Roland* only in that form and under that name under which John O'Hagan gave it to the English-reading world. His version is the first and only one, and it is so thoroughly satisfying that the admirers of the old Provençal bard seem to have given up in despair any idea of ever rivalling our gifted Irishman. This is really a great literary triumph for our country, as I have said before.

There is a group of human ailments that may be classified according to the professions respectively most liable to them. Such are writer's cramp, housemaid's knee, clergyman's sore throat, and tippler's red nose. The last is far the worst. It must be very unpleasant to be a scamp; and the proprietor of a viciously red nose is greatly to be pitied.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., has expressed himself as follows to a correspondent who wrote to him on the subject of genius, as to whether there was such a thing as genius in art without a hard apprenticeship :—

2 Holland Park Road, Kensington.

May 8, 1891.

DEAR SIR—In answer to your letter of the 4th inst., I write to say that nothing considerable has yet been done in this world without the bestowal of infinite pains.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

FRED. LEIGHTON.

Replying to a similar inquiry, Sir John E. Millais, B.A., says:—

2 Palace Gate, Kensington,

May 6, 1891.

DEAR SIR—I have no belief in what is called genius as generally understood. Natural aptitude I do believe in, but it is absolutely worthless without intense study and continuous labour.—Yours faithfully,

J. E. MILLAIS.

There are many pronouncements of the same sort from men and women, such as the following from that “large-brained woman, and large-hearted man, self-named” not George Sand but George Eliot:—
“Any great achievement in acting, or in music, grows with the growth. Whenever an artist has been able to say ‘I came, I saw, I conquered,’ it has been at the end of patient practice. Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.”

* * *

That is a useful peculiarity in the German manner of naming the days of the week, which calls Wednesday *mittwoch*, “midweek.” With Sunday as the first of the week, we have three days before and three days after, and Wednesday is the middle point, so that we may say, “here we are, half way through another week.” It will be well for us to make Wednesday another warner of the flight of time, as noon separates morning and evening, and in the declining hours of every day it is easier to feel that our life is verging towards its close. Let every Wednesday exhort us to spend better the last half of the week.

* * *

Dr. Frederick Kolbe, the clever editor of the *South African Catholic Magazine*, throws into the form of “a modern fable” his refutation of the pretensions of sundry sectarian bodies to represent the Apostolic Church.

* * *

Once there was an Oak tree, which, having stood many years of storm and sunshine, was all gnarled and knotted with age. A wind arose in the early spring and tore off one of its outer Twigs. Now, the Twig, lying on the ground and comparing itself with its neighbours, said to the Oak, “Behold yon seedling just springing from the Acorn—a true Oak in its earliest beauty; see its faint green leaves, its slender stem, just like mine. You, on the other hand, with your rough stem and huge bare branches, you are as unlike it as can possibly be. Surely then, it is I that have gone back to the early simplicity of the Oak and am the true representative of the species, from whose type you have so far degenerated.” And the old Oak replied, “My poor little broken Twig, you talk after the manner of Twigs. That there is a certain external resemblance between you

and the Seedling that I once was may be true, but if so it is entirely owing to your past union with me. But where are your Roots? To-morrow or the day after, your leaves will have withered, your stem shrivelled. Another Wind will rise, and some other fresh Twig will be lying where you are now; it also will be talking just like you. It is too late for you to learn that the resemblance between the young Oak and the old consists not so much in stem and leaves, as in the power to put forth new stems and leaves. Oaks and seedlings grow, not Broken Twigs." And even while he spoke the Twig began to feel limp, and soon the Evolution Theory interested him no more.

* * *

In the *Ordo Divini Officii Recitandi* used by Irish priests, the year winds up with the following quatrain which is placed after December 31st.

*"Sit supreme Pater, tibi gloria lausque perennis,
Sit simul et Nato, et, Spiritus alme, tibi.
Principio ut fuerat, jam nunc est semper eritque,
Sæcula dum current, ordine fixa suo."*—D.L.

Of all the priests in Ireland under whose eyes these lines have fallen for ever so many years past, how many could guess what was meant by those two letters D.L.? They are the initials of the Very Rev. Denis Lalor who died in 1855, aged 64, P.P. of Bagnalstown. A good sample of his Latin verse is given in Dr. Comerford's "History of the Diocese of Kildare," Vol. III., p. 100—*Ad Horas Canonicae attentè, piè, et devotè recitandas hortamentum.*

* * *

We are too modest to quote the favourable criticisms brought under our notice by the vigilance of Durrant's Press Cutting Agency, which has recently removed its headquarters to 57 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.; but for the sake of our poets we give the concluding words devoted to our December Number by *The Weekly Register*:—"The poetry is quite above the magazine average. It includes a sonnet with a thought by Elinor Sweetman; a lyric with a true, if minor, note, by Dora Sigerson; and a poem on a child by Mrs. Piatt, which has all her characteristic sweetness with more than her usual subtlety."

* * *

In Mr. John T. Gilbert's latest work, noted elsewhere among the new books of the month, the thirteenth illustrative document given in the appendix is a Jacobite description of the Battle of Aughrim, 1691, in very respectable hexameter verse. One of those who fell on the Irish side was Colonel Charles Moore, of Kildare. Was he a

poet? The following lines would have been appropriate at the time of the death of Thomas Moore himself:—

*Te lyra, More, gravi suspirat moesta boatu,
Flebilibusque canit numeris tibi funebre carmen
Jam viduata tuis digitis et pectine noto.*

* * *

Mr. David J. O'Donoghue is one of those Irishmen "born outside their native land" who seem to be more Irish for that very reason. He has made Irish biography his peculiar study. His forthcoming volume is entitled "The Poets of Ireland: a Biographical Dictionary with biographical particulars." It is to be in three parts, price only two shillings each. Those who wish early copies may apply to the author at 49 Little Cadogan Place, Belgravia, London, S.W.

* * *

The most practical way of wishing an Editor a Happy New Year is to subscribe in advance to his Magazine, or at least to settle all arrears up to date. How many of us could help to increase the sum of human happiness, by attending to these small matters! It would be very interesting to discuss some of the spiritual bearings of debt. But a pigeonhole is not the proper arena for such a discussion.

"THERE SHALL BE NO SEA THERE."

BY SARAH M. B. PIATT.

SOME sweetest mouth on earth, bitter with brine,
That would not kiss you back, you may have kissed.
Counting your treasures by your night-lamp's shine,
Some head that was your gold you may have missed.

Some head that glimmers down the unmeasured wave
And makes an utter darkness where it was,
Or, flung back in derision, lights some grave,—
Some sudden grave cut sharp into the grass.

If so—There shall be no sea there. . . . And yet
Where is the soul that would not take the sea
Out of the world with it? What wild regret
In God's high inland country there must be!

Never to lift faint eyes in love with sleep
Across the spiritual dawn and see
Some lonesome water-bird standing dream-deep
In mist and tide. How bitter it would be!

Never to watch the dead come sailing through
Sunset or stars, or dew of dusk or morn,
With flowers shut in their folded hands, that grew
Down there in that green world where I was born. . . .

There shall be no sea there. . . . What shall we do?
Shall we not gather shells, then, any more,
Or write our—names, in sand, as here, we two
Who watch the moon set on this island shore?

WINGED WORDS.

1. Nowhere in the world is such patience to be met with as in an Irish cabin.—*Rosa Mulholland.*

2. Diogenes was a wise man for despising little worldly customs, but a fool for showing it. Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

3. If you would not be known to do anything, never do it.—*Emerson.*

4 Joy is like a missionary who speaks of God ; sorrow is a preacher who frightens men out of the deadliness of sin into the arms of their Heavenly Father, or who weans them by the pathos of his reasoning from the dangerous pleasures of the world.—*Father Faber.*

5. No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others.—*The Same.*

6. The truly innocent are those who are not only guiltless themselves, but who think others are.—*A. W. Shaw.*

7. The higher up we get the more we are watched ; the cock on the church steeple is of more importance, although he is tin, than two in a barn-yard.—*The Same.*

8. Take the selfishness out of this world, and there would be more happiness than we should know what to do with.—*Josh Billings.*

9. Peace is the soft and holy shadow that virtue casts.—*The Same.*

10. It is a shame and an outrage that men of the world do more for money than religious men will do for the service of God.—*Father Isaac Hecker.*

11. To suffer for Christ's sake is the short cut in the way of becoming Christlike.—*The Same.*

12. I have an uncontrollable horror of ingratitude.—*The Same.*

13. In dogmatic theology, when treating of the doctrine of the fall of man, keep in view the value of human nature, and the necessity of divine grace preceding every act of the christian life. In moral theology, stimulate the sense of personal responsibility ;

in ascetic theology, fidelity to the Holy Spirit. In polemical theology, develop the intrinsic notes of the Church.—*The Same.*

14. To read is one thing, to study is another.—*Cardinal Manning.*

15. No one can tell how far, in the economy of the Divine mind, his or her individual correspondence to some particular grace may be destined to be the first of a long series of graces for others as well as for themselves.—“*The Problem Solved.*”

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. By far the most important recent addition to Irish literature is the volume which we announced last month as about to appear, and which has punctually made its appearance: “A Jacobite Narrative of the War in Ireland, 1688-1691, with contemporary letters and papers now for the first time published. Edited by John T Gilbert, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., Dublin: printed for the editor by Joseph Dollard, Wellington-quay.” The work published now for the first time is of great interest and value, giving “the other side of the question” as regards those Williamite Wars, of which the only accounts hitherto accessible had first to pass under the partisan censorship of the Government officials in London. It is contained in a contemporary manuscript, of which only two copies are known to exist. Mr. Gilbert’s admirable preface gives us all that can now be ascertained about its authorship and brings out its salient points. Several documents bearing on the subject, and hitherto hidden away in old manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy, Trinity College, and other libraries, and also from the private collection of the Editor, are appended to this Narrative; and portions of the original letters by Sarsfield and others are also given in full-page facsimiles. An authentic portrait of Sarsfield is the frontispiece. There are some curious letters from a Colonel William Wolseley, whose handwriting is more to be admired than his sentiments. Does the present Commander of the Forces in Ireland claim him as one of his ancestors? The editing of the volume has been carried out with that perfect accuracy of detail which the student of history has learned to expect from Mr. Gilbert. The index and the running titles of the pages enable us to refer readily to the special points of interest. The printing and binding are extremely creditable to

Dublin ; and the external appearance of this fine work fit it for the place it is entitled to in the library of every educated Irishman.

2. "The Memoirs (chiefly autobiographical), of Richard Robert Madden, M.D.," are edited by his son, Dr. Thomas More Madden, the distinguished Dublin physician, and published by Ward and Downey, York Street, London. The subject of these Memoirs was the author of "Lives of the United Irishmen," and, as he notices in the opening of his autobiography, he was born very appropriately in the year of the Rebellion, 1798. Indeed his reminiscences extend from the year of his birth to that of his death (1886). During this long life he sojourned in a great many different parts of the world and met many interesting people ; and, as he from the first pressed an industrious pen into the service of a faithful memory, every page bristles with proper names which were noteworthy at least in their day. The Doctor's genial personality shines out through all. Dr. Thomas More Madden's filial piety has gathered together with care and skill all the *reliquias* of this sterling Irishman, who, as he says, will, out of his voluminous writings, be remembered for his "Lives of the United Irishmen." Of his other writings the most interesting but not the most learned is perhaps the "Life of Lady Blessington." The details given in the present work about this gifted but unhappy Irishwoman are extremely interesting. It was in reference to her very unsatisfactory father and the unfavourable surroundings of her youth that her biographer and friend remarks here at the end of a private memorandum : "In the course of a long life and a large experience in all grades of society, I have often had cause to think that the greatest of all blessings is to have been born and bred in the Roman Catholic faith, and that next to that is the blessing of having had the early care and guidance of virtuous, religious parents, and more especially of a tender, loving, right-minded, pious mother."

3. Father William Bullen Morris, of the London Oratory, whose large "Life of St. Patrick," has already reached its fourth edition, has paid a new tribute of devout allegiance to the great Patron of his native land. "Ireland and St. Patrick" (London : Burns and Oates) consists of five very full and elaborate essays on "St. Martin and St. Patrick," Adrian IV., and Henry Plantagenet, St. Patrick's Work, Past and Present, "The Saint's and the World," and "The Future?" Father Morris has pursued his theme with unwearied enthusiasm, and brought together a large mass of facts and discussions about Ireland and her Apostle. The testimonies gathered from far and near, in answer to Froude's vilification of the Irish character, are particularly interesting, though many will turn by preference to the historical

essay on Adrian IV. and Ireland. The clear summaries which form the table of contents, give an admirable idea of what is contained in this elegantly printed volume.

4. Mr. Heneage Dering, who has given us "Freville Chase" and other clever novels, is no frivolous story-teller, but learned and earnest enough to translate very ably the "Principles of Political Economy" of Father Matthew Liberatore, the well known Italian Jesuit, connected so long with the *Civiltà Cattolica*. He has executed a very difficult task extremely well. We have not the original Italian work before us; but we can vividly imagine Father Liberatore's long sonorous sentences, and we can form a good idea of the skill displayed by the translator in making them read so naturally and pleasantly in English. The solidity of the doctrines here propounded is assured by the author's name. It is well to have a treatise from his orthodox pen in a department of science, where so many dangerous theories are broached now-a-days.

5. The Art and Book Company of Leamington, and of 23 King Edward Street, London, have recently come to the front as Catholic publishers. This month they send us a novel, and a serious controversial work. An unpretentious volume of 200 compact pages, contains a great deal of painstaking learning, and solid argument, on the modern Anglican Church theories, under the title of "Continuity or Collapse?" by Canon McCave, D.D., and the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B., edited by the Rev. J. B. MacKinlay, O.S.B. "The Heir of Liscarragh" is a handsomely printed one-volume novel by Victor O'D. Power. The praise given to his "Bonnie Dunraven" by *The Athenæum*, *The Academy*, *The Illustrated London News*, as well by our Catholic Journals, *The Tablet*, and *The Weekly Register*, led us to expect something better from his new tale. But perhaps the true novel-reader will relish the things we do not care for. For instance, we should be inclined to cut away the opening chapter altogether. But many prefer to have the romantic element pretty strong, and if a sufficient number of his fellow-creatures, male or female, did not like Mr. Power's way of telling a story, the editors and publishers would not have afforded him opportunities of telling so many of them.

6. Another story of an utterly different stamp comes across the Atlantic: "Tom Playfair, or Making a Start," by Francis J. Finn, S.J. (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago). The success of his "Percy Wynn" has led to the bringing out of an earlier story of school-life, in a gay binding and in very pleasant type. It is not a continuation but a preparation for the Percy Wynn narrative. It is written with spirit and cleverness, and there is a superabundance of

characters and incidents. Was the villain Mr. Hartnett necessary? Villains ought to be used very sparingly. Mr. Finn knows thoroughly schoolboy life as it is lived in his corner or corners of the great United States. The very differences of tone and character in the corresponding classes of our population will probably increase the interest of the book for home readers at Clongowes and elsewhere.

7. The same publishers send us "The Correct thing for Catholics," by Lelia Hardin Bugg. Miss Bugg tells us what to do and also what not to do at christenings, confession, communion, confirmation, funerals, weddings, and an immense number of other occasions, such as High Mass, visiting convents, addressing ecclesiastics, in society, in conversation, in the streets, in the tram-cars, shopping, travelling, etc., etc. It would be very easy to pick out some of these social counsels and to laugh over them; but there is no doubt that a great many people would derive great profit from studying them and putting them in practice. For instance, here are two or three items out of twenty-two in the second section about dealing with servants. "It is *not* the correct thing to forget that good servants are not born but are generally made through much patience and hard work [How many learned ladies will here ejaculate *Poeta nascitur, non fit?*] to be capricious, whimsical and tyrannical with servants, or to allow children to be so; to scold servants before other people; to reprove for a trifle when one is vexed, and let what is grievous pass unnoticed when one is in good humour; to put servants in damp, dark, badly ventilated, cold rooms; to turn a servant out on the world who gets sick in one's service; to imagine that servants who work hard and have tolerably healthy constitutions can live on air and a few leavings from the household table."

8. We may group together two or three pious booklets. Miss Mariana Monteiro, has translated from an old Spanish Franciscan "Little Meditations for Holy Communion" (London: R. Washbourne). Very pious and well translated, with an occasional bit of carelessness. For instance, the preface consists of three paragraphs, and the last sentence speaks of "*his* style," though the author is named only in the opening sentence, and five long sentences intervene. A pretty but very meaningless little bookling is "Birthday Souvenir" by Mrs. A. E. Buchanan (Benziger: New York). There is no room for entries of dates; each day has generally a saint or holy mystery allotted to it on some confused plan—for instance, St. Aloysius (called by his French name) is mentioned twice in January. The spiritual *avis* are pious no doubt, but very often pointless. Yet happy the soul that puts this dainty but poorly edited little tome into practice. "Half-an-hour's Devotion at the Shrine of the Virgin Mother of Good

Counsel" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son) is an authorised manual of prayers and hymns. "The Chasuble, its Genuine Form and Size" (London: Burns and Oates) is a learned dissertation by Father William Lockhart, with several illustrations. "Devotion to the Mother of God in harmony with Holy Scripture" (London: Burns & Oates) is a recent sermon by Father Peter Gallwey, S.J., marked by his wonted originality and strength.

9. The Most Rev. Tobias Kirby, D.D.—who has lately resigned the Rectorship of the Irish College at Rome, after having filled that office for more than forty years—has happily been induced to publish a Spiritual Retreat which he prepared for the use of his students some twenty years ago. It has been brought out in a convenient and attractive form by Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, of Dublin, under the title of "Meditations on the Principal Truths of Religion." The venerable Author has given a very ample development of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The opening meditations do not give a sufficiently favourable idea of the work. It ends, for Dr. Kirby has not completed his original plan, with the most copious and suggestive meditation on the Blessed Eucharist that we have ever met with. The abundant and lengthened quotations from the Sacred Scriptures, saints, and spiritual writers, are given with great care in Latin in the notes. The style is extremely good and clear.

10. We do not like to give ourselves patriarchal airs by patting our contemporaries approvingly on the back, even if they happen to be eighteen or nineteen years younger. But when they take the trouble of paying us a visit, we do not like to receive them in solemn silence. The youngest of them is a penny monthly magazine, "*Ireland*," edited by the Rev. Denis O'Brien, O.C., St. Agatha's, Dublin. It is full of edifying matter and specially advocates the cause of Temperance. "Nature Notes," the organ of the Selborne Society, we have frequently praised. Its editor, the Rev. Percy Myles, an Irish Protestant clergyman, has recently died, and Mr. James Britten has generously added this charge to the enormous amount of work he gets through. "Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate" increases in interest and gives an excellent return for the yearly subscription of "four shillings, one dollar, five francs." "The Stonyhurst Magazine" maintains its high level and is interesting, even for those who know nothing about football and other forms of open-air violence. "Christmas in *The Sultana*" is clever. Is it nearly true? The de-haut-en-bas tone towards the aborigines might have been mitigated with advantage. "The South African Catholic Magazine" has completed its first yearly volume with marked success; and we pray *ad multos annos*.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

IN A SANDY LAND.

I.

IT was scarcely ten, an early hour for the mistress of the Liggat Farm to be astir and in the Olachan.

The gossips followed her with curious eyes as she made her way slowly up the narrow street, and significant shrugs and whispers were exchanged, when, passing the little general shop, she turned in at the Manse gate.

The morning had the bitterness of early March, but great drops of sweat stood on the woman's face; she stopped on the door-step to wipe them from her brow, and, true to old habits of neatness even in her distress, shook out her bonnet strings with careful hand and rearranged her dress. A moment she pressed her hand against her side, and then, as if afraid her courage might fail, rang the door-bell with nervous hand, the sound reverberating through the house.

"Ye're at it again, are ye, ye limmers!" an angry voice cried, the door flew open, and a gaunt, sharp-featured woman appeared.

"Gude sake! it's you, Mrs. Kirke, an' me thinkin' it was thae flee-awa' bairns that canna let the minister's new bell be. Ye're early astir the day, mistress?" And the minister's housekeeper in her turn scanned Mrs. Kirke curiously.

"My can'les had rin oot," the woman answered in almost apologetic tones, holding to the door-lintel as she spoke, "an' there was a turkey-egg or twa, the minister aye likit them, an' it's early days for setting yet."

As she held out the little covered basket she carried, she staggered. "I dinna ken what ails me the day. Jean, gie's a drap o' watter, lass."

"A drap speerits wad be mair t' the purpose, I'm thinkin'," Jean answered, and, as she bustled off, a door to the left of the little passage opened, and the minister himself appeared, magazine and paper-knife in hand.

"Jean, woman, can ye no' let thae puir bairns be? It's you, Mrs. Kirke? Come awa' ben. Come awa' ben." He was a gentle, venerable-looking old man, who, if he fell back on the vernacular in his conversations with his flock, could "hold up his heed wi' the best o' them," as his parishioners proudly said, well-born, well-bred, and one of the first classical scholars of his day.

"Come awa' ben," he repeated, motioning Mrs. Kirke towards the study-door. "Come awa' in t' the fire, an' gie's the news. Hoo's the gudeman? An' hoo's my bit sweetheart, Miss Jean? Gin I'd a score o' years the less, I ken where I'd gang courtin', Mrs. Kirke!" And the old man laughed at his little joke.

White as death, Mrs. Kirke caught at a chair. "It's a dizziness," she anxiously explained.

"It's the cauld," the minister said, kindly. "Jean, a drap ginger cordial 'd warm her heart."

"There's nocht like whuskey for a cauld stomach," the house-keeper answered sturdily, offering Mrs. Kirke as she spoke a generous glass.

"Weel, weel," the old man replied, as if he feared an argument, "weel, weel, gie her the whiskey, an' sleek the gate, an' gie's a moment's peace gin ye can."

"Noo, puir body," he said, turning to Mrs. Kirke. He had quickly recognised that more than mere bodily ailment was amiss. "Noo, puir body, what is't?" he repeated, drawing his chair nearer and patting her kindly on the arm.

Again Mrs. Kirke wiped the cold sweat from her face.

"Speak oot," the minister said gravely. "What's wrang?"

Slowly the words came, "Dr. Bryce, oor Jean's gang wrang."

There was a pause. The minister laid his uncut "Frazer" down.

"Wha?" he asked at last, keeping his eyes from the wretched mother's face.

Slowly again the answer came, and so low the minister could scarcely catch the words.

"James Howland."

"The scoundrel!" the old man cried, rising, the hot blood blazing in his face. "The scoundrel! an' he off t' America the day."

"T' America!" The room swam round, the minister seemed standing in a mist, for the first time in her life the mistress of the Liggat had fainted.

"Her faither 'll fell her," she said, looking piteously at Dr. Bryce, when, with help this time from the famed ginger-cordial, she had come round.

"He doesna' ken?"

"He doesna' ken."

The minister's heart ached for her, ached too for the lass, "*wean*" he called her in his heart, barely sixteen.

There was another pause, Dr. Bryce walked slowly up and down the room, his head bent, his hands tight clasped behind his back, as was his way in serious thought. That the young man's father knew nothing, the minister felt sure; he had met him by chance the day before, and the old man had told him in his own curt way that his son was off to visit an uncle in New York—Auchen gossip added later, much against his father's will.

The minutes seemed hours to Mrs. Kirke while the minister paced up and down.

"Sandy 'll pit the beast in an' tak ye hame," he said at last. "Ye're no' fit t' walk, an' I'll awa' up t' Craig this very afternoon. We'll fetch the lad hame, never ye fear." and he nodded re-assuringly.

"He'll no' tak' her," Mrs. Kirke answered, shaking her head, almost apathetic in her grief.

"He'll tak' her. Ye'll see that," the minister answered with conviction.

II.

Babbie Heron, Kirke's old cousin, was watching anxiously at the Liggat gate, when the minister's tall gig drew up, and Kirke himself hearing wheels, came out of the yard.

"You're no' waur?" he asked half anxiously, half testily, as he helped his wife down. Early as it was, he had had a 'drap,' and was in a cranky mood.

"What ails the lass t' rin her mither's errands, I'd like to ken," he continued irritably to Babbie, as he followed them into the house.

The kitchen door was open, and Menie, the big rosy-faced maid, was laying the long table where—old Scotch fashion—servants and masters would dine together at twelve. A tall slim girl, her lilac frock pinned up, was cooking some dainty by the fire. "Luik at yer mither!" Kirke cried, seeing her and raising his voice almost to a shout. "Luik at yer mither an' tak' shame t' yersel."

The girl turned and faced them, a great tide of crimson reddening her face and neck.

Jean Kirke was a pretty girl, "her mither's dochter." Kirke, when in a good humour, boasted of her in his cups, and Mrs. Kirke had been a famous Ayrshire belle. It was certainly not from her father the girl inherited the big eyes that were neither blue nor grey, nor—rare beauty in Galloway—the well-cut mouth and chin. From

the mother too, came the delicate complexion for which the Ayrshire women are famed, and the manner half timid, half shy, that made the neighbours speak of both as "soft," and always aggravated Kirke.

"Ye see yer work, an' ye're mebbe content!" he went on satirically, adding as the girl burst into tears, "weel, ye needna stan' greetin' there. Gie me my broth, an' let me be aff."

The byre-woman* and the two ploughmen came in, and Kirke, after an angry word or two about some carelessness of the day before, took off his bonnet, and, standing, offered up a long and elaborate grace, that might, with more truth, be called a prayer.

Mrs. Kirke did not come to the table, and the meal was silent, except for an occasional grumble from Kirke. The men seeing he was not in a mood to be trifled with, swallowed down their broth as quickly as they could. Other masters might be careless in their cups, but Kirke's "drap" only made him more fidgetty over every matter connected with the farm. "The mair's in him, the waur he is," the "driven" servant said.

Dinner over, and the oat-cake and cheese and milk, with which the men wound up, put on the table, Kirke rose, and after another wordy prayer, muttered again he must be off.

"Yer bed's the best bit for ye," he added, nodding a not unkindly good-bye to his wife, and in a few minutes they heard him drive away.

Her husband gone, Babbie helped Mrs. Kirke upstairs. Worn out by all she had gone through and by the cruel pain that was her doom, the poor woman lay so silent for a time that Babbie hoped she slept.

"Babbie," she called presently.

"Aye," Babbie answered, coming to her side.

"Babbie, I'm feared I ha'e na dune my duty by the lass."

"Deed ha'e ye," Babbie answered with energy, patting her tenderly with her wrinkled hand.

"The lass kent nae ill," Mrs. Kirke went on appealingly.

"A' the warld kent that," Babbie answered with decision.

No one knew better than Babbie how the neighbourhood had scoffed at Jean Kirke's tender bringing up. "Saut or sugar ye wad think!" was the satirical comment often made.

"Ye ken he's aff," Mrs. Kirke said after a pause, under her breath.

Babbie nodded an assent, and the two women looked at each other.

"Ca' her," Mrs. Kirke said after another pause. "Babbie, she must be tellt."

* In Ulster also the cow-house is known as the byre.—ED. I. M.

"Ye're no fit," Babbie remonstrated, mixing a dose of ether as she spoke.

"Ca' her," Mrs. Kirke repeated, motioning the glass away.

Babbie went to the top of the narrow stair and called, "Jeanie, lass." Calvinist the old woman might be, but it was no part of her creed to be hard on a sinner, especially one she loved.

"Gang awa' in t' yer mither, Ninnie," she said, when the girl, shame-faced, with lagging step, appeared, and closing the door left them in each other's arms.

Kirke might be looked for home at five, but it was not three when his gig turned into the yard; there was no mistaking Grizel, the old mare's foot, even if her master's voice had not been heard a moment later raging at the men.

The women looked at each other. No need to tell them what he had heard, or what had brought him back so soon.

"Rin," Mrs. Kirke cried, pushing the girl away, only (with an instinctive impulse to protect her) to draw her close to her side again.

Presently Kirke's voice could be heard in the kitchen in angry answer to Babbie; then came his step upon the stair, and mother and daughter clung to each other when, after fumbling a moment with the lock, he pushed the door open with an oath.

"Get up," he said to his daughter.

Mrs. Kirke, looking at him, gave a little scream.

"Get up an' oot o' this," he repeated.

"Babbie!" Mrs. Kirke cried.

"Haud yer peace," her husband shouted savagely; and then the torrent of his wrath burst forth. Every vile epithet and word he knew, and his vocabulary was large, was heaped upon the girl.

When he stopped, out of breath, Mrs. Kirke was sitting white and breathless up in bed.

"Ye're killin' her," Babbie cried, pushing him with all her feeble strength aside. Kirke looked at his wife, and, sobered by her face, made his way suddenly towards the door; there he turned and addressed his daughter again:

"Oot o' the hoose' ye gang, my leddy, afore an' oor, or it 'll be the waur for ye, I can tell ye that."

III.

Alien in faith and race to those about them, of Irish origin and strict Catholics, making few acquaintances and fewer friends, the Howlands, grieves for two generations to the Hays at Auchen House, were no favorites in the district, though it was never denied they did their work honestly and well.

With the Kirkes there was intimacy of a kind. The farms adjoined, and Mrs. Kirke's motherly heart had gone out to the boy early left motherless; he went and came and looked on the Liggat as a second home. The old man, too, in the long summer "fore-nights" when the work was done, would take the short-cut across the fields, say a few words to Kirke about the crops, gravely ask Mrs. Kirke about her health, and slowly saunter home again. The minister had been right in thinking that he was ignorant of the real cause of his son's departure; the company of a schoolfellow on the voyage had been the lad's excuse for his sudden resolution to pay his long-promised visit to New York.

Early sent to a good Lancashire school, recommended by a stray Catholic visitor at the Laird's, a favourite with masters and boys alike, "quick at the uptak'," thrown with a class above his own, young James Howland had grown up what may be called a gentleman, and while supposed to be qualifying to take his father's place as grieve, spent most of his time fishing and shooting with the younger Hays, even dining at the big house five days out of seven to the envy of the other farmer-folk about.

If the Priest who had charge of the scattered Lowland Mission, shook his head sometimes thinking of the lad, to all outward appearances he was a good Catholic, never missing an obligatory Mass, making his dinner gaily off bread and cheese at the Market Ordinary on Fridays, and managing many a friendly turn to the Irish harvesters and poor Catholics about.

Keeping himself aloof from the gaily-dressed farmers' daughters of the neighbourhood, if he gave Jean Kirke a "lift" home in his dog-cart after market now and then, it was only when her father was inclined to linger over his glass, and Mrs. Kirke was a nervous, anxious mother, as everybody knew.

So far neither gossip nor scandal had touched the pair, till a meeting seen by a passing labourer in the Auchen Woods set the gossips' tongues going; and perhaps Kirke, old Howland, and the minister, were the only people in the parish who did not know or guess the girl had gone astray.

From his heart the minister pitied Howland. Kirke might resent the disgrace brought by his daughter on herself and him ; but to the Irishman brought up in the traditional purity of his race the sin was the shame, and that his son had been chief sinner the old man could not doubt ; Jean Kirke, even for sixteen, was a child in looks and ways.

The ingratitude towards those who had made their home his home, the cowardice that had left the girl to face her shame alone, were but additional pangs.

Howland was not a man to put off or shrink from what he considered his duty. Dr. Bryce gone, he wrote a few lines commanding his son's return, a yet shorter note to Father Daly at the town, and giving them to one of the men to post, took his way to the Liggat, not as in old days, by the friendly path across the fields, but taking the long round by the road.

At the gate leading into the yard he met Kirke. Something in Howland's stern gravity checked the abuse ready to burst out. Kirke listened quietly enough while he spoke.

"He's to tak' her? That's it, is 't?" he asked, with half tipsy satire, when the old man had finished. "It's a wise bairn they say that kens his ain faither, but I'm thinkin' it takes a wise faither t' ken his son's nae fule! An' Jamie's nae that!"

His voice had been rising in angry vibration as he spoke; and, before Howland could speak again, his passion had mastered him. Kirke had well earned his reputation as being foul-mouthed; Howland, after gravely listening a moment, walked out of the yard. As he made his way down the cart-track that led to the high-road, the Liggat gig passed him at full speed.

IV.

Mrs. Kirke's "attack" passed; it was not for *her* the doctor had been sent for in such haste. Before morning a little life had breathed its first and last, and Jeanie Kirke was struggling with death.

Could she be sure the lass had made her peace wi' her Maker, she'd pray him to tak' her, the mother, whose own days were numbered, said to Dr. Bryce, who, in the long illness that followed, came to the Liggat every day.

Kirke never mentioned his daughter, he went to kirk and market as usual, swore at his men, stormed at the women and took perhaps an extra glass or two.

Babbie, indeed, took care to say in his hearing, that Jean was "waur" or better, as the case might be, but many a day had come and gone before she could say "the lassie was up an' on her feet again." Kirke, who was at dinner, looked up, but did not speak till the men had left the kitchen.

"She kens she's no' to bide here?" he then asked, rising and pointing in the direction of his daughter's room.

"An' whaur's she t' gang tae?" Babbie asked boldly, crossing her arms under her blue and white apron in a way that meant battle, as Kirke knew of old, and getting between him and the door——

"T' the deevil for what I care," he cried, roughly trying to push her aside.

"An' hoo long think ye 'll the lass ha'e her mither?" Babbie asked, holding her ground.

"Meg's no waur?" the man asked with some anxiety; any affection he might have was centred in his wife.

"Ha'e ye e'en in yer heed!" the old woman answered contemptuously. "Let the lass bide, or the folk 'll a' cry shame."

In the long watching by Jean's bedside Babbie had made her plans. While her mother lived, the girl must stay at the Liggat; Mrs. Kirke gone, they would go away together to Edinburgh or some big town where Jean's history was unknown, not that Babbie in her secret heart did not think, according to the not very high ideal of her time and class, that there was a great deal too much fuss made about the whole affair. So satisfactorily had the old woman arranged her plans in her mind she was quite unprepared for Kirke's next words. He had hesitated a moment, but a moment only.

"The folk 'll cry shame!" he said. "Let them! I'll gie three days an' gin I fin' the lass here, I'll pit the pair out by the shouthers! an' sae yer tellt." With an oath, he went away slamming the door, leaving Babbie dumb-founded.

Howland had been proud of his son, how proud he scarcely knew himself. At no time would he have cared for a connection with the Kirkes. The man for his class was ignorant and coarse, and Mrs. Kirke, though quiet and gentle in her ways, was in reality as ignorant as himself. Jean, sent for a year or two with the herd's children to the village school, could read and write, and that was all. She had not even had the advantages—or disadvantages perhaps—of a six-months' finish at a third-rate boarding school, given as a rule to the farmers' daughter of her father's class and means. Howland had approved of her as a quiet and modest lass; but this want of education alone, putting aside the graver differences of faith, would have prevented him thinking of her as even a possible wife for his

son ; but now to the old man's stern sense of justice, only one course was right—James must marry her.

They had been spared a living witness of their shame, but that they should start with that stain upon their married life, was humiliation unspeakable to the proud old man, and, unacknowledged, there was perhaps relief when his son's answer to his letter came.

Return to Auchen or marry Jean, the lad absolutely refused to do. He was willing, he said, to provide what was necessary for her and the expected child, his uncle had made that easy, by offering him a clerk's place in his house. He did not deny or try to palliate his sin, With a sigh, Howland laid the letter down, to take up one from the lad's uncle.

Michael Howland wrote that his nephew had made a clean breast of it. The affair was indeed to be regretted, but such a marriage as his brother advised, would be, in his opinion, not only undesirable, but likely to hamper the young man's future career. There was little probability that a girl, so early and easily led astray, would form a satisfactory wife. There was, too, the difference of faith. Taking everything into consideration, he had not counselled the lad's return, but had advised him to make a handsome provision for the girl, and he was ready to provide the funds for this himself. On reflection, he was sure his brother would agree with him. His nephew, he went on, showed natural aptitude for the business he—Michael—was engaged in ; he offered him a good berth, and, should he turn out as he hoped and expected, he should later take him into partnership, and he might look forward to succeeding him, as head of the great shipping business he had founded.

With another sigh Howland folded and docketted the two letters. He must see Dr. Bryce. The Kirkes were not people to accept money compensation he knew ; but, if Kirke, as reported, had threatend to turn the girl out of the house, something might be done.

He was busy in the little office behind the parlour the same afternoon, when his housekeeper came to tell him "Babbie Heron wanted a word." (Babbie was *Babbie* to all the country side).

Babbie was in the habit of consulting him about her little investments, and her will, the contents of which she changed so often, and made such a mystery about. And sometimes too, when Kirke had been more than usually nasty, and the servants, one in all, had risen in rebellion at the Liggat, and given "warning." No delicacy kept the old woman from coming now. She had hesitated for a moment, between Howland and the minister, but Howland alone could tell what she wanted to know. She was shrewd enough to guess that there was small chance of James marrying Jean. "Had he wanted

her, he wudna' ha'e been aff," she shrewdly reasoned with herself, but if there was any hopes his father would know.

"Ye're an honest man, Craig," she began, giving him Scotch fashion the title of his farm, when she had seated herself in the big chair Howland pulled forward "Ye're an honest man, gin the same canna be said for yer son." The old man winced at her plain speaking but bowed his head to show he was paying attention. With much circumlocution, Babbie's tale was told. It ended with, "An' noo, Craig, what's t' be dune wi' the lass?"

Howland had been listening attentively, beating the table slowly with his hand.

"Bring her here," he said shortly, rising as he spoke.

"Gude sake!" Babbie cried, dropping her "specks" in her astonishment.

Howland stopped and picked them up.

"While the mother lives, the lass's home is here," he repeated, gravely opening the door for her as he spoke, and Babbie, accustomed to his ways, understood the interview was over.

She had not dared tell Mrs. Kirke of her husband's decision, and it was with a lightened heart she told of her interview with Craig. The story was told, it must be confessed, with more tact than truth. She had met Craig, he had speered for Jean an' wanted her up t' the Craig for a change—the vera thing t' set her up, she cud come an' gang, what was 't across the fields? a step! An' wha kenned? She was mebbe as weel oot o' her faither's gait for a wee.

"Na, na," Mrs. Kirke answered, her delicate face flushing red with wounded delicacy and pride, "Babbie, ye cudna' even the lass t' that!"

"What for no'?" Babbie answered with determination. "Howland's a decent man, an' means fair by the lass." She reiterated her arguments, dwelling principally on her opinion, that Jean was as weel oot o' her father's gait for a bit.

"He wudna' touch her?" Mrs. Kirke asked, anxiety in her tone.

"Wha kens what Kirke 'll du when he's had his drap?" the old woman answered evasively.

"Babbie!" Mrs. Kirke cried quickly, "he winna let her stay!" Babbie attempted no denial.

"I canna let her gang," Mrs. Kirke went on, after a pause, looking significantly at Babbie as she spoke.

"Hoots, hoots!" Babbie answered, well understanding what was meant, patting her on the knee. "Ye'll be spared t' the lassie yet a while."

Mrs. Kirke shook her head. "No' t' Craig, Babbie, no' t' Craig," she cried presently.

"Aye, t' Craig," Babbie answered coaxingly, still soothing her with her kind old hand.

Dr. Bryce, after a little consideration, agreed with Babbie that Jean's best plan was to go to Craig. Howland's offer might, indeed, place her in a false position for a time, but it would at least provide her with a temporary home. She had no relations to take her, the Kirkes' kinsfolk were few and of a class inferior to their own; but Mrs. Kirke's health weighed most in the minister's decision, she might, it was true, linger on a few months, or the end might be near. Her daughter at the Craig, Babbie was not Babbie, as the minister well knew, if many a meeting were not managed when Kirke was out of the way. It was possible, too, as Mrs. Kirke's sufferings increased, his heart might soften towards the girl and her return be permitted.

Mrs. Kirke's faith was strong in the minister. With a little sigh and—"if it had been only ither hit," she gave her consent.

From Jean they did not look for opposition. From the beginning of her illness the girl had been in a curiously apathetic state. Able now to walk across the landing to her mother's room, she came at once at Babbie's call. The minister, seeing her walk for the first time, noticed she had grown. She took his outstretched hand, but there was no sign of greeting in her face; and as she sat, her hands folded on her lap, her eyes cast down, Dr. Bryce, if her face had not flushed at Howland's name, would scarcely have known she had listened to what he said.

"A bite in Howland's hoose 'd choke me," she cried, suddenly starting to her feet, something of her father's fierceness in her face.

There was a pause.

"T' pleasure me," her mother pleaded before Dr Bryce could speak.

Jean looked from one to other of the little group. "You're a' agin' me," she cried. "Gin I mun gang, I mun," and burst into a passion of tears.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be concluded next month).

A SHAMROCK OF SONNETS.

To S. M. S.

SWEET Sister, playmate of my earlier years !
 Though parted long, yet have I felt thee nigh
 In hours of happiness when joy was high
 And merry laughter rang ; and, too, when tears
 Would start at saddest loss. Nor have I fears
 But that thy spirit with affection bright
 Will ever watch my progress through the night
 Of this bleak world, till the great dawn appears.

May'st thou be granted many a grateful day
 To rear the tender flowers that are thy care,
 'Neath the pure glory of Religion's ray,
 With zeal unwearied and devotion rare :
 And may thy brother on his rougher way
 Have ever of thy love and thoughts a share !

FLORENCE.

To FLORENCE.

Florence, my lyre would fain responsive ring
 And echo back the harmony of thine,
 But ah ! the mystic gift was never mine—
 I do but strike a weak untuneful string.
 Yet let me tell thee Time shall never ring
 The knell of those past days where intertwine
 Our opening lives—the Rhone and stately Rhine
 Whose devious streams from one pure fountain spring :
 One rushing swiftly to the Midland Sea,
 One gliding smoothly towards the northern snows—
 In this, your active life of toil I see,
 And, in the other, mine of calm repose.
 In the wide ocean of eternity
 In circling rings their waves at last shall close.

By neither be the fountain-head forgot—
 Those sweet glad days of childish sport and glee ;
 Our garden pranks and rambles by the sea ;
 Our heroes, each upheld with ardour hot ;
 Our readings—the old Iliad, Shakespeare, Scott,
 The immortal Boz, the tears we both have shed
 O'er Eva's grave, by little Dombey's bed,
 Our wrathful ire at great Napoleon's lot.
 But, O dear Brother, (strongest tie of all)
 Those who began life's journey by our side,
 In whom a brief space did the work of years,
 Who joyous heard God's loving early call
 And now secure in Paradise abide,
 Linking our hearts in bitter bonds of tears.

S. M. S.

ALABAMA.

I.—“HERE WE REST!”

LITTLE is known in Europe of the 50,722 square miles admitted to the Union, as the state of Alabama, in 1819; whose head is in the Appalachian mountain chain, and whose feet are laved by the bright waters of the Mexican Gulf. Of late years, its “coal, the source of power, and iron, the source of strength,” have attracted the stranger within its boundaries; but its wonderful mineral resources, which have flashed into sudden prominence, have not been sufficiently utilized in developing its grand agricultural capabilities. Friends who assume to have its material prosperity at heart, regret that the immigration directed towards this State is comparatively small. And this is surprising. For everything is here that attracts settlers to other centres, and more. The writer has often wondered why so many who make up their minds to leave the land of their birth for America, should pitch their tents among the awful blizzards of the north and west, instead of seeking homes on the genial soil, in the balmy climate, of the beautiful South.

So vast a subject cannot be “touched with a needle,” in a single magazine article. But we may at least give the readers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* some idea of the romantic history, the present possibilities, the social and religious condition of a semi-tropical region, which has an area 18,000 square miles larger than Ireland, and is as rich in natural wealth as any other tract of equal size on the American Continent. Besides, in its varied population, in which every country in Europe, and at least one in Asia, and every State and Territory of the Union, are represented, there has always been a fair sprinkling of Irish, who certainly have not been the least useful citizens of this commonwealth.

Here is how, according to a cherished tradition, Alabama received its sweet-sounding name. A band of Indians who quitted Mexico during the upheavals consequent on the arrival of the famous ship-burner, Cortez, wandering eastwards in search of a new home, reached the noble river now known as the Alabama. Their chieftain, charmed with the gorgeous beauty of the forest scenery, gave the signal to halt, and drawing up under the shade

of a magnificent oak, struck his spear in the ground, and exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Alabama!" which, being interpreted, means: "Here we rest!"

And it certainly cannot be denied that this State abounds in regions of wondrous natural loveliness. Parts of it dispute with New Hampshire the title, "Switzerland of America." It has sixty miles of sea-coast on the Gulf of Mexico; and its variety of climate*—it lies between the 31st and the 35th parallels of latitude—are said to be milder than the varieties of places of corresponding latitude elsewhere. Nor is beauty its only gift. Its rivers are channels of commerce, bearing its products of mine and field and forest, to the southern seas. Its coal areas, and ridges of red and brown iron, are practically inexhaustible. Its cereal belt, mineral belt, cotton belt, timber belt, and prairie belt, are named from their respective staples. Fair villages nestle in the tortuous windings of its clear streams. Its fertile bosom is rich with the vegetation of high and low latitudes. Its trees bend beneath their golden, and purple, and yellow burdens, of orange, fig, and peach. Its fields are green with the rustling sugar-cane, or white with the mimic snow of cotton, or covered with the soft verdure of higher regions, or the glory of primeval forests. Its cities are warmed and lit by its own coal, and its superabundant waters cool their dusty streets in the glow of summer. Its only port, Mobile, is circled by waters that never freeze. It has pleasuring spots, as Blount Springs, in a picturesque mountain region, and Point Clear, the "Long Branch of the South," which will compare favourably with many more famous watering places. Geographically, west Florida would seem to belong to Alabama, and Alabama has more than once tried to acquire it by purchase, offering for it, on one occasion, a million dollars. But the Floridians refused to part with any portion of their territory.

Alabama has Tennessee on the north, Georgia on the east, Florida and the Gulf on the south, and Mississippi on the west. Its population is but 29† to the square mile, though it is capable

* Mean annual temperature, 61 degrees. Land may be had at from 1 to 25 dollars an acre.

† About half the population of Alabama is colored. Very few blacks outside Mobile are Catholics. Though the state has its share of intelligent citizens and has produced some eminent persons, yet in remote quarters there is not a little gross ignorance, especially as regards the Church. The vilest anti-Catholic

of supporting as many as Massachusetts, 286. As was the case with Colifornia, in the days of the gold fever, its agricultural possibilities are partially overlooked in estimating its undeveloped natural riches. For this State, as for the other southern States, the civil war was a social revolution. The slaves were freed, but no labourers were at hand to take their places. Immense plantations, once smiling gardens, were soon over-run with the riotous weed and the tangled vine. Farms have been reclaimed from these wildernesses, and the natural fertility of the soil increased by rotation of crops. It is not generally known on the other side of the Atlantic, that 2, 3, or even 4 crops in the year may be wrung from the plenteous bosom of Mother Earth, in the sunny south. Louisiana's coat of arms, the Pelican, fabled as feeding her young from her breast, typifies the superabundant richness of the soil; the same figure might be applied to much of the southern country. True, the chief use of this bird, common enough in the State which has adopted it, is to illustrate the goodness of Our Blessed Lord (whom St. Thomas addresses: *Pie Pelicane Jesu Domine!*) in feeding us with His adorable Body and Precious Blood in the Blessed Sacrament. And this brings us to the second part of our article.

II.—RELIGION.

Religiously, Alabama does not present the most brilliant aspect to the Catholic eye. It is, perhaps, the only territory once in possession of the French and the Spaniards, that retains no Catholic Saint, or mystery of religion in the varied nomenclature of its cities, country, rivers, mountains—with the exception of some streets in Mobile. To a very great extent it is in the hands the sects. Methodists, Baptists, and other denominations, have large congregations everywhere. Catholics form but a small minority of the population. Of a French colony, planted here some generations ago, almost all the descendants have lost the Faith of their Fathers. The descendants of Irish immigrants, in

literature is circulated among these people, and, though ignorance which seems invincible, believed as gospel truth. Isolation, and other causes—like isolation, daily disappearing—have produced some whites very low in the intellectual order, whom the negroes expressively call "white trash." Among other strange habits, these people, "white, black, and brown," "dip," i. e., eat snuff from a small vessel carried on the person, like a snuff box, with a sort of chop-stick—a most disgusting mode of refreshing themselves.

many places, have done little better, and every "persuasion" has amongst its foremost adherents names decidedly Milesian. The immense size* of a country so sparsely peopled, the fewness of Catholic priests, the difficulty heretofore of going from Catholic centres to the interior, are some of the causes of the sad decay of the true Religion. Very often people lost that priceless boon without fault of theirs. Parents died, leaving children far from Catholic relations; naturally, such were brought up non-Catholics. Mixed marriages, which the Church has always "abhorred," played their evil part; the most eloquent and successful prelate among the non-Catholics of the south, was son of an Irish father, who died when he was a babe, and a Protestant mother. Unhappily, Irish and French names abound among the non-Catholic clergy of the south. And the doctrine, if any, which they preach, is not the whole "Faith once delivered to the Saints."

The diocese of Mobile includes Alabama and western Florida, and is about as large in territorial extent as England. Its muster-roll consists of one Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan,† 18 secular priests, 4 of whom have been on the mission over 25 years—a proof of the healthfulness of the climate—6 Jesuit Fathers, doing missionary work, 8 Jesuit Fathers, with several Jesuit professors not yet ordained, at Spring Hill College; 8 Benedictine priests; houses of the Visitation, 1; Sisters of Charity, 3; Sisters of Loretto, 1; Sisters of Mercy, 3; Sisters of Notre Dame, 1; Sisters of St. Joseph, 1; Sisters of St. Benedict, 2; and Brothers of the Sacred Heart, 2. There are 35 Visitation Nuns; 18 Sisters of Charity; 13 Loretto Sisters; 32 Sisters of Mercy; 5 Sisters of St. Joseph; 14 Sisters of St. Benedict; 6 Sisters of Notre Dame; and 14 Brothers of the Sacred Heart. In the institutions of these religious, about 1,900 children are educated. And the number of Catholics does not exceed 18,000, the entire population of the territory included in the Mobile diocese, being in the neighbourhood of 1,600,000. Considering its remoteness and its resources, the number of institutions is large, but, like the loaves of the gospel, "what are they among so many?"

Of late years, religious prospects have brightened. Every part

* A Jesuit Father says that the district over which he travels *alone* is as large as Switzerland.

† Predecessors, Right Rev. Drs. Portier, 1829; Quinlan, 1859; Manucey, 1884. Present Bishop consecrated, 1885.

of the State has been explored by missionaries, Jesuit and secular, isolated Catholics in remote districts have been visited. Railroads, opened to subserve purposes of commerce, enable the Catholic priest to go about like the Good Shepherd, seeking that which was lost, and preaching the Sacred Name whereby alone we can be saved. The harvest indeed is great, and the labourers are few—in many places none. But, within the borders of this fair and fertile region, prayer ascends without ceasing to the Lord of the harvest, that He may send labourers into His vineyard.

III.—MONTGOMERY AND SELMA.

The reader will now be introduced to some Alabama towns known to the writer.

Montgomery, the capital, pleasantly situated on an amphitheatre of low hills, has some wide streets handsomely laid out, and shaded with the native water oak. It is blessed with a Catholic Church, and a convent crowns one of its loftiest eminences. In history it lives as the first capital of the Confederate States, where the Confederate Constitution was adopted, and the Confederate President inaugurated. Here Jefferson Davis began his reign over a nation whose existence if brief was brilliant, and whose armies often recalled the finer qualities of the soldiers of Greece and Rome. A pre-historic race of Indians, known as Mound Builders, left traces of their works about the locality which have disappeared. The present city, once known as New Philadelphia, was incorporated in 1819, and chartered as a city in 1837. It is named after the dashing Irish soldier, General Montgomery, who fell at the attack on Quebec, December 31st, 1775. The capitol is a fine structure, and crowns a lofty and beautiful site.

Of Birmingham, the magic city, which has grown up as it were in a single night, like the gourd of the prophet, we cannot say much from personal observation, for we never beheld it save in rapid transit, and by moonlight. In the heart of the cotton belt is Selma, a city of 16,000 inhabitants. Its founder, Thomas Moore, a literary personage and a student of Ossian, took its name from that poet, who speaks of the songs of Selma, and Selma of the harps. In 1820, it was incorporated, its name being changed from Moore's Bluff. It was an important depôt of the Confederates, and was stormed and captured by General Wilson, who burnt its

arsenal and shot and shell foundries. Selma is a great cotton mart, being in a rich agricultural district, and close to the mineral regions. From its position, it is called Central City. Several lines of railroad meet here, and it has some fine factories. Its chief thoroughfare, Broad Street, is beautifully shaded, save in the business portions, where it touches the river Alabama. Regular rows of trees line every street; this adds immensely to its beauty. It has over 100 Artesian wells, and is well equipped against the dust, so disagreeable in long stretches of dry weather. Before the sprinkler and the hose became universal, the cities of the South were often Saharas of stifling dust, almost as bad as Salt Lake City or Ogden, in Utah. Selma people are of many States and nations; there is a fair contingent of Irish, some of whom are pious Catholics, but some, alas, have lost their Faith for which their fathers bled for centuries. It has a fine stone church.* The pastors are Jesuit Fathers. It has also a Convent of Mercy and flourishing schools, attended by all the Catholics, and many non-Catholic children of the place. Selma is one of the handsomest cities in the South.

IV.—MOBILE.

Mobile, the oldest and most historic of the Alabama towns, has a name which sounds strangely in European ears, and suggests a shifting city. It is not, however, derived from anything connected with mobility, but from a tribe of Indians who possessed lands stretching from its bay far into the interior. Their most important town, *Mauvila*, was strongly fortified. From their powerful cacique, Tuscaloosa, who made a brave stand against the Spanish invaders under De Soto, 1539, and perished defending his ancestral domains, the former capital of Alabama is named. The historian, Garcilasso de la Vegas, says the Mauvileans lost nearly 11,000 warriors in this conflict. Their name is perpetuated in the Gulf City—a name suggestive of martial daring and heroic deeds. It became *Mobila* in the mouth of the Spaniards who sounded *v* as *b*, a pronunciation lately condemned by the Spanish Academy. The French have given us *Mobile*.

* Built by Father John J. O'Leary from Cork. A monument on its north wall "records his virtues and perpetuates his memory." R.I.P.

The bravery of De Soto and his followers became a fountain of poetry and legend for future generations. His chivalrous hosts were accompanied by priests who, no doubt, converted many Indians. Some must have stayed behind when the hero swept, comet-like, through the western wilderness, in search of other lands to conquer. Benign shades of gracious priests sometimes appear in Indian legend. Students of Southland legendary lore will recall the priest mentioned as going out in a frail barque, at twelve of the clock on Christmas night, lured by the mystic music of Pascagoula, in the vicinity of Mobile, and many another phantom-priest.

A century and a half later, the terrible pale faces who lived in song and story again appeared. This time they came to stay. In 1700, Bienville, who had made a settlement in Biloxi, came to the Mobile river, by order of his Government, to found the capital of Louisiana. This distinction, however, was transferred in 1723, to New Orleans, founded by the same great Catholic colonizer, on the Mississippi.

Mobile progressed slowly. Famine often ravaged the new settlement, and now and then the Chickasaws and the Choctaws swooped down upon the colonists. Even when pacified by presents, they were a menace. Amid all this desolation, crowds were brought to the true faith. Many Frenchmen married Indian women, and the Church invariably sustained the lawfulness of such marriages. Bienville often sojourned at Mobile. From its shores, the gallant St. Denis started on his famous expedition to the city of Mexico, which seem to belong to the brilliant realm of romantic adventure, rather than the sober domain of history. Successive governors of Louisiana came hither from time to time, laden with presents for the Aborigines. Often the settlers were on the point of withdrawing to New Orleans, but were dissuaded by Bienville, always ready to help them. In 1736 he arrived from New Orleans with nearly 600 white troops, and a company of free negroes officered by men of their own race. They were joined by 600 Choctaws, and all proceeded to the Tombigbee, to fight the Chickasaws—a disastrous campaign to Bienville. The Chickasaws, incited to acts of hostility by the English, continued their depredations whenever they could do so unchecked. The great chief, Red Shoe, was in the English interest, though he accepted the liberal presents of the Louisiana governors. Hurricanes

threatened the existence of the village of wattles. Beauchamp, the commander, tells of one, September 11, 1740, that almost annihilated it. The storehouses containing the provisions of the garrison were swept away, and had he not sent his men "barrel fishing," they would have died of hunger. Another hurricane seized the boats, logs, and buoys in the bay, and scattered them in splinters about the streets, thus supplying the settlers with their winter fuel.

In 1746 Mobile had a population of 400. To this, the Grand Marquis, Vandrieu, Governor of Louisiana, added a garrison of 400 French and 75 Swiss. He also had every house defended by palissades, measures absolutely necessary for the protection of the embryo city. In 1763, the French surrendered Mobile to the English, and the "spotless banner" descended, never again to be raised over its fort. With malignant ingenuity, the new masters tormented the colonists, and perfidiously violated the stipulations of the treaty, which placed them, against their will, under the British flag. But in 1780, the dashing young Governor of Louisiana, Bernardo de Galvez (from whom Galveston is named), wrested Mobile from the English, with an army of Spanish regulars, colonial militia (the splendid company formed by Governor O'Reilly), and free blacks, numbering in all 2,000. The English flag was taken from Fort Charlotte, and the flaming colours of Spain flung to the breeze.

When Mobile was 85 years old, her population was but 746. Under the Spaniards, it nearly doubled in three years. The census of 1788 gave the now flourishing settlement 1,468. In 1812, General Wilkinson took possession of it for the United States, and "the Stars and Stripes" have since floated over it, save for a short term ere the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederacy became the "Conquered Banner."

Mobile, situated at the mouth of the Mobile river, is one of the chief cities of the South in wealth, commerce, and population. The entrance from the Gulf is three miles wide, and is defended by two forts. It is a handsome city, especially in the suburbs. For trees, flowers, fruits and vegetables, it is the glory of the South. There is much culture and refinement, and no small share of literary ability, among its 60,000 inhabitants. The governors of Louisiana, under whom it fell for over a century previous to the American domination, were most pious Christians and able men, and did not

neglect the religious interests in the colonies over which they ruled. From Bienville to Aubrey under French sway, and from O'Reilly to O'Farrell (Casaculvo) under the Spanish *régime*, almost everything was done that could be done by zealous lay governors to promote religion.* Louisiana included a territory larger than Alexander conquered. But its early history was mostly enacted by the Mississippi, or on the sandy slopes of the Gulf of Mexico.

The religion of its founders flourishes in Mobile. It possesses a noble cathedral, which remotely suggests the Madeleine at Paris; and churches under the invocation of St. Patrick, St. Joseph, St. Mary, and St. Vincent. For over half a century the Visitation Convent has dispensed higher education to thousands. The Sisters of Charity have just celebrated the golden jubilee of their arrival in the Gulf City. Sisters of St. Joseph, Sisters of Mercy, and Brothers of the Sacred Heart, also labour to fit the young for earth without unfitting for heaven. "The College," president, Father Lonergan, the best classical and commercial seminary in the South, is conducted by the Jesuits, whose qualifications as educators no one questions. There are hospitals and orphanages, and many other institutions, on which space will not allow us to expatiate. At one time a large share of Irish emigration was directed towards Mobile. Save St. Augustine, Mobile is, with perhaps one exception, the oldest city in the south. In spite of wars, foreign and domestic; floods and hurricanes that almost swept her from the earth, intrigues at home and abroad, she still stands. Since her frail beginning, two centuries ago, dynasties have perished, kingdoms have been overthrown, and Europe nearly blotted off the American continent. When one looks at Alabama's oldest and best paper, *The Mobile Register*, one sees a list of places of worship of various denominations, headed by the *Catholic cathedral*. This is right and proper. The Catholic religion came hither when the red men were offering human sacrifice. She did her part towards encouraging the colonists and humanizing the savages before the founders of most of the sects were born. The city was begun by Catholic enterprise, and sustained in the face of continual peril by the great Catholic powers of Europe. Her founder, the stately and reserved Bienville, of obscure Canadian birth, but stainless integrity, a fervent Catholic, was the greatest of our colonizers. He suffered from the misunderstandings that wait upon all grand enterprises. And, like so many

* In 1789 the King of Spain, commanded by a royal decree, that on every plantation there should be a chaplain.

other benefactors of the human race, obloquy, exile, neglect, were the rewards meted out to him. The greatest of eleven brothers, every one of whom served his country by sea and land, he sought out new regions for France solely that new nations might be won for Christ.

Mobile, then, was established by Catholic genius and preserved by Catholic enterprise. May the disciples of the true religion increase and multiply in this exquisite region, so early consecrated to the true God. And may he who now worthily wears the mitre of the ancient city, live to dedicate churches in every hamlet of his vast diocese—to gather many followers, white and black, in the north and south, the east and west, into the One Fold, of which Christ is the shepherd. May they be thoroughly imbued with the best principles of morality, industry, and patriotism, and high in the order of merit as they are first in the order of time. True disciples of that holy Church which forbids all that is evil, commands everything good, and counsels whatever is perfect, may they abound in every grace, but, above all, in charity; that it may be said of them, as of their prototypes in the Gospel: “See how these Christians love one another.”*

M. A. C.

A HARBINGER.

A tiny bell is lifted
 Above the garden clay—
 A wandering snow-flake drifted
 And hid there one dark day;
 It tells the merles and thrushes
 That shiver in the bushes
 Dull winter's going away.

A blackbird sees the flower,
 And over hill and plain,
 From bush and brake and bower,
 Swells his triumphant strain.
 The snow-drop's bell is swaying,
 The blackbird's notes are saying:
 “The spring is near again.”

MAGDALEN ROCK.

* In a subsequent letter our contributor adds that the population of Alabama, according to the last census (1890) was 1,513,017, of whom half are coloured. Hardly 200 Catholics among 700,000 negroes. In Alabama there are about 15,000 Catholics, and some three thousand in West Florida, which is part of Bishop O'Sullivan's diocese, but not included in the foregoing figures.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CALUMNET.

One night when Captain Crosbie and Mr. Huntingdon had returned from a merry dinner at Dr. Hayden's, they went into the library, where a pleasant fire was burning.

"Don't go to bed yet awhile, Crosbie," said the latter; "we shall have a smoke and a brandy and soda."

"I'm hardly able for it," said Crosbie, "the Doctor's wine was so good."

"Everything about the Doctor is good." was the answer. "What a man he is—enough of energy in him for half a parish; and what a charming girl Miss Hayden is—so spiritual looking. A delicate morsel for Mr. Nugent's jaws."

Captain Crosbie laughed. "Have you noticed that?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I have the use of my eyes. Mrs. Wiseman is a splendid woman; quite lost in rural life; she has not half scope enough for her talents; what a matron she would make for a few marriageable daughters in London. By Jove! would she not hook half-witted heirs—spooney boys of twenty. I'd quite enjoy watching her angling for big fish."

"Mrs. Wiseman is a woman of the world," said Crosbie. "It would be hard to find out how she happened to be the Doctor's sister, for two natures more unlike were never born of the same mother."

"And Miss Amy takes after the Doctor," said Huntingdon. "She'll have none of Mr. Nugent yet awhile. But, heaven knows, I incline to fancy that Caliban might have won Miranda if the young prince had not turned up to throw him in the shade."

"No," said Crosbie, "I don't think that; Caliban would never have won Miranda, neither will Nugent win Miss Hayden. Some natures may be won by brutal instinct under the name of affection, or love, or whatever you choose to call it: but not natures like Amy Hayden's or Miranda's. Such cannot be won except through their affections, and they don't turn except to what is worthy of love, or at least seemingly worthy of love."

"And what about Miss Desmond?" asked Huntingdon, puffing his cigar and looking at Crosbie from under his languid lids. "Is she another Miranda—haughty to an amorous Caliban? By Jove, those bewitching young women are delightful, and get appreciated accordingly; but poor Caliban's dim aspirations after beauty are treated rather roughly; no doubt he'd have made an unpleasant husband, and in some ways would be objectionable; he might find the worldly Mrs. Wiseman unsympathetic. I wonder now what would be Caliban's chance with my fair cousin? You know her well. You ought to be able to make a fair guess."

"Oh, I was never a judge of feminine nature," answered Crosbie, stooping to knock the ashes off his cigar, "but I don't fancy Miss Desmond would be easily won, especially by a very bad man. You can't assimilate light and darkness."

"So Miss Desmond is your ideal of light," said Huntingdon.

"I have no ideals," replied Crosbie. "It is idle fellows like you who have time for such unsubstantial creations. Don't you think it would be better for you to answer those letters than to sit here discussing girls and Shakesperean heroes?"

"Girls are the most interesting subjects on earth," said Mr. Huntingdon. "There is such an infinite variety in them and such a tendency to change; I found a little of that delightful versatility in Miss Desmond to-night. Have you seen her since we were at the Grange?"

"Yes; I met her once accidentally," replied Crosbie, with assumed indifference.

"When?" asked Huntingdon. "I thought I had kept you pretty well in view."

"Oh, some day of the week; Tuesday morning, I believe. Shall I fill for you? Here is the soda."

"Thank you. Tuesday morning. Ah! I see; early exercise, very exhilarating. I remarked its effects on you, if I don't mistake. Miss Desmond is a delightful girl, rather dangerous as a constant companion, though, likely to come in rather agitating contact with a man's heart, if he had one."

"I'm too old for that sort of thing," said Captain Crosbie, with a forced laugh.

"Are you, though!" answered Huntingdon meditatively. "I wish you could tell me that as a positive fact, for I never could define accurately at what age man and woman lose their natural tendency to love some other man or woman. They say it is an emotion appertaining to extreme youth like the measles, but I see that assertion often contradicted. You feel convinced you are too old, do you?"

"Nonsense, man. You're in a very nonsensical mood to-night.

Talk common sense, can't you? I suppose you'll hear from Rossroe in the morning?"

"I'm talking uncommon sense, my dear fellow, if you only understood it. Miss Desmond is a lovely girl, I repeat. I wonder would it improve my fair *fiancée* if she had her piquancy. But then she is perfect in her own style; and, by Jove, her parent has animation enough for us all—always loaded and on full cock, and I have been a target for his shots ever since I was a little beggar at Eton."

"A pleasant father-in-law," said Crosbie, smiling.

"We get on well," replied Huntingdon. "Rossroe is a fine fellow. Had great patience with me, Have been rather a trying ward. Hope I'll make a model son-in-law."

"You seem to be on excellent terms with the world," said Crosbie. "The course of your love is running smooth, at all events. Are your affections deeply concerned, may I ask?"

"My affections? Am I in love, you want to know. I take it for granted I am; Blanche takes it for granted I am; I take it for granted Blanche is. So of course we both must be, and I rest contented. Miss Desmond wounded me to-night by telling me she hated people who took things for granted."

"I don't think I could take things as lightly as you," said Crosbie.

"I wonder do happy persons feel anything deeply."

"I have an extraordinary capacity for feeling; fathoms deep," answered Huntingdon; "but you see Blanche and I were brought up to love each other, and we were both obedient and unsentimental; we had no scenes, no changes from Paradise to Tophet; but I don't think there is anyone like my lily maid—cold and pure as a snowdrop. I told her, with her wonderful beauty, it was quite a sacrifice for her to marry a commoner; but she said she would do as her father and I wished, with an air of delightful disattachment, as if it were no interest of hers."

"Strange!" said Crosbie. "Perhaps she only seems cold."

"But coldness is refreshing," answered Huntingdon, "so many are inclined to be warm at this rather fast age. Shouldn't care to have a fast wife, though fast women are rather amusing."

"They wouldn't amuse me," said Crosbie. "I think they're disgusting; a burlesque on womanhood."

"Oh, one of the distressingly lofty views you take, my dear fellow. Why don't you allow the minor details of life to amuse you?"

"I don't see the use of such humbug," answered Crosbie; "I can't see how it can amuse anyone with brains."

"Ah, there it is, most sapient moralist; it is only a man with the liveliest intelligence that is able for the game. He must display his

head and his heart, at the same time making the former keep the latter from the harm consequent on exposure to feminine arts. A man really wants a fair amount of brains for such a pastime."

"I'd put them to better uses," said Crosbie, "than making speeches to women I didn't care about. I don't see any meaning in it."

"I know you don't," replied Mr. Huntingdon compassionately. "I noticed a want in you—an incapacity for floating pleasantly on the surface of things. Your tendency is to swim, and, by Jove, if a fellow can't swim and become master of the element, the situation becomes unpleasant; the wind is taken out of him a little. Better float and keep above the deeper currents."

"You can't keep out of them by floating," said Crosbie, "and I like to be in earnest about whatever I'm doing."

"If you could put some of that vigour into me, how pleased Rossroe would be. I wonder how it would affect Blanche. Would it startle her out of her divine tranquillity? She is like the calm, cool evening, and her ardent parent like a hot day. I was often surprised why he wished for the marriage. I, an idle man, relishing idleness, unlikely to help him in his ambitious career, and, strange enough, dissimilar as we are, we never disagree."

"Perhaps he saw some latent good in you," said Crosbie, "and ability if you roused yourself."

"Perhaps he did, heaven knows; he might well project some of his own qualities, and take them to be mine. He has been urging me for the last few years to get into Parliament, but I didn't see the force of it; he wouldn't give me Blanche, he said, till he saw me doing something beside haunting London clubs. At last I thought it too bad to keep my own lady love waiting, and so I came over to have a try for this country, and this country will have none of me, it seems."

"People won't take a bad workman when they can get a good one," said Crosbie, smiling. "It isn't when you want your dinner on the table you ought to put down the fire to cook it; to reap to-day you ought to have sown years ago."

"Ah, right you are, by Jove; you speak like several books. But how was I to know anything about Celtic temperament? Got the most of my ideas from novel writers."

"The most of their tales are mere burlesques," said Crosbie, "and the tendency clings even to present writers. I was looking over a story of modern life in last month's *English Opinion*, and the priest in it speaks with a vulgarity I don't believe you would find in any priest in Ireland at the present day. I wonder why they write so?"

"It takes," was the answer. "Perhaps we have a great sense

of the ridiculous, or, it may be, we are naturally malicious. Anyhow we manage to get very distorted photos of Irishmen and Irishwomen. I have been agreeably disillusioned since I came over. I'd like to see the Doctor's character written. You may laugh with such a man as he, but you'd never laugh at him. I admire the Doctor tremendously. However, an island of such Titans would never do. The Nugent species are some value, they make one laugh."

"The Doctor is a fine fellow," answered Crosbie, "as true as steel, and he has been greatly tried; he had hard work to get on when he was a young man; jealousy made him enemies; but he overcame everything by the sheer strength of his own character. I suppose there isn't a man more respected from this to Dublin, or a man that gives less thought to the question of respect."

"I wonder he never married," said Huntingdon. "Has he inculcated his charming niece with his notions?"

"There is some boy and girl attachment between her and Harry Desmond," answered Crosbie. "She will have a good fortune, and the lover is a spirited young fellow; he won't speak definitely till he is independent. Mrs. Wiseman wounded him by some of her worldly wisdom, I believe, and was a little personal."

"Ah, is that so? Then our horse genealogist is not likely to come in even a good second in the race. Miss Amy will wait—looks constant. Has Miss Desmond any little romance in the background?"

"Not that I know of," said Crosbie, shortly.

"Another example of constancy, probably, she looks single-minded; lucky man will he be who wins her. My style wouldn't suit her; she told me I was too indolent a lover, and wondered Blanche put up with me."

"Did you give her the benefit of your confidence?" said Crosbie, with a pleased smile.

"Oh, yes; promised to show her cartes, and so on. She was quite astonished at the nature of our correspondence; it outraged her sense of the romantic. How often would you write? Are love letters a kind of literature you indulge in?"

"Very likely," answered Crosbie. "If I cared for a girl, I'd think writing the next best thing to talking to her. I shouldn't be such a lukewarm adorer as you. I'm surprised your fair lady doesn't pitch you to the mischief."

"How happily your ideas and Miss Desmond's harmonize!" said Huntingdon. "But, by Jove, it would never do to be disposed of according to your notions of my deserts. I wouldn't give up my lily maid without a struggle, I can tell you."

"Happy the man who gets the one he wants," said Crosbie,

rising. "I'd counsel him if he has won her heart to try and keep it, and not to take too much for granted. Affection is a thing you can't get for money."

"By Jove, you can buy a splendid imitation of it," answered Huntingdon. "Electro-plated affection makes a wonderful display when brought out for company. Doesn't wear well, though. Home use is destructive. It has to be put up in chamois for festive occasions."

"Keep to the sterling silver," said Crosbie, "and when you have it, don't leave the polishing to others. It is worth attention."

"You speak in parables," answered Huntingdon. "I'm glad I came to Ireland to listen to you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER."

Captain Crosbie retired to his room with a consciousness that the evening had been a very agreeable one, and soon fell asleep, smiling at the rapidity of his conclusions concerning Mary and Mr. Huntingdon. The latter gentleman was more wakeful. The Doctor's wine, supplemented by the brandy, had stimulated him overmuch, and his talk with Crosbie had brought his betrothed more vividly before him than was usual. What he had told Crosbie about his engagement was quite true—it was more an arrangement of her father's than an action consequent on mutual love, but an arrangement to which both gave willing consent. They had known each other as boy and girl, and were, perhaps, at that stage of their existence more demonstrative in their affection than in after years. The young man never gave a serious thought to anyone else; Blanche was his ideal of womanly beauty; but he took the whole thing lightly, as was the tendency of his pleasure-loving nature. He was so sure of her that there was no necessity for that close clasp that uncertainty impels one to take.

He smiled as he thought of Mary Desmond and Captain Crosbie's wonder at his unemotional temperament, so different from their own earnest warmth. His thoughts wandered away to his English girl—her pure, proud face, that sometimes softened into a wonderfully sweet smile, rose before him, and he remembered with a thrill, little incidents which, looked at intently, struck him as indications of an interest in him greater than she allowed to appear. He, too, fell asleep with tenderer thoughts than usual flitting through his brain.

There were many letters next morning. Among them was one from Lord Rossroe, which Mr. Huntingdon sat down to answer immediately after breakfast. When he had finished it, he remained for a few moments idly biting the top of his pen, with a smile on his parted lips. At length he took another sheet of paper and commenced—

Fintona, Nov.—

MY DEAR BLANCHE—Here I have been for months without getting a line from you. I cannot say that I have not enjoyed myself, as I was so busy I had no time to be bored. Lord Rossroe must have found me a good correspondent; I hope he showed you some of my letters. I have no doubt you will like Ireland. You will be with me next time I come, will you not? The green hills of Erin have quite refreshed me. Will you be kinder than ever to me when I go back to you, in all probability a better man, though minus a crowning wreath? Pity is akin to love; my loss may be my gain. I have been thinking I should like to see your fair face glow as some of those Irish girls do when those they love come near. You will think absence makes the heart grow fonder, but this is the land of ardent wooers. I am learning some of their tender eloquence to startle you with by-and-by. Tell me where you will be when I return, whether at the Castle or in London; be at home at all events, so that I can go straight to you and have you to myself. Will you answer this quickly, Blanche, mine own, and promise me a warm welcome?

Yours for ever,

DIGBY HUNTINGDON.

In a morning room in Rossroe Castle sat a girl of about five-and-twenty, with a face and figure almost perfect in their classical beauty. She was listlessly sorting silks for embroidery. The servant entered with some letters, and left them on the table near her. When she had disentangled a skein she had in her hands, she put it aside and took up the letters. A quick blush passed over her face as she looked at the handwriting of one, and left it paler than before. She turned it over with a troubled expression as if reluctant to open it; tears gathered slowly in her eyes. "It's better to know the worst," she said, and broke the seal.

In a few moments a lovely light crept into her face, the tender lips trembled with a hidden joy, and bright tears fell upon the letter; she pressed it against her cheek. "Oh, thank God, he does care for me after all," she murmured, "and I love him so dearly."

In a week afterwards Mr. Huntingdon received an answer. It was the last of many written and torn up by the proud beauty, whose womanly sensitiveness made her hide her affection from him until he gave positive evidence that it was mutual. It ran thus:—

MY DEAR DIGBY—We shall be in London to receive you. My father has to go there at the beginning of next month. I am glad you have enjoyed your visit to Ireland, even though its results are so doubtful. I am sure I should like a trip

there. I sometimes get a little weary of balls and promenades, and faces that do not interest me—faces that are only a mask, and long for even one week of utter liberty to do as I like. Your letter has made me very happy. Is not that a large admission? Even though you do not come in the *role* of “a conquering hero,” you will get the wished for welcome from your

BLANCHÉ.

Mr. Huntingdon read the letter with a pleased smile, a little surprise mingling with his agreeable sensations. He wrote many other letters and received many other answers to the same purpose. Nothing increases so rapidly as an intercourse of the kind—when the man is a fair letter writer. (Woman as a general rule have a tendency to pour forth their hearts on paper.) A good deal of the inner nature comes out, and thoughts one may think too fine for oral expression seem quite natural in the guise of written character. The correspondence had a happy effect on Mr. Huntingdon at all events, and they both realised that their brief parting drew them closer together.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ELECTION.

The nomination for the election was to take place on Thursday, the 10th of January, and when the momentous day arrived the landed proprietors and all those interested in public questions were gathered into the county town. There were crowds collected round the courthouse, who relieved their overwrought spirits by cheering or groaning as the different carriages drove up. Mr. Huntingdon was received in stony silence, the companionship of Sir William saving him from vocal proofs of public opinion.

“The blessing of God on your handsome face,” said Peg Murphy, at the top of her voice.

“’Deed, then, he’ll have to take his beauty to another market,” said a second voice; “there’s no call for it here. A groan for the Tory,” which was warmly responded to.

“Much you know about Whigs or Tories,” replied the irrepressible Peg, “only to be howling.”

“Yerra, Nugent, what brought you?” asked another. “Sure you aren’t a judge of nothin’ barrin’ a glass of sperrits.”

“Begor, if he isn’t a good judge of that,” was the answer, “’tisn’t for the want of tasting it. If you put a match to his nose, ’twould light.”

“The wather fizzes every morning when he washes his face,” said another. “Dear knows, ’tis a pity to dirty the fine wather with it.”

"Yerra, hould yer prate. Isn't he going to give the race-course next year?"

"Iyeh, he will, to be shure, if he's well paid for it, an' has a horse himself to win the stakes."

Mr. Nugent passed into the courthouse from his persecutors, whose remarks were irritating to a disposition unaccustomed to self-control.

Mr. Huntingdon stood on the steps, surrounded by many of the gentry, and looked over the vast crowd who at that moment were receiving his opponent, Mr. Maguire, with thrilling enthusiasm. It was glorious, after all, to be a leader of men, to win that popularity born of merit; to have that mighty trust put in one as a worthy champion of the great, just rights of a country and a people, and to win, or help to win, by sheer intellectual force, those rights that would lift that concourse of fellow-men into freer and wider ways.

In a few moments they were all in the courthouse. Sir William McMahon proposed Mr. Huntingdon. Captain Crosbie seconded him. The nomination proceeded, and the high sheriff declared there were three candidates duly nominated.

The election was to take place that day week.

Every hour was now a busy one until the day of the election arrived. Fintona was full of guests. Paddy Daly came there to beg some employment, and was sent on to keep guard at Drumquin, not that there was either use or necessity for so doing, but it is considered political wisdom to buy up the energies of such lawless characters to prevent them from adding fuel to an opponent's fire. On the morning of the election Mr. Nugent, who was one of the deputy sheriffs, drove to Drumquin with his ballot-box beside him. He met his fellow deputy at the door of the courthouse, and they entered together as the clock was striking eight. There was little apparent excitement. The voters dropped in, recorded their votes, and quietly departed.

As the morning advanced, the village began to fill. Green flags with significant mottoes were hung across the streets. A local orator addressed the people occasionally in language that was chosen rather for sound than sense. Impecunious young gentlemen of tender age, glad to earn a few pounds as agents, sauntered about, or where really interested went from voter to voter, urging, arguing, or chaffing, as the case may be.

Mary Desmond had come in to the Doctor's to see any fun that might turn up. Luncheon was there for any one who chose to come in and partake of it; and as a good table presided over by two pretty girls is not unattractive to hungry men, there was a succession of visitors. About two o'clock Doctor Hayden came in saying, "Girls, make up a few sandwiches for those fellows at the courthouse; they are almost starved."

Mrs. Wiseman packed a very comfortable luncheon into a basket, and had just despatched it when Captain Crosbie entered.

"Well," said the Doctor, "how goes it? Are you getting a good thrashing? Any chance of your coming in second?"

"We are going on better than I expected," answered Crosbie, cheerily. "If I may trust appearances, I think we shall make a good fight."

"I hope you may," said the Doctor. "Home Rule will carry the day, of course; and I'd be better pleased than a good fee that the foreign Liberal beat the Home Conservative. The days for Conservatism are nearly over, the Lord be praised! You look tired, my boy. Help him to something, Mary, my dear. What will you have to drink?"

"Nothing, thank you," Crosbie replied. "I have already had to drink for the good of my country."

"Haven't you some soup, Annie? Half glasses and bad tobacco would ruin the constitution of an ostrich—but all for the good of trade. I'd be sorry to interfere with you—the more you sicken yourself the better I'll like it. Ah, here's the soup. Annie is the girl who knows what's good for one. That's better than a half glass."

"A whole glass you like, Doctor," said Mary.

"Faith, you may say that," he answered. "No one relies on it more at his dinner. Ha! who are they groaning now?" and he went to the window to look out. "Such days as these are a grand vent for private spite. Oh! that's a valuable appendage of yours, Paddy Daly, looking very warlike, indeed. He seems as if he had been half-glassing it to some purpose."

"He is a worthless fellow," answered Crosbie.

"And there is Peg Murphy," said the doctor, "one of your best puffers. I remember a time when she would be of use at an election. Fifty such irresistible ringleaders would carry it."

"Well, she's honest and consistent," replied Crosbie. "Gratitude bound her to Huntingdon at the first going off."

"He's able to philander the women," said the Doctor. "Eh, Mary, Mrs. Wiseman says he pays you marked attention, so you ought to be a judge. Dangerous things to talk to females at all, Crosbie. You're a marked man in every sense of the word. I look upon my own escape as well nigh miraculous; but who knows yet? No one is safe till the grass grows over him. Well, are you off? Turn in again as soon as you have any news."

Captain Crosbie was greatly respected, and he was warmly greeted as he went up the street. The countrymen whispered to each other that, if it were he that started for the county, he would get ten

votes to the landlord's one. The day wore away peaceably. When five o'clock came, the polling booth was closed; the deputies dined hastily at the doctor's, and posted off to the county town to deliver up their boxes to the high sheriff.

A market was held on the following day at Drumquin, and political interest and business combined to fill the town. The post-office was surrounded by a group waiting for the telegram that was to announce the result of the contest.

It arrived about three o'clock, and when it was made known that Mr. Maguire had won the day by a large majority, that Mr. Huntingdon came in a good second, and that the Conservative was miles behind, there was a ringing cheer that startled the owls in the ivied tower. The band turned out and played national airs, followed by a large number of excitable youths who relieved their emotional nature by letting off steam after as shrill a fashion as a railway engine. Preparations commenced for illuminating the town.

Mary was remaining at the Doctor's. When evening came, she and Amy went to the corner of the street to watch the innumerable lights, and being simple in their tastes and unaccustomed to the brilliancy, they thought it looked very pretty.

They were scarcely seated in the drawingroom after their return, when a car drove rapidly to the door. In a few moments they heard the voice of Mr. Huntingdon and Captain Crosbie as the Doctor led them to the diningroom. They did not remain there long, but presented themselves, looking tired, but in no wise dejected by their defeat.

Mr. Huntingdon spoke with more animation than usual. He was quite proud of having made such a good fight, and spoke warmly and gratefully of his supporters.

"Go in for one of your counties," said the Doctor, "and heap coals of fire on our heads by putting in a good word when Irish interests are concerned."

"Indeed, Mr. Huntingdon should never do anything for you," said Mrs. Wiseman. "The idea of your voting for that common man. Maguire—such a name! and such an appearance! You never could fancy him a gentleman."

"We had what you call 'gentlemen' members long enough," answered the Doctor, "and pretty specimens of the genus some of them were. Very pretty. Never mind, Huntingdon, any interest I have in England is at your disposal. There is no man I'd sooner see returned there."

"All right, Doctor," answered Huntingdon, laughing, "and if I

get in, see if I don't have revenge on you some way or other. He treated me very badly, Mrs. Wiseman."

"I never saw such a man," she replied. "You never can calculate what he will do, and he is not under the least compliment to Maguire; if he were, it would be something; and, my goodness, such a plain man!"

"It would be well for you if you had his brains," said the Doctor, "and it would stop you from talking nonsense any way."

"I firmly believe I have more common sense than yourself," said Mrs. Wiseman emphatically, "you're as simple as a child."

"Oh, the Lord leave me so," answered the Doctor. "Give us our tea now, and let it be a drawn battle. Those that are not born wise, object to have wisdom thrust on them, and I'm too old now to achieve it for myself. You have only to try your hand on Amy, and bring her up in the way she should go. Eh, Amy, are you willing to lend your ears?"

"Oh, Amy is such another as yourself," said Mrs. Wiseman. "She might have been your daughter."

"Thank God for that," said Amy, looking at the Doctor with a bright smile.

"You are very like," said Mr. Huntingdon, "perhaps if you had been his daughter, you would be less so; but don't infer from that, my dear Doctor, that your appearance in the eyes of men is quite so pleasant as Miss Hayden's. I should not like to leave you under a false impression."

"Well, I had my day, sir, when the girls wouldn't look at you or Crosbie when I was by. I used to get any amount of paper cupids and pierced hearts, long ago. Couldn't help the poor things, though I loved them for their weakness—I couldn't indeed; I hadn't time—red tickets, old women, plasters and pills, and poorhouses. There I was, and never had leisure to bend my knee before the adorable object until I got too stiff."

"So much the worse for the object," said Huntingdon. "She hasn't come off better, I should fancy. I think it is White Melville who speculates in one of his novels whether any man is worth the love of a woman."

"Oh, dear, no, why should he?" answered the Doctor. "The love of such a seraphic being! Indeed, then, I'd tell White Melville, or black Melville either, to make his mind easy, for as God made them He matched them. There are plenty of them bad and good on both sides."

"Indeed I think the generality of men are very good-hearted," said Mrs. Wiseman. "I suppose we all have our little failings; but

as long as a man conducts himself in society and makes himself agreeable, I think we may overlook a good deal. I suppose no one is perfect. I don't fancy I'm perfect myself."

"I'm surprised at that," answered the Doctor, "very surprised. So, as long as a man behaves himself in the eyes of men, he needn't mind about the eyes of the Lord. Is that your latest religious dogma?"

"Listen to him now," said she. "He's always drawing religion into the conversation. I never saw such a man. I was really ashamed on Sunday when we had a few people to tea. Some one said something accidentally, I suppose about religion, and there he went into an argument, and brought down old saints that are dead for centuries to back up what he was saying, as if the people cared what they said."

"And did I not make Mr. Lindsay eat his words?" answered the Doctor. "Am I to see truth perverted without coming to the rescue?"

"Oh, but you should think of politeness, and not bring down depressing topics. If it were among priests, it would be something, for it might interest them; but people in the world, that want to enjoy themselves. Is it not true, Mr. Huntingdon?"

"Everything you say, Mrs. Wiseman, savours of the deepest wisdom, and shows perception of character," he answered gravely. He stroked his moustache and looked at Mary, whose lips trembled with suppressed laughter.

"It is surprising how I keep my spirits at all," continued Mrs. Wiseman, "between himself and Amy. Another time they'll begin to discourse on death, as if it were not enough for us to have to face it when it comes, without thinking of it beforehand. Last night they began about heaven, until they made me quite low-spirited."

"It does not seem to have had a depressing effect on the Doctor or Miss Amy," said Captain Crosbie, smiling.

"Oh, not in the least, they are delighted with their gloomy topics," she replied. "But I suppose 'tis easier to affect me; I'm very sensitive."

"I suppose you will soon leave Ireland now, Mr. Huntingdon?" said Amy, anxious to change the conversation.

"Ah, yes, very soon. By Jove, I shall miss you all. I have enjoyed my visit thoroughly, and can never be sufficiently grateful for all your kindness, I hope I can repay you some day."

"So you can," said the Doctor, "by coming often among us. Make Fintona a suitable residence, and come, like the other butterflies, in summertime. You'll do good, and you'll give pleasure; two fine inducements for a man."

"I shall come, most certainly," answered Huntingdon. "Crosbie

has been trying to awaken me to a sense of my responsibility as a landowner—actually made me tremble under the great weight I unconsciously held on my shoulders; but Miss Desmond holds different opinions on remodelling Fintona. She quite sighed at the idea."

"I think Fintona lovely," said Mary. "Fancy new staring stone instead of walls covered with ivy, westeria, roses, and japonica. Is it not enough to make an artist shudder?"

"I like the flowers too," said the Doctor, "but I like also the modern style of building. Good ventilation. plenty of light. No one could be healthy in some of the close, dark old houses. Nothing in the world as good as lots of light and air. Fintona, indeed, is well laid out, but it wouldn't be fine enough for the esteemed Mrs. Digby Huntingdon, when such a personage appears, not to mention all her lady's maids."

"Please stop, Doctor," said Mr. Huntingdon plaintively, "this is the way you harrow Mrs. Wiseman's soul with awful possibilities. You want to frighten me into celibacy."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Huntingdon," said Mrs. Wiseman. "Your wife will be satisfied wherever you are, her only object will be to please you."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the Doctor. "She'll have lots of objects beside pleasing him. She'll have the world to please, and herself to please; and then there are her ribbons, and muslins, and trimmings round the tails of her dresses, and flounces on her petticoats, to be looked after every day for fear they should be out of fashion. And there are her thousand acquaintances to visit and watch, and talk over to each other, and the last light new novel to read so that she can say she read it; and undress balls, and flower-shows, operas, and promenades. I don't see how she can find time to please the man at all."

The two girls protested against the Doctor's exposition of feminine engagements.

After some time the laughing argument was interrupted by the music of the band and vehement cheering. Amy went to the window and raised the blind, and an exclamation of pleasure brought the others to look out. Marching down the street was a torchlight procession got up by one of the young men of the town who had lately returned from America. The band came first, then bearers of various flags and banners; after them a blazing tar barrel, surrounded by a forest of pine branches held on high. The torches were arranged at various distances, branches of fir held up between; their dark green beauty showing to the greatest advantage. Another tar barrel closed the procession. All the villagers had turned out; the streets were

lined with women and small children. When the procession came to the market square it stopped, the band played popular airs, the torchbearers as the torches waxed dim, dipped them into buckets of tar and paraffin and relit them. There were cheers for Maguire, cheers for the Doctor, and some other local favourites; and "God save Ireland!" was the last distinct cry going forth into the night.

There is nothing so contagious as enthusiasm, and when the Doctor's guests sat down to an impromptu supper they were all in excellent humour, especially the defeated candidate.

(To be continued.)

THE MARINERS' CROSS.

An Incident during the Franco-Prussian War.

Succour the sick and the wounded.

Pray for the souls of the slain;

Great is the mercy—but sometimes

Duties still sadder remain.

Neighbours steal looks of compassion,

Whisper that someone should speak—

Say, "He is living no longer,"

Braving the broken heart's shriek.

Thus, in poor France a fond mother

Prays for her warrior son;

Mother and sister expect him,

All others know he is gone.

Thousands in pity behold them,

Pray at the Mariner's Cross

Day after day for his safety—

No one dares utter their loss.

Fishermen out on the waters,

Watch for the sorrowful sight;

Even the shore-birds, grown fearless,

On the lone cross will alight.

Moistened with tears, that dear symbol
Quiets affection's alarms—
Shining with spray, guides the sailor
Back to its sheltering arms.

Were her son out on the ocean,
When its worst hurricane raves,
Women would gather to help her
Call on the Lord of the waves.

Whirlwinds sink down when He bids them,
Folding their terrible wings;
Why are men's passions more stubborn,
Harder the proud hearts of kings?

When will these tempests of bullets
Learn to be still and adore?
Their victims perish in numbers
Storms never cast on the shore!

Someone of those who are waiting
Ocean to give up their dead,
Surely, might tell the two pilgrims,
That his last charge had been led.

Struck down he lies 'mid his comrades,
Dead for his country and home,
After his hardships and dangers
'Mid the Crusaders of Rome.

Foliage and branches lie scattered
Over the field of the slain,
Heaped like the wrecks of a navy,
Strewn on the breast of yon main . . .

Mother and sister! a martyr
Slumbers beneath the green sod.
Dying at last for his country,
After his battles for God.

Pray that your France leave the furnace,
Holy and cleansed from her dross.
Be this your prayer at the headland,
Under the Mariners' Cross.

OUR POETS.

No. 26—EMILY H. HICKEY.

MR. William B. Yeats, who has himself figured in this series, has lately inveighed against cosmopolitanism in literature. Without pausing to discuss his precise meaning, we may find in the word and its denunciation some justification for the limits that we assign to ourselves in choosing "Our Poets." The world and its literature are very large, and we are very small; and it is well to place stern restrictions upon ourselves. Especially to such discussions as the present, the best subjects for us may not be those that are best in themselves; and on other grounds there is a certain propriety in letting our choice fall on poets who labour under one or other of two disadvantages. Many have overcome those disadvantages; but, no doubt, to be an Irishman and to be a Catholic are disadvantages in a literary career, and in many other careers. It cuts you off from many resources, many sympathies, many feelings, many themes, many traditions, upon which the literary man can draw with profit on both sides of the Atlantic. At any rate, it is fitting for a magazine like ours, to attend by preference to those who have more chance of being passed over. We have therefore in this series confined ourselves to poets either of Irish birth or of Catholic faith or of both. Thus we have included Adelaide Procter, though she was not an Irishwoman; and now we include Miss Emily Hickey, because she is an Irishwoman, although she does not belong to that church of which Adelaide Procter became a devoted daughter, as Dickens tells so fully and fairly in his genial introduction to her "Legends and Lyrics."

We have begun with this point, in order at once to correct a mistake into which we fell at page 165 of our seventeenth yearly volume. We there enumerated the Catholic writers of verse in England, Ireland, and the United States; and we rashly named in this list Miss Emily H. Hickey. Others have copied our blunder. That is one of the penalties of bearing an Irish name and showing an Irish heart.

Miss Hickey is not the first of her family to make a name in literature. Her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were

Protestant clergymen; and her grandfather, the Rev. William Hickey, was very widely and very favourably known as a writer on agricultural and social topics fifty or sixty years ago, and even at this day many of our readers, fond of poring over *The Irish Penny Journal* and other old magazines, will at once recognize him as an old friend under his pen-name of "Martin Doyle." We were on the point of rashly expressing our surprise at not finding him in Mr. Alfred Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography;" but he is duly commemorated at page 585 in the Addenda. We may make use here of some of the particulars. He was born in 1787, and his work as a clergyman was in the county Wexford. His first book was in 1817—a pamphlet on the State of the Poor in Ireland. Under the name of Martin Doyle he published "Hints to Small Farmers," "The Hurlers," "Irish Cottagers," "Address to Landlords," "The Kitchen Garden," "The Flower Garden," "Hints on Health, Temperance and Morals," "Cyclopædia of Practical Husbandry," and numerous contributions to *Chamber's Journal*, *Blackwood's Agricultural Magazine*, and others. His last book was "Notes and Gleanings in the county Wexford." He is said to have taken in all his writings the broadest philanthropic views, and to have studiously avoided religious and political controversy. He died October the 24th, 1875, aged 87. This slight tribute to the memory of a good Irishman is paid partly for his own sake and partly to show that the generous sentiments breaking out in the principal poem to which we are about to call the reader's attention, come to Miss Hickey by a sort of inheritance.

Emily H. Hickey was born at MacMine Castle, Co. Wexford, then the residence of her maternal grandfather, Mr. Pierce Newton King. Her early life was spent in the country, till her father removed to Carlow on being promoted to the parish of Clonmulsh. For many years she has lived in London. Her first appearance in print was in the *Cornhill Magazine* with her "Told in the Twilight;" and then many pieces from her pen appeared in *Macmillans Magazine*. Her first volume was published in 1881—"A Sculptor and other Poems"—in which *The Daily Telegraph* found "sweetness as well as power in the versification, and a reserved grace rare in first works," and which reminded *The Spectator* "without suggesting imitation, of Mrs. Barrett Browning."

In that same year, 1881, Miss Hickey, in conjunction with Dr. Furnivall, founded the Browning Society, which after a remarkable career has lately, we believe, thought it expedient to die whilst still sufficiently vigorous. In this context may be mentioned Miss Hickey's annotated, and we may say authorised edition of Browning's tragedy, *Strafford*, which was further enriched with an introduction from the best authority on the historical aspects of the subject, Dr. Samuel R. Gardiner. New supplies of this edition are still called for by the students of Browning.

We pass over a large and handsome volume of "Verse-tales, Lyrics, and Translations," published in 1888, which according to *The Athenæum* "reached a high level of finish and completeness," with the remark that Miss Hickey's chief achievements as a translator are certain very skilful modernisations of the Anglo-Saxon. The rest of our space we must give to the latest of her works, "Michael Villiers, Idealist, and other poems," (London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1891).

The title-poem of this volume occupies a hundred pages of blank verse, with a lyric or two to relieve the monotony. It might have been called "a modern poem," as Allingham called his "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," though in form and spirit it is more akin to a poem of Aubrey de Vere's which I think one of his most beautiful, though it seems to be somewhat overlooked—"The Sisters." There is, however, much more of a story, and much more of the dramatic element in Miss Hickey's work. What she means by calling her hero an Idealist she partly explains in this sonnet which is set before the poem like a sort of preface:—

They had their visions of the perfect State,
 Large Plato wisdom-lit, and quick-souled More,
 And Bacon, who knew the spell whereby to soar
 From knowledge into power; the good, the great,
 The sons of many an age, early and late,
 Have dreamed their dreams, and gone to seek the store
 Their dreams had shadowed, on some unknown shore.
 Where sight on faith, where good on hope may wait.
 Not with their dreams content, nor satisfied
 With visions of their visions, glimpses caught
 Reflected from the glory of their thought;
 The greater we, because they lived and died,
 We seek the Ideal too, that will not hide
 Her face for aye when Love and Truth have sought.

Michael Villiers is nephew and heir to Sir William Villiers of Villiers Keep, "a man of somewhat narrow mind for which his breadth of heart and generous impulse half atoned." He was left as a babe to the loving care of his good uncle. His mother, an Irish girl, Mary O'Neill, who is sketched for us slightly but with delicate grace, only survived his birth for the short space indicated thus :—

She saw his face upon Saint Michael's day.
The mother who should die at Hallowmas.

The self-restraint of our poet very judiciously spares us pathetic things that might be said, condensing all into the simple phrase, "And Mary died." Her husband followed her,

"Before his boy had learned to go alone."

Michael grows up an earnest-minded youth, not content to take, as a matter of course, the ease and affluence to which he was born, but much perplexed by the problems of poverty and wealth and social good and ill. His discussions with his friend, Arthur Grey, the champion of things as they are, are given with a great deal of dramatic force and poetic grace. Some readers will miss the allusion to Jacob at the ford of Phanuel, in the following passage, which may serve as a sample of Miss Hickey's blank verse :

Some men all night
Wrestle, with wrestlings vehement and strong,
To gain the blessing ; and go maimed for life,
For the fierce grip which Truth has laid on them :
And others find the angel as they go
About the common things of every day,
In rain and sunshine ; and he speaks them fair,
And bares his loveliness, and lets them see
Things sweeter than sweet dreams, and clearer much
Than clearest visions. Truth has many ways
Of revelation to the sons of men.

Miss Hickey, God bless her, is very unlike one of her own *dramatis personæ* :

"He spoke with one, a friend of college days,
Of Ireland and the Irish ; land and folk
That Gordon Moore, albeit, like Michael's self,
His earliest breath was drawn on Irish soil,
Loved not, but almost hated."

She on the contrary shows an intense devotion to her native country and a warm sympathy with our people, even from a

religious point of view. But we demur to one statement :

“Their faith doomed to the pangs of martyrdom
Without its glory ; a cross without a crown ”—

though, indeed, in the act of transcribing the lines, we see a meaning in which the words are true. But the crown is gained for all that.

Here is the answer Michael Villiers gives to Gordon Moore when he repeats one of the reproaches commonly levelled against our poor people :—

“ Dirty and thriftless ! ” Ay, it is the use
To call their peasants so ! You know full well
When any among them seemed to thrive, the eyes
Of the good agent took a greedy glare,
As who should say, “ Why if these cunning hinds
Have wherewithal to thatch their roofs anew,
And dress their womenfolk in comely gear,
And deck their window-frames with mignonette,
They must have some fair hoard i’ the Savingsbank,
Were better in the pocket of my lord.”
It was not well to seem as if one throve ;
So John and Pat and Mick abode in dirt,
And let the rotten fences be, and saw
The prashogue eat the earth, the poppies choke
The corn ; and learned their lesson well—to sit
In apathy ; that is a vice which wears
The look of that sweet virtue, patience’ self !
But patience feeds the heart, and apathy
Drains the good lifeblood dry.

Our extracts are multiplying too rapidly ; but here is an example of the fairness with which Martin Doyle’s granddaughter gives the other side of the question :—

“ But, Villiers, you’re unjust ; in the old time,
Some wrong was done to Ireland, there’s no doubt,
But England long ago has seen that wrong,
And striven to make amends ; and still she strives,
With all her might and main.”

‘ I know it well,’
Said Michael, ‘ and I would not be unjust ;
But it may be that vision came too late,
And that amendment cannot now be done !
The bitterest punishment of punishments
To nations or to men is impotence
To mend a wrong they knew not when they did.’

We cannot pursue the story further. There is a wedded pair of so-called socialists—

No socialists of the fire-and-thunder faith,
Which thinks that streams of blood will wash the world—

certainly not, else Lucy Vere would not have belonged to their set, who proves to be the inevitable She in whom the tale culminates. They are kept asunder for a time, and here is the end of the exhortation with which Lucy parts from her Idealist :—

' But, I will say it, do not, O my friend,
Be overmuch afraid to do your best
Because mistakes may mar that best of yours.
Dare the mistakes may follow a purpose clean.
Michael, trust God, trust man, and trust yourself.
Trust God with your mistakes ; better, I think,
A smirch upon a life's white perfectness,
Than one dull grey pervading all of it.
Souls are for serving, not for lying by
In a fair silence, shut away from men ;
And if a serving soul be stained, God's eyes
Transmute the stain to splendour with their smile.
Go forth to do your work ; go forth, and trust
The quickening impulse of the law of love.'

They part, but of course at the proper time all misunderstandings are cleared away, and Michael Villiers discovers that "the very essence of martyrdom itself is in humility and willingness to welcome joy as well as welcome pain." He and Lucy set about realising their ideals, hand in hand.

Enough has been said, and especially enough has been quoted, to prove that this woman's poem is something much better than that phrase would suggest. Though Miss Hickey was the foundress of the Browning Society, she has had the wisdom to avoid any attempt at Browning's diction or versification. She is clear, strong, unaffected, and in earnest. She says things plainly. "The easiest thing on earth is to call names." Or again—

"There's something worse than lack of breeding is,
And worse than aitchless words and nails untrimmed."

The twenty six poems that fill the remaining hundred pages are, some of them, of considerable length, and written also with a serious purpose. There are several of them that we should wish

to refer to with some minuteness; but our extracts have already been pretty copious. In her lighter lyrical pieces, Miss Hickey is less successful than in her graver and more thoughtful poems. Her sonnets are good. Instead of any of those contained in this volume, we give an earlier sonnet, which in another context suggested to us the following unused reflections.

There are some forms and degrees of human love, of the love of human heart for human heart, so deep and so pure as to be a help and not a hindrance towards realising the love that our heart ought to feel towards God. Above all, the love with which the Blessed Eucharist is meant to fill our hearts, is so tender, so vivid, so human (we may dare to say) that it may well satisfy the yearning of the human heart for loving and being loved. And therefore, in applying them to the Divine Lover of our souls, very little violence is done to such expressions of tenderness as the following sonnet, which is well named "A Gift."

What can I give, O well-beloved, to thee,
Whose clear, firm knock at my heart's door I heard,
I reading o'er my life's old pages blurred
Where bitter tears had fallen fast and free?
For thou didst enter in and comfort me
Whose soul was passion-tossed and anguish-stirred
Till I grew patient as a brooding bird,
And rest came down upon me, verily.

What can I give thee for a guerdon meet?
The utter depths and heights of love sublime
I cannot fathom, dear, I cannot climb,
For sacred things to strew before thy feet—
I kneel thy suppliant, and give thee, sweet,
The right to go on giving for all time.

One might be at first in doubt whether this was merely a creature addressing a creature; but, at any rate, the words may well be elevated to a higher meaning. The reward that God asks from us for all the proofs He has given us of his love, is to give Him the right, the opportunity, the possibility of going on, heaping his treasures upon us not only for all time, but for all eternity.

These remarks are undoubtedly out of place and were not intended for this place; but Miss Hickey's muse is serious and thoughtful, not the idle singer of an idle day. She feels earnestly on the burning questions which inspire her, and the result is, as

Burns feared for himself, sometimes a sermon as well as a song. This has been objected to by some critics ; but these critics evidently, in the poem on which we have dwelt almost exclusively, were represented rather by Gordon Moore or Arthur Grey, than by the hero himself. We introduced our own remarks by citing strong testimony from reviews of high authority as to the genuineness of Miss Hickey's poetic gifts ; and we trust that enough has now been added to prove that this newest member in the series of "Our Poets" is one of whom Ireland may be proud, and that among the contemporary writers of English verse a high place must be assigned to the author of "Michael Villiers, Idealist, and other Poems."

SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

NO. 21—SIR ROBERT KANE.

SIR Robert Kane was the second son of John Kane, a manufacturing chemist in Dublin ; he was born on the 24th of September, 1809, inheriting from his father a love of chemistry which was fostered from an early age. He was educated for the medical profession, studying at the Meath Hospital. Here he was a distinguished student, being made clinical clerk (an honorary position which has since been abolished) and winning the prize offered by Dr. Graves for the best essay on "The Pathological Condition of the Fluids in Typhus Fever."

So well, indeed, was he thought of, that, in 1832, when only twenty-one years of age, he was appointed professor of chemistry to the Apothecaries' Hall, a position which he held until 1845. In the year 1833 he completed his studies, and qualified as Licentiate of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. In the same year Kane founded the "Dublin Journal of Medical Science," which he edited, jointly with the celebrated Dr. Stokes and Dr. Graves, for two years, during which he contributed ten papers on Pathology and Chemistry ; amongst others one on the "Properties of the Hydroacids."

This latter science, as the name of this paper to some extent indicates, was in a comparatively elementary condition, having, so to speak, only passed out of its infancy.

The discovery of oxygen, from which modern chemistry may be said to date, only took place some sixty years before, and Dalton had only propounded his atomic theory, the real foundation of chemistry as a *science*, about twenty or thirty years. Chemistry, therefore, presented a wide field for investigation to a man of ability, and Kane was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered. In the laboratory of the Apothecaries' Hall, and in his private laboratory, he carried out researches, the results of which he made public, chiefly in papers read at the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was elected a member in this year (1832).

In 1834 he delivered a course of popular lectures on experimental physics in the theatre of the Royal Dublin Society. This Society in the same year appointed him their professor of Physics, which position he retained till 1847.

About this time Kane was engaged in researches into the properties and compounds of wood-spirit, on which he read a first paper in 1835. Shortly after this he found that Dumas, the eminent chemist, had been engaged in investigating the same subject in collaboration with Polizat, and had not only anticipated most of his results but had even gone farther. This impressed on him the necessity of acquiring a closer knowledge of the methods of working and the position of the science on the continent; he finished his investigations, published the results in a second paper read before the Academy, and left for France.

The next year was spent almost entirely in visiting the principal laboratories in France and Germany. On his return Kane carried out some very valuable researches on ammonia, publishing the results in two papers read before the Royal Irish Academy, in which he showed that ammonia forms some remarkable compounds by its reactions with some salts of mercury, copper and zinc. Berzelius said in his annual account of chemistry that these were the most remarkable and important researches of the period.

It is rather curious to note that in these papers, which have done much to establish the true theory of ammonia compounds, Kane strongly combats a large part of this theory, substituting one of his own, and giving, we are afraid, too little weight to the fact, that the other and more correct theory was supported by two such distinguished men as Berzelius and Ampère.

While these papers were being published Kane read another, also before the Academy, on "Pyroacetic spirit" (now called acetone).

In this he gives results of a large numbers of analyses, and theories based on them.

Unfortunately he came to form the opinion that acetone was an alcohol ("mesitic alcohol"), a view now known to be incorrect, so that his deductions are of little value; this, however, does not affect the value of his facts.

In 1840 Kane contributed his greatest addition to chemistry in a paper, "On Archil and on Litmus," which was read before the Society (of London), and afterwards published in the Philosophical Transactions. In this paper he gave the result of a very extensive series of researches into various substances, some discovered by him extracted from lichens, chiefly *Rocella Tinctoria*, which are used in dyeing. The objects of the research were, first, to ascertain the primitive forms of the colour-making substances in a given species of lichen, and trace the stages through which it passes before the coloured substance is developed; secondly, to determine the nature of the various colouring substances which exist in the orchil of commerce; and, thirdly, the examination of the colouring materials of ordinary litmus.

In working on these subjects, he discovered several new compounds, and threw new light on others which had already been discovered, besides explaining several matters of much importance in bleaching.

For this paper, which entailed a vast amount of labour, and which is still the standard work on the subject, the Royal Society awarded him their royal gold medal, given for the most important chemical researches during three years.

Next year Kane was elected a Fellow of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, and was also elected to the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, and shortly afterwards Secretary to the Council, in which he succeeded M'Cullagh, the great mathematician.

About this time Dr. Kane published his largest work, if not his most important one, "The Elements of Chemistry," a book of nearly twelve hundred closely-printed pages in large octavo.

A text-book on any subject, and perhaps most of all on chemistry, must consist mainly of a condensation of work already published, and of theories which have passed the test of publication among chemists; it consequently affords comparatively little scope for originality. In this work, however, Kane's independence of

character and originality of mind show themselves strongly, constituting at once his strength and his weakness. He concludes his preface, after noticing the fact that a text-book is not a suitable place for putting forward new ideas, as follows: "I have not hesitated, however, in many instances, where the best consideration I could give the subject induced me to dissent from the views generally held, to make this work the vehicle, in a popular form, of such suggestions as I thought deserved to be adopted. The processes given for the preparation of the various substances described, are, with very few exceptions, those followed either in my private laboratory, or in the manufacturing laboratory of the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland, and the apparatus figured in the woodcuts are generally similar to those which I employ in experiments of research or at lecture."

By acting on these principles, Kane gave to the methods described in this book, a practicalness, which, as well as the great ability and research displayed, caused it to be described by the well known American scientist, Dr. Draper, in his preface to the edition which he prepared, and which was adopted by many American colleges, as undoubtedly the best text-book extant in the English language. Faraday also approved highly of it, and recommended it for use at the military college at Sandhurst.

In 1842 Dr. Kane read before the Royal Irish Academy a paper on Platinum and Palladium, and next year delivered a course of lectures on the Industrial Resources of Ireland as a result of which he, at the request of the Council of the Royal Dublin Society, produced his best known work, "The Industrial Resources of Ireland." This work, undertaken principally to correct the exaggerated ideas usually entertained of the disadvantages under which this country labours, in regard to mechanical industry, but in which, soon "passing beyond the question of mere mechanical industry, he had occasion to examine the relations of the country to the prime materials of the chemical and metallic manufactures, and finally to discuss some important statistical and moral problems, affecting the industrial progress of Ireland" (*preface*), is a most laborious and exact investigation, carried out in much detail, and including many analyses made by the author, of the fuel supplies of Ireland, both coal and turf, and the employment of these as motive powers, of the water power of the country, of the ores found in it, of agriculture, of textile and

other industries, of the means of intercourse, and finally a discussion on the need of technical education.

This book at once achieved great popularity, the first edition being sold out in six months. The first two chapters are devoted to the fuel supply, "the question which presents itself almost on the threshold of every industrial enterprise." First come the Kilkenny and Tipperary coalfields, which, as well as those in Cork, Kerry, and Clare, consist of anthracite or non-flaming coal, of varying qualities, but containing certainly several hundred millions of tons of good coal. In Ulster and Connaught there are many coal-fields, which, though not equally extensive with these, yet contain a very large quantity of excellent bituminous coal, admirably suited for household purposes. By analyses Kane shows that Irish coal is quite equal to English, and that turf, if properly dried, is about equal in heating power to half its weight of coal. Kane then made a careful computation of cost of power, which have, however, owing to the immense improvements in machinery, become out of date.

The water-power of Ireland is next considered. The total is about one million and a quarter horse-power. Of this, however, only part is available, as, in the first place, about one-fourth of this must necessarily be lost in being made available, and, in addition, the greater part is in positions where for practical purposes it is unavailable, although much of this may be utilised by modern electrical appliances. There is, however, after making every deduction, sufficient for all the machinery in Ireland, but some expenditure is necessary in constructing reservoirs of sufficient capacity to contain the winter floods and equalize the flow through the year.

The following chapters were devoted to an examination into the ores of iron and other metals, which are found in Ireland. There are several iron mines in Ireland, and Dr. Kane was of opinion that at a future time these might be worked profitably in competition with those of England, but that for the present it was not advisable to attempt to do so. Apparently that time has not yet arrived.

Copper and lead were then, as now, mined in Ireland, but much more successfully although the methods were behind date; several thousand people were employed. Other minerals do not occur in sufficiently large quantity to repay working.

After the minerals, Dr. Kane examined the state of agriculture. Though not a practical agriculturalist, he was a chemist, and by carefully analysing different soils, the agricultural produce and fertilizers of different kinds he was able to find much of which the farmers of his day were ignorant about the value of different manures for various crops, and the proper rotation of the latter on different soils. The results of these investigations occupy two chapters.

The next chapter on the means of communication, discusses the railroads and canals of Ireland. The canals were then the same as now, though more used; of the railways only about seventy-five miles were open, so that most of the chapter is devoted to discussing the Great Southern and Western, which were then being floated.

The last chapter relates to labour and capital, and has become almost entirely out of date, with the exception of the last half which dwells on the want of technical education, a want not yet supplied.

This was the last book of importance that Dr. Kane published. He still, however, continued his active public life for some years, and at the commencement of the great famine, was appointed a member of a Royal Commission to enquire into the causes of the potato blight, and the means of preventing its spread; the other members were professors Lindley and Playfair.

In the following year he was knighted, and appointed one of the Irish Relief Commissioners. In this same year there was founded, chiefly owing to his exertions, a museum of Irish Industries, of which he was appointed Director. The object of this institution was, its name implies, to encourage Irish Industries, and to act to some extent, as a technical school.

It consisted of a museum which may still be seen, containing exhibits of Irish marbles and other building stones and minerals, together with models illustrative of different manufacturers, which are or might be carried on with advantage in Ireland, teaching laboratories, and staff of professors. It was eventually converted into the Royal College of Science (Dublin), which is now an engineering school. This position Sir Robert Kane held for many years, together with the Presidency of the Queen's College, Cork, to which he was appointed in 1849, when only 39 years old. After the immense activity and brilliancy of his earlier years the

latter portion of his life was passed in quietude. Fresh honours were given him at intervals; he was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy in 1876, and Vice-Chancellor of the Royal University in 1880; but of active work he did but little more until his death, which occurred on the 16th of February, 1890.

G. P. S.

THE LATE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

R. I. P.

SOMETIME before midnight on Monday, the 18th of January, 1892, Father Antony Anderledy, General of the Society of Jesus, died at Fiesole, near the city of Florence. Another victim of that mysterious disease which, under the vague name of influenza, is laying waste every region of the world, striking down those who are valuable only to their own little circles and those for whom nations go into mourning. In order that a venerated and beloved name may be mentioned at least in this passing way, let us note that the same malady a few days earlier ended the earthly career of the great Cardinal of England, Henry Edward Manning.

Antony Anderledy was born on the 3rd of June, 1819, at Barisal, a village of Switzerland about nine miles from Brieg. In the Jesuit College of this town he was educated, and on the 5th of October, 1838, he entered the Jesuit novitiate there. He afterwards taught in the well known German College of Fribourg, until in 1844 he went to Rome to pursue the study of philosophy and theology. But those were troublous times; and the same Revolution which in 1848 gave Father Roothaan an opportunity of paying Ireland a visit—the only Jesuit General that ever landed on our shores—sent the young Swiss Jesuit across the Atlantic. He completed his theological studies at St. Louis in Missouri, and laboured for a short time after his ordination in the Wisconsin Mission. These experiences helped to make Father Anderledy an accomplished linguist, able to write and converse in English, French, Spanish, and Italian, besides Latin and his native German.

On his return to Europe, besides filling other offices, he was successively rector of the college at Paderborn, Provincial of Germany, and professor of moral theology at Marialaach—where one of his admiring pupils was Father Lehmkuhl, whose subsequent eminence in this special department of theological science will be recognized by many of our readers.

When Father Beckx in his ninetieth year begged to be relieved of the burden of authority, Father Anderledy was elected his Vicar with right of succession in September, 1883. The aged General lived four years longer. In paying to him the tribute that we are now paying to his successor, we noticed in these pages (vol. xvi., page 235) that the average length of the government of his predecessors had been sixteen years, whereas he, and in the early days of the Society, Father Aquaviva had more than doubled that term. Father Anderledy on the other hand was destined to fall far short of the average. He was in his 72nd year and survived Father Beckx only five years.

Father Lewis Martin, a Spaniard, lately Provincial of Castile, is the vicar named by the deceased General to fill his place till his successor can be elected some months hence. The six latest Generals have been in succession a Pole, an Austrian, an Italian, a Dutchman, a Belgian, and a Swiss. What nation shall give us the twenty-fourth in the line of Generals, of whom the first was St. Ignatius of Loyola?

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

In reference to an anecdote about the Rev. R. S. Hawker given in a pigeonhole paragraph of our January Number (page 46) a correspondent kindly sends us all the way from Rome this extract from the Life of that remarkable Cornishman:—"During an election campaign in Cornwall the candidate in opposition to the clergy said the county would not allow itself to be priest-ridden. Mr. Hawker was present and immediately wrote down these lines:

" Ridden thou ne'er shalt be
By prophet or by priest—
Balaam is dead and none but he
Would choose thee as his beast.' "

Dr. Reeves, the Protestant Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, and President of the Royal Irish Academy, who has lately been taken from us by death, was a gifted and devoted Irishman, who confined his studies chiefly to the antiquities, history and literature of Ireland. As Dean of Armagh, he came to know intimately Dr. Logue's predecessor in the Primacy, the beloved Dr. Daniel McGettigan. When a Protestant physician, Dr. Palmer, announced our Primate's death to Dr. Reeves, who had then removed to Belfast, he replied in these graceful words under date December 4th, 1887:—"I thank you for your letter of yesterday. I was prepared for the news of our dear old friend's death, as the papers implied that he was near his end. I loved the old man, partly for his amiable disposition, so tender and benevolent, and partly for his invariable friendship and kindness to myself. The day I left Armagh to enter on my new duties, he called and paid me a farewell visit, and he shed tears when we were parting. He and I were born the same year, and I was a few months his senior. What a noble figure and presence he had, and his heart was in proportion to his frame. By his death you and I will lose a very good and estimable friend."

* * *

With the foregoing generous tribute of a Protestant prelate to a Catholic Archbishop, we may join the tribute that Lord Wolseley has just paid to the character of Cardinal Manning, in a letter dated January 16th, 1892.

"DEAR SIR—All who knew Cardinal Manning personally were attached to him. The grace and charm of his manner drew all people to him, and the earnestness with which he pleaded for the poor, and especially for the working man, the basis of all our national wealth, endeared him to all who knew him. Those who had not the advantage of a personal acquaintance with his Eminence admired his efforts in the cause of humanity. He has had a big heart, full of human sympathy and heavenly goodness. A sincere Protestant myself, I always felt it to be a privilege to be in his company, and I deeply valued the prayers—which more than once he told me—he offered up for me. When shall we see his like again?"

Very faithfully yours,

WOLSELEY.

* * *

The symmetry of the following jingle is more in accordance with rhyme than with reason. None of the first three lines applies to the dead.

Fear and misgiving,
Mourning and sighing,
Sick heart and head :
God help the living,
God help the dying,
God help the dead !

"Nemo fideliter diligit quem fastidit." This saying of Quintus Curtius reminds me of the remark made by a wise man, Father Tracy Clarke, S.J., long since gone to his reward: "If you want to do good to people, you must love them." It is a pity to be too fastidious in one's tastes. Apart from supernatural motives it is a help to zeal to feel a broad and kindly sympathy for even the temporal cares and wants of those amongst whom our work lies.

* * *

One of our contributors spelt *forego* without an *e*. We deemed it an oversight and inserted the missing vowel. But she referred us to Skeat's Etymological Dictionary. "*Forego*, to give up. Better *forgo* (from the Anglo-Saxon *forgan*, to pass over)." And in another place he says: *Forgo* (misspelt *forego*). The *foregoing* remark does not apply to this latter adjective or participle, for this means "going before."

NEW BOOKS. .

1. Two books of very different bulk and worth have just issued from the press, which cannot have the advantage of any lengthened criticism in these pages, for a reason which will presently be obvious. Mr. John Hodges, 7 Agar Street, Charing Cross, London, has added to his Catholic Standard Library a portly octavo, "The Relations of the Church to Society: Theological Essays by the Rev. Edmund O'Reilly. S.J., some time Professor of Theology in Maynooth College, in St. Beuno's College, North Wales, and in the Catholic University of Ireland." The republication of these essays in book-form has persistently been requested by several bishops and priests ever since Father O'Reilly's death. A great many questions of vast practical importance and interest are discussed with the calmness and wisdom of a profound theologian—the rights and duties of the Church and her clergy with regard to education, Christian marriage, elections, advice and instruction—and again, the infallibility of the Pope, the Pope's temporal power—these are some of the subjects on which Father O'Reilly gives his views, which priests and laymen will find useful in these critical times. The Editor of this Magazine has appended a rather short index and has prefixed a sketch of the author, which includes some interesting letters of Cardinal Newman's, showing his deep regard for Father O'Reilly as a man, and his veneration for him as a theologian.*

2. The other is a small book published by Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard Street, London, W.—"Moments before the Tabernacle," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. It consists of some fifty short Eucharistic Meditations, some of them of a very unconventional kind, which some, it is hoped, will find useful as a help towards shaking off unreality and drowsiness in their devotions, especially before the altar.

* Priests who may wish to add this volume to their libraries are requested to put themselves in communication with the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin.

3. The Catholic Truth Society has added two volumes to its least successful department. It has, indeed, given us some excellent little tales in penny pamphlets; but we might fairly expect a higher standard of merit from a full-fledged tale of 160 pages. Excellent binding and excellent printing—we wish these advantages were bestowed on better literary work than “The Fug of War” by Louisa Emily Dobrée. It is of course edifying; but the edifying matter is stuck in lumps instead of being boiled judiciously through it. The allusions to the most sacred things amid commonplace surroundings (as at page 50) might be managed more judiciously. “The Trial of Margaret Brereton,” by Pleydell North, is better written, and may help to deepen in some minds the proper horror for that most miserable and most unnatural of life-mistakes, a mixed marriage. Lady Herbert’s sketch of the famous Sister of Charity, *Sœur Rosalie*, is published by the same Society.

4. Mr. George Richardson is in error when he says that no English translation has appeared of the *Meditations of Sister Catherine Emmerich*. The small volume published for him by the Art and Book Company of Leamington contains only “The Journey of the Magi Kings.” Mr. Richardson ought to have submitted his work to some censor who would have altered a strange remark about the Immaculate Conception at page 15 of his Introduction. The same energetic firm of publishers gives us a really valuable book—a full “Life of General de Sonis,” translated by Lady Herbert, from the French of Mgr. Baudard. It is “affectionately inscribed to General the Lord Ralph Kerr, the model of a Christian Soldier.” We believe he is at present in command at the Curragh of Kildare.

5. “Maxims and Counsels from the Life and Writings of Blessed Margaret Mary Alocque, arranged for every day in the year,” is a little book full of the deepest wisdom and the most ardent piety; and it is brought out very attractively by M. & S. Eaton, 49 Dame-street, and 8 Grafton-street, Dublin, the publishers of the very popular “Little Treasury of Leaflets.”

6. One of the daintiest books, in form and substance, that we know of is “Watchwords from John Boyle O’Reilly, edited by Katharine E. Conway.” The publisher, J. G. Cupples, of Boston, has evidently lavished on it all the resources of the printer’s and bookbinder’s art. Art also in a higher sense has conspired to make this volume “a thing of beauty.” A portrait of J. B. O’Reilly in colours is the frontispiece, and a score of illustrations set before us the poet’s prison, canoe, home, manuscript, etc. The ornamental borders are very beautiful, and the paper is sumptuous. No more competent compiler of such a collection of O’Reilly’s best utterances in prose and verse—nay, none other so competent as Miss Conway who prefixes an admirable “Estimate” of the man and his work. This is, we think, the finest tribute yet paid to the memory of this remarkable Irishman.

MARCH, 1892.

IN A SANDY LAND.

V.

SCARCELY a stone-throw from Auchen House, the Hays, boys and girls, had run backwards and forwards all their lives to Craig. Howland loved them in his stern way as if they had been his own, and liked, as he put it, to see them "free" about the place.

The lads kept mongrel puppies, tame jackdaws, owls, and other miscellaneous pets voted trash by their father and the keepers in his yard. The girls had their fowls of various kinds and breeds, sold to their mother as a favour now and then, but which ended their days in natural fashion as a rule. They had cows, too, they milked and chose to call their own. Cherry and Beauty, and Meg and Belle; and a corner of the rambling garden called their hospital, where doubtful plants and flowers found in their rambles or begged from the cottage gardens round, were nursed till their merits or demerits were proved, or the old gardener could be coaxed to give them room in the great borders for which Auchen was so famed.

Fine weather or foul, Sunday afternoon brought the Hays to Craig. The Laird and Mrs. Hay chatted with the old man and told their last news of Captain Jack, the eldest son, who was at Malta with his regiment, and Alick at Oxford, or read him scraps from the rare letters that came from Mr. Hay's Catholic Sister, a *sœur de charité* in France. The young folk and the visitors they often brought, laughed and talked and made short work of the griddle-cakes and scones, and "diet-bread" (thick with carraways, ice, and great glasses of marmalade and jams and jugs of thick yellow cream, modestly called milk, with which the parlour-table was always spread. When the talk flagged, pretty Christina, the second girl, after an enquiring look at her mother, answered by an assenting nod, would sing to the old man in her clear rich voice, "Ave Maris Stella," or an "Ave Maria," picked up from her Catholic cousins, the Rievaulx, but low,

not to scandalise the Presbyterian maids who, catching a note in their kitchen now and then, and little guessing "Miss Chrissie" was singing "the praises of the Mother-maid," were inclined to forgive her desecration of the Sabbath as "knowing no better," and to lay the blame on Mrs. Hay's "English ways" and Howland's Roman faith.

There was nothing Howland enjoyed more than this singing; he sat listening, his head a little bent, his fingers beating time upon his knee, and when the girl had finished he rose and thanked her always in the same old-fashioned formula, "Miss Christina, it's too much honour!"

Now all these happy days were at an end. The Hays came back from their London season to find Jean Kirke at Craig.

"I am sorry, Howland," Mr. Hay explained, the first time he saw the old man after his return, "I am sorry, but you understand Mrs. Hay cannot allow the young ladies to come as they did."

Howland did not remonstrate. Perhaps he had already counted the cost; but not even Father Daly, with his natural keen insight and long training in reading the secret souls of men, quite fathomed the humility and spirit of reparation for the wrong his son had done that actuated him in taking Jeanie Kirke.

Babbie had been right in thinking the change to Craig would do the girl good. Slowly, but surely, bodily health came back, though a dull sullen look had become habitual to the face.

The kindest thing Howland could have done, had he known it, would have been to set the girl to work.

She had been accustomed to a hard and active life, up at six to give Menie a hand in her cleaning or preparations for the men's breakfast; helping in the dairy when churning and cheese-making were heavy; feeding the poultry, ironing and starching the "fine things" the women washed, and busying herself, if there was nothing else to do, in the daisied border that fronted the house where the white pinks and gilly-flowers and clove carnations for which the Liggat was famous grew.

At Craig she was a young lady! Howland had given strict injunctions to the servants to be attentive to Miss Kirke, and they were in too good order not to studiously obey.

At half-past seven the long heavy day began. She had breakfast with the old man, a breakfast very unlike that at the Liggat, with its huge bowls of porridge and noggins of milk and boat-shaped trays of thick oat-cake. The parlour-table at Craig was neatly spread with clean, fine damask cloth, the posied china, the quaint black-handled tea-pot and the delicate little spoons worn thin with daily use—were "real." The ham and eggs and various scones were daintily dressed

and served. The meal over, Howland went off to inspect his men, or to drive perhaps with the Laird to some outlying farm; and Jean was left alone till four, the dinner hour.

The servants, indeed, brought her a plate of broth or a cup of tea at one, but she was too shy to speak to them.

Jean had not been brought up to read. Her father owned a farmers' calendar or two, her mother had her Bible, of course, and a copy of the "Scots Worthies," and a volume of Burns' Poems; she herself, had a school-prize or two given for good conduct, but there was nothing in this literature to tempt or interest her. A few days after her arrival at Craig she had taken down a book from the parlour shelf. James Howland's name was on the title-page, and she dropped it as if she had been stung, and never went near the shelf again.

Howland when he came home would find her sitting so exactly as he had left her, he sometimes wondered if she had ever moved, and delicacy prevented the old man suggesting she should employ herself in some way. After dinner, while he smoked and looked over his papers and accounts, she sat in the same listless fashion till supper and then bed-time came.

She had all she wanted? Howland asked from time to time, and the answer—always in the affirmative—given, the conversation dropped again. She did not go out unless Babbie sent the herd-laddie running to say Kirke was at market or off to the sheep farm he owned among the hills, and then a shawl thrown over her head she slipped across the fields, to sit silent by her suffering mother's side, till Babbie's voice warned them Kirke would soon be home.

Mrs. Kirke did her best in her quiet way to persuade Jean it was her duty to go back to church, "t' stan' the session like a good wean an' gang forrard (to communion) wi' ither folk in spring," as Babbie broadly urged. Leave her alone, was the minister's advice, but as time went on he watched the girl with some anxiety. Father Daly, the Irish Priest from the town, and he, were almost the only visitors at Craig. Jean had the Lowlander's instilled horror of a "Mass-Priest," and it astonished her to see the friendly terms the Minister and Father Daly were on. Dr. Bryce perhaps would not have cared to confess to his flock how much he enjoyed a chat with the Priest, airing his old-fashioned courtly French, picked up in the grand tour made with a pupil, how many years ago! or discussing some new edition of the classics for which Father Daly too had a taste, and receiving with good humour many a sly and dexterous thrust. No one enjoyed more than Dr. Bryce the oft told tale of Father Daly's encounter with the Free-Kirk Minister at a funeral. Accused of belonging to an image-worshipping Creed, to a Church that

expunged from its doctrines God Almighty's second great command. the Priest had answered gently, a twinkle in his eye, and taking, as he spoke, his mighty pinch of snuff, "And what about your seventh, my friend?" Now even for a Lowland village the morals in Auchen were bad.

Father Daly too was interested in Jean. That brooding works destruction in a soul the Priest well knew, and it did not escape his keen observation that the sullen expression that gave such a curious likeness to her drunken father's face was deepening day by day. Perhaps the girl divined this interest and resented it, or the old Presbyterian prejudice was at work, for she avoided the Priest carefully.

VI

Weeks changed to months, and months to years, and Jean was still at Craig. There was no question of her going away. Babbie had not long survived Mrs. Kirke, and her faithful friend the minister too was dead. At four-and-twenty, almost a girl still, there was little of youth's expression in her face, the heavy eyes were seldom raised; the mouth once so tender in its curves was set in hard deep lines. "A sulky devil," Mr. Hay called her to himself, when, coming to Craig, he saw her hurry out of his way.

Deserted by the man who had betrayed her, living on his father's charity, despised as she thought by everyone, God alone knew the bitterness of poor Jean's heart. Howland had gradually accustomed himself to her silent listless ways; if she looked unhappy it was but natural, and the old man liked her the better for it. It never struck him the friendless life was bad.

Father Daly's kindly nod and smile, his "God bless you," when he came and went, were, had he known it, the only sunshine in her life, and one spring day, it struck the Priest the girl looked thin and ill, and contrary to his custom, he stopped her as she ran away, and asked her about her health.

"Nocht ails me," she answered wearily, and as the Priest looked keenly at her she turned her head away. He was surprised an hour later to find her waiting for him at the gate.

"Folks tell ye a' things, they say," she said abruptly, and before he could answer she went on; "were ye ever tellt a lass cud fell (kill) a man gin she'd her chance?"

Before the startled Priest could answer, she had slipped a bit of

paper into his hand and was running swiftly up the garden path to the house.

Father Daly looked after her and then at the scrap of torn newspaper in his hand—wrapped round some parcel or packages perhaps—it was an account of a fashionable marriage in New York—James Howland's.

It was late, Father Daly had still a sick-call to make, and the last train to the town to catch, but he could not leave the girl like this, and he quickly retraced his steps. Jean came at his call, the sudden fierceness gone, the old expression settled in her face. Patiently the Priest pleaded but without response, and with a heavy heart he bade God keep her till he came again.

The next day was an ideal First of May. Lilacs and sweetbriars scented the soft spring air, thrushes and blackbirds were jubilant in song, the cuckoos were echoing each other on the cliff, and Jean lingered for a wonder a moment idle at the door; the beauty of the world perhaps or a tender thought of the dead mother who had so loved spring brought unaccustomed softness to the girl's face. A mother hen, who, with her downy brood had made her way into the garden through the fence, came "chucking" to her feet. As she came down the steps to drive them out again, the garden gate clicked—some drover or farmer wanting Howland, she thought, as a big bearded man came up the path.

The next moment all the blood in her body seemed rushing to her head to leave her deadly white.

"Jean!" James Howland cried, and held out his hand. For a moment Jean lifted her great eyes to his face, horror and aversion in the look, then she walked steadily through the passage and parlour to the office where the old man sat.

"Here's your son," she said, opening the door—no one could have detected anything unusual in her voice—and walked away.

"You should have written," Howland gravely remonstrated, when the first agitation of the meeting was over.

He had come to Europe very unexpectedly, the young man explained, but his father need not put himself about, he would sleep at the Clachan for the few days he had to stay, and come to Craig when he wished.

He spoke with a certain bitterness the old man thought, as if resenting Jean being at the Craig; but the girl's face was rankling in his mind.

"I behaved like a blackguard," he went on with some embarrassment. "I am ready enough to acknowledge that."

"You can make an honest woman of her yet," Howland cried eagerly, leaning forward in his chair.

The young man's face flushed, and rising he went to the window.

"I have been married two months," he said at last, shortly.

"The Lord forgive you," Howland answered sternly.

VII.

Jean was sitting in the parlour in her usual fashion when James Howland left his father.

"Jean," he cried, coming to her side, "don't bear ill-will; let us be friends."

She did not answer, and emboldened by her silence he touched her hand.

"Yer in yer ain' bit," she said, rising.

James scarcely realised what she meant by the words till a moment later he saw her pass the windows and take the Liggat path.

Had he driven her from the house—what would his father say? Pooh! She was only off to the Liggat in a temper, and she was her father's own daughter, there was no mistaking that! She would be back by supper time.

Her shawl over her head—even at that moment it gave the girl a curious shock to remember she had never needed a bonnet all these years—Jean left Craig. To get to Father Daly was the one idea in her head. The path that led to the Liggat circled the farm and joined another leading to the churchyard; once there, she would take a seldom-used track that followed the course of the Auchen burn to the town.

At the Liggat gate she stopped. Kirke had married his byre-woman. Two of her little step-sisters were playing about the yard, One of them ran into the house calling to her mother that a "pedlar woman" was at the door; the younger stood looking at her curiously, her finger in her mouth. By the time Mrs. Kirke had called to the lass to take the churn and wiped her hands, Jean had gone on. It did not take her long to get to the churchyard. though she had an unaccustomed feeling of fatigue in all her limbs, and her head felt heavy. Babbie had told her where her mother lay under the big ash close to the west door, Kirke had put up a tall red sandstone monument, topped by a fluted urn, with an inscription that told that—"This stone was erected to the memory of Margaret Brydon, the affectionate wife of John Kirke, Farmer, in the Liggat." Beneath, in smaller lettering was added, "And also to the memory of Barbara Kirke, cousin of the above John Kirke, who died at the Liggat, in this Parish, on the 5th day of June, 18—, aged 78." There

was another grave in the churchyard, a little one in a distant corner, but Jean never thought of that. Hearing voices she went on her way again. It struck her wearily that she had not remembered that the way to the town was so long; and when she got to the outskirts she stopped and asked for a glass of water from a woman standing at a cottage door.

She remembered the little Chapel and the Priest's house well enough; they were in a poor street lying off the market place. More than one person turned to look at her white face, but she never noticed it and passed on, only anxious to get to Father Daly and have a rest; she was drowsy now.

She rang the bell twice, and at last a woman came—not to the house but to the chapel-door, duster in hand. Father Daly was out and would not be back for some hours; would Jean leave a message, or come again? Who would she say had called? It didn't matter, Jean said; she would come again. The housekeeper went back to her scrubbing, and after a moment's hesitation Jean followed her; the woman noticing she neither took holy water nor crossed herself eyed her suspiciously, but seeing her seat herself quietly on a bench near the door left her alone.

Jean had never been in a Catholic Church before, and the little lamp burning its silent worship before the sanctuary had no message for her; but the quiet and rest were grateful, though the sound of the Auchen burn still seemed sounding in her ears. She tried to rouse herself, but her eyes were heavy, and after a little she fell asleep. The sound of a bench being dragged along the floor woke her suddenly; she sat up half-ashamed, trying to remember where she was, and hastily took up a book lying on the form beside her; it was a battered little copy of "The Office of Holy Week," forgotten by someone. As she opened it, her eyes fell on the words: "In a desert land and where there is no water." She did not go on.

"In a desert land," that was true enough, and "no water"—she put her hand to her head, there was water, plenty of water, she could still hear the Auchen burn and wished it would stop. Feeling her mind was wandering she pulled herself together with an effort, and began to look about again.

Presently the housekeeper came to say she had finished her cleaning and must lock up the chapel.

Could she not stay? Jean asked. She felt too tired and drowsy to move, and the rushing sound was always louder in her ears. It was against the rules, the woman said, again eyeing her suspiciously, and if she did stop she must lock her in, and she must ring at the door opening into the house when she wished to go.

It was six when Father Daly got home. A woman waiting in the chapel since one ! he must go to her at once.

Jean was asleep now, the Priest tried to rouse her, but in vain !

A shock of some kind coming after years of evident mischief in the brain, the doctor said, when Jean was lying later in the little white infirmary bed. It was a long illness, for the girl had a naturally vigorous constitution, but consciousness never came again.

Could he have done more for her, Father Daly asked himself, sitting in his little parlour, the evening of her death. It comforted him in a way to think that she had sought him, and that physical as well as mental trouble had been at work on the poor brain, and that before God, perhaps, the girl was not accountable. Should he have made greater effort to win her confidence ? Well, his and her shortcomings were in a merciful Father's hands. "*In terra deserta et in via et iniquosa.*" The Priest had brought in the little forgotten Office of Holy Week in his hand, and his eyes too fell on the words, his heart went up in a fervent prayer for the country that is, indeed, a "desert-land" to her children.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

SINCE MOTHER DIED.

THE fire sends forth its ruddy glow,
 The brazen lamp is brightly lit
 Within the room, where, long ago,
 Dear Mother always used to sit.
 This was her chair. . . . Ah, fire and lamp
 Are hopeless things where ghosts abide!
 The spot seems ever dark and damp
 Since Mother died.

Here is her work-box on the shelf—
 Her little bird bides there—poor thing!
 In those old times, the merry elf
 Did nothing all day long but sing.
 'Tis silent now; it sadly broods,
 And 'neath its wing its head doth hide;
 We cannot understand its moods
 Since Mother died.

The clock, too, on the western wall,
 The clock *her* hand so often wound,
 Like some dead friend, is mute to all,
 Its silver bell gives forth no sound.
 Before its corpse-like face I cower,
 And note its lifeless hands stretch'd wide;
 It never once hath told the hour,
 Since Mother died.

Days come and go—now fast, now slow—
 And is the weather foul or fair?
 Is that the sunshine or the snow?
 I know not. Here's her vacant chair.
 And nought is as it used to be
 When we were happy at her side;
 Life, love, seem sorely changed to me
 Since Mother died.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

AT TREVES.

TREVES is a picturesque, quaint old town, situated nearly entirely on the right bank of the Moselle. Approaching in the train from Wasserbillig, one has a splendid *coup-d'œil* of the town and country, with the many towers and old-fashioned houses, the hills covered with vineyards and the lovely river flowing along so tranquilly, and yet with its clear, blue waters adding so much charm and animation to the scene. Treves is supposed to be the most ancient town in Germany, tradition dating its history as far back as 2000 B.C., when it was founded by Trebeta, son-in-law of Semiramis. Over the "Red House" in the Market Square, is the following inscription: "*Ante Roman Treveris stetit annis mille trecentis; perstat et æterna pace fruatur. Amen.*" "Treves was in existence 1300 years before Rome: May she continue to exist and enjoy eternal peace. Amen."

What is certain is, that Julius Cæsar conquered Treves with the rest of Gaul, B.C. 58, which makes it already old enough, and it is well worthy of a visit from the antiquarian. Last year there were great numbers of strangers in the quaint little city. Thousands of all classes and all nations thronged the streets, the hotels, the churches, all intent in satisfying their devotion to the Sacred Tunic of Our Lord. The Holy Relic had not been exposed since 1844, when it was visited by more than a million pilgrims. Last year the number very nearly reached two millions.

The devotion to the Holy Coat has been already so well described by numerous writers, that I will not attempt to repeat any details now, but will only express my belief in the Garment as being really one worn by Our Divine Lord. It was touching to behold the thousands of pilgrims gathered here from all parts, their intense piety and faith making them forget fatigue, inconvenience, their business concerns, etc., and all of them so happy in being able to see the Seamless Tunic of their Redeemer. The order with which the devotions and processions were carried out during the exposition of the Sacred Relic, was admirable, and all praise is due to the Bishop, Dr. Korum, for so carefully organising this great manifestation of popular piety.

The Cathedral, in which the Relic was exposed, is the oldest

in Germany, having been built in the 4th century. Partly destroyed by the Franks, it was re-built and added to at different periods, the general appearance in its massive style recalling the early Norman architecture, and one can easily imagine that the right of sanctuary should have been well enforced behind those ponderous doors and solid masonry. The interior is lofty and vast, particularly at the entrance, but it seems diminished in width towards the altar by two flights of stairs leading up to the platform whereon the Seamless Garment was exposed. At the foot of the stairs, on the right-hand side, is a door leading into large cloisters which go on to the back of the *Liebfrauenkirche* (Church of Our Lady) and then through a garden, one reaches the Bishop's Palace.

The *Liebfrauenkirche* is a strange old church built in the early part of the 13th century. Its ornate exterior makes it one of the grandest monuments of ancient German architecture, whilst the interior is in the form of a Greek cross. The ceiling is supported by twelve pillars on which are figures of the Twelve Apostles ; the High Altar is a fine work of Von Satz, with a representation of the Life of the Blessed Virgin and St. Lawrence, to whom the Church is also dedicated. At the end of the street, *Liebfrauenstrasse*, is the Basilica, an enormous building, said to have been founded by Constantine the Great. It first served as Court of Justice, then later on, as residence of the Frankish Governors. After the Reformation, it fell almost entirely into decay, and was restored and decorated by Frederick William IV. Since 1856, the Basilica has been used as a Protestant Church, under the invocation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Who has not heard of the *Porta Nigra* ? This superb construction, blackened with age, is composed of two towers, of which one has lost its third story. These towers are connected by a central building, two stories high, having six windows in each story, and below this are two gates which are now always open as public thoroughfares. The *Porta Nigra* must have been erected by the Romans in the 4th century ; it is built of gigantic blocks of lias stone, with no mortar binding them, but fastened securely on top of each other by huge iron clamps. It is sometimes called Simeon's Gate, from St. Simeon having lived as a recluse in the Eastern Tower for some years, and dying there in 1035. Then Archbishop Poppo turned the tower into two churches, one above the other, dedicating them to St. Simeon and St. Michael. Remains of the interior decorations

are still to be seen. The Porta Nigra is a wonderful work of the hands of man, sturdily resisting the storms of ages, its rugged grandeur standing forth as a perpetual remembrance of Roman power and influence.

Just outside the town is another interesting ruin of very ancient date, the Palace of the Cæsars. From the top of a tower which is still entire, one has a good view of the whole building, which is very vast and well-preserved, even now after the ravages of time. It is on the road to the Amphitheatre, sad memorial of years of persecution of the early Christians. The arena is partly cut out of the rock, but now shrubs and verdure cover the incline where tiers and tiers of seats rose above each other in the olden days; yet, one feels tempted to linger in this spot hallowed by the blood of countless martyrs, for imagination can so easily re-people it with the eager faces of crowds of spectators, the panting animals, the brave heroes fearlessly facing a horrid death so that their faith may live. Here, also, prisoners of war were torn to pieces by the wild beasts, Constantine the Great, before his conversion, having several thousand Franks put to death in this way.

Antiquarians will be delighted with the Museum and the Public Library, with the latter especially, containing as it does, an immense number of manuscripts and copies of works made when the art of printing was but just in its cradle. What is considered as the most precious of all its treasures is the "Codex aureus," a book of the Gospels dating from the time of the Carlovingian dynasty. They have some very ancient paintings here, which are of enormous value; also, a collection of autographs of different celebrities as widely apart as Luther and St. Ignatius of Loyola.

Not very far from the station is the Church of Saint Paulinus, burial place of the holy bishop to whom it is dedicated. This Church, although very old, is of baroque style; however, this may be accounted for by its having been often almost wholly destroyed, the last time being in 1674, and it was restored in 1734 when taste for the "baroque" in everything was at its height. The ceiling is ornamented with magnificent frescoes by Scheffler of Augsburg, representing the history of the Trevesian martyrs and the glorification of St. Paulinus. There is a peculiarity about the fresco of Our Lord on the Cross, which is on the ceiling of the middle. The perspective is such, that wherever you may stand in the Church, you always find on looking above you, that you are at the foot of the Cross. The colours of the pictures and frescoes

are wonderfully fresh-looking, and the ornamentation of garlands of flowers beautifully cut as if they were of Dresden china, add to the general impression of the newness of the building. The Church of St. Matthias outside the town is very different to St. Paulinus. The façade is very handsome with its solid, rectangular tower; the interior is very ancient, and the crypts extending under the whole church have rather a strange, dismal appearance. This underground church has several altars, the principal one being dedicated to St. Valeria.

The "Rotes Haus" (Red House) where we lodged on the Market Square, is a picturesque-looking old hotel, with its ancient gabled windows so many stories high, and the pretty Japanese dining-room on the ground-floor—but its rambling old-world corridors and bed-rooms, although quaint, would be more comfortable with a few modern improvements. On a moonlight night, the view from the top of the house is quite lovely. The fountain erected in Renaissance style with its statue of St. Peter, in the middle of the Market place; the strange, narrow, quaint old houses all around; the lofty spire of St. Gangolph's Church just opposite, making a delicate tracery on the deep-blue background of the sky; the thread-like streets wandering away in every direction; the restful, quiet, whole forming a picture delightful and soothing to the eye and senses wearied of the endless moving figures of the long day. A sight like this would amply repay one for visiting Treves, even if no other attraction existed in this little city of such ancient growth. But days and weeks might be passed here, making excursions, or taking long walks in the neighbouring suburbs, for the whole country around is picturesque, and everywhere you will find remains of ancient Rome, or some object worthy of interest and observation, such as the column or pillar of Igel—the Roman villa at Hennig, remarkable for the beauty of its mosaic pavement—the pillar erected on Mount St. Mark in remembrance of the dogma of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception; this is one hundred feet high, and can be seen from the outskirts of the town.

It was with real regret that we had, at last, to say adieu to the place, and although on our return journey we passed through the Eifel country renowned all over Germany for its loveliness, the memory of quaint unworldly Treves clings to us like the faint odour of wood-roof, something sweet, calm and enduring.

M. STENSON.

THE WELL OF CROGHAN.

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

DAWN is breaking on the mountains, creeping o'er the meadows
 green,
 Waking up the starry daisies in their bed of emerald sheen.
 Now its rays have touched the waters of a deep sequestered well—
 There the elves by moonlight gather, there the water spirits dwell.

Elves and fairies ! shadowy fancies, soon to vanish from the land.
 By the well at sunrise hour, see ! a holy white-robed band ;
 High the morning glory mounteth—it has touched the face of one,
 Crowned long since with glory changeless, by the hand of God's dear
 Son.

Beautiful that western valley in the dawning of the day,
 On the half-awakened breezes floats the perfume of the May ;
 Fairy grass is rustling lightly, shamrock leaf takes deeper green
 In the sparkling of the dew drops, as the sun's first rays are seen.

Ever when the sun is rising, come the daughters of the King
 (Dearest they of all his treasures), to the waters of the spring,
 Ethné fair as water-lily, Fidelme with raven hair ;
 None in all the land so lovely as the daughters of Loghaire.

Croghan's dark old palace frowneth in the shadow of the trees,
 Where the sombre pines are shivering at the touch of morning breeze ;
 O'er its threshold step the maidens, into sunshine out of shade,
 Singing the wild songs of Erin, as they thread the mossy glade.

Have the elf-men braved the dawning ? Who are these with book in
 hand,
 That around the Well of Croghan, as in charmed circle stand ?
 " Whence are ye ? " the maidens question, " are ye of the fairy band ?
 Are ye gods, or are ye mortals ? Bring ye tidings to the land ? "

" Mortals are we—tidings bring we—maidens, ask not of our race,
 Fitter of our God ye question, fitter that ye seek His grace."
 " Who is he ? " Fidelme speaketh, with her eyes and cheeks aglow.
 " Of the true God can ye tell us ? of His dwelling can ye show ?

“ We have sought him in the sunshine, for we thought its rays would hold

Sign or token of the glory, which our eyes would fain behold,
In the glen and in the mountain, in the flower and the stream,
In the lightning of the tempest, in the pale weird moonlight beam.

“ Vainly, vainly have we sought him ! Have ye met us at the Well,
Sent by the true God we seek for, tidings of Himself to tell ?
Is His dwelling earth or heaven ? Can we see Him, can we find ?
Is he God from everlasting ? Is He loving, is He kind ? ”

So she speaks, while Ethné listens with her crimson lips apart,
To the silver voice that telleth the deep longings of her heart.
Elder born was bright Fidelmé, but their spirits were as one,
Seeking for the light that shineth, where they need nor moon nor sun.

Who hath sought, and hath not found it ? O'er the great Apostle's face,

Fire of inspiration flashes, as He prays the Spirit's grace ;
And his words rush as a torrent God hath sent forth strong and free,
Bearing down the reeds and rushes, swaying the young forest tree.

“ Ask ye of God ? ” so his clarion voice cried,
“ Standeth He here, as I speak by your side,
God the Creator—His name be adored !
All that you look on was framed by His word,
God of the heavens, the earth and the sea,
God of the rivers and fountains is He.
Sun, moon and star hath He made by His will,
God of the valley and God of the hill.
He paints the daisy that lies at your feet,
Kindles yon sun with its life-giving heat,
Lights up the stars and these dewdrops that shine,
Tiny, yet bright as the gems from the mine.
Great things and small are as one in His sight,
He who controlleth the worlds in their flight,
Do ye ask of His dwelling—'tis infinite space,
The stars see His presence, the depths know His face ;
But the heights or the depths hold no dwelling for Him,
Before whom the hosts of the heaven grow dim.
His dwelling ! no mortal its glory hath seen ;

The river of death rolleth darkly between,
 But the waters of life through its green pastures flow,
 Who drinks of that river all gladness shall know.
 King's daughters are ye ; to a King will ye go ? ”

Then they answered at once with their deep eyes afire,
 In the ardour of love and of heaven-born desire,
 “ We would go ! we would go ! only show us the way.
 Oh guide us ! oh teach us ! we earnestly pray.”

As the clarion-blast trembles, then sinks to a note
 Of melody such as from heaven may float,
 And stir with its music the waves of the air,
 So rings his deep voice as he answers their prayer.
 “ Do ye ask of the way ? ’tis the holy one trod,
 By Him who came forth from the bosom of God,
 A Son and yet One with the Father is He—
 Not younger, not older, of equal degree.
 The Spirit breathes in them, that Spirit which now
 Inspires your longings and shines on your brow ;
 The Spirit most holy, with Father and Son,
 Uncreated, immortal, three Persons yet One.
 There’s a taint on the earth, ’tis the poison of sin ;
 Its power is around us, its power is within,
 And the Holy One grieved ’mid the glory on high,
 That the souls He created might never draw nigh.
 The waves of compassion swept over His heart,
 In his heaven nor sinner nor sin findeth part.
 Yet He yearned all its gladness to share with the lost—
 Ye may measure His love by the price that it cost,
 For His Son, the Immortal, came down to the earth,
 And poor was His dwelling and lowly His birth—
 His Godhead, His glory, He laid them aside
 To be born of a woman, in flesh to abide ;
 And shame was His portion, pain, suffering, and loss ;
 For you and for me, He bore death on the Cross.
 He died for us, maidens, our ransom to pay.
 All sin to atone for—He, He is the way.
 You and all He inviteth to share His blest home ;
 The Father, the Son, and the Spirit say ‘ Come ! ’ ”

As the wind opes the flowers, his breath to receive,
 So the hearts of the maidens were stirred to believe.

As he told them of Christ, rose the tears to their eyes,
The light they had sought for, they saw it arise.
On the well shone the beauty of morn's golden ray,
On their hearts the deep light of a measureless day,
"Let us see Him," they cried, "the blessed Saviour of all,
Let us cross the dark river, we hear His sweet call."

"Nay, first," said St. Patrick, "stoop down to yon wave,
With waters baptismal your forehead I lave;
Right truly I see ye are bid to the feast,
Where the white robe awaiteth the King's wedding guest.
Howbeit the sign of the Cross must ye bear,
And the Lord's holy rite He invites you to share—
Of his blood must ye drink, of His flesh must ye eat,
Ere your souls for beholding the King are made meet!"

Shadows are stealing,
A distant bell pealing
Tells of some sorrow in Croghan's fair vale;
Sadly the evening breeze,
Sighs through the forest trees—
Over the valley comes weeping and wail.
Ah! the veil rent away,
Which in this house of clay,
Beats back the soul, baffled bird on the wing;
All, to earth's wisest sealed,
Now to their glance revealed,
Stand the King's daughters, beholding the King.

MARY GORGES.

OUR POETS.

No. 27—FRANCES WYNNE.

A decree of the Medes and Persians seems to have gone forth, enacting that, whenever a book of poems in which this Magazine takes a personal interest has been for a sufficient time at the mercy of the critics, some account should be furnished in these impartial pages of the various opinions, favourable or unfavourable, passed upon the volume in question. The time has now come for performing such an operation on Miss Frances Wynne's "Whisper!" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.,) Almost the only thing with which the critics have found fault is that quaint name, which some of them have persisted in misreading "Whispers"—whereas the roguish imperative "Whisper!" is only the name of the first song, and in the very unconventionality of this name some other more subtle critics have discovered an ingenious indication of the nature of the book. But it is hard, and it is every day getting harder, to invent sufficiently original, sufficiently plain, sufficiently obscure, and sufficiently attractive names for stories and books of all kinds.

An example of what we have just said about the special significance which some critics found in a name that to other critics seemed meaningless is afforded by the following extract from *The Academy*, of May 23, 1891:—

When an Irish maiden says "Whisper!" it is generally a prelude to something very pleasant and *vertraulich*, and Miss Wynne's little volume of poems fully keeps the promise of its title. In a simple way she rhymes to us delightfully about simple things, with an engaging air of making irrepressible confidences. The facility and spontaneity of the verse compel us to have recourse to that hackneyed comparison—which, however, is so seldom truly applicable—of the song of birds in spring-time. It is really song, which facile verse is usually not. There is not much passion in it and not much thought, but it is melodious and sincere, and full of the unexpected graces which wait only on a true poetic instinct. The longer poems, with their careless fluency, cannot be done justice to by extracts; the charm seems to evaporate from the single line or the single stanza as it did from the treasures which Emerson brought home from the sea-beach. But this triolet, entitled "Sealed Orders," should be enough to make the reader wish for more:—

My little violets, sweet and blue,
 When you have reached the world's far end,
 Go straight to—*someone* (you know *who*,
 My little violets, sweet and blue!)
 And tell him that I send by you—
 Ah! well, *he'll* find out what I send,
 My little violets, sweet and blue,
 When you have reached the world's far end.

And there are better things in the book ; in particular we may mention " A Lesson in Geography," in which a deeper note than usual is struck, and struck with a very sure and delicate touch.

The Athenæum gives the young poet very good advice :—

" Whisper ! " is a little volume of very pretty unambitious verse. Miss Wynne should, however, give some study to the management of metre ; her stanzas run tunelessly, but every now and then this quality can only be preserved by the reader's consenting to humour a line and take it with some slight mispronunciation, or with the accentuated stress on the weakest words and a slurring and clipping of the strongest.

The two preceding criticisms are anonymous ; but Mr. Andrew Lang puts his name to the following appreciation which appeared " At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's Magazine*. It will be seen that he is one of those who mistake the title and then find fault with it :—

Readers who may have met, and liked, Miss Frances Wynne's verses in this barque, and in other periodicals, may be interested in hearing that the author has published a small collection of her poems. The book is styled " Whispers," and includes, to my humble taste many very charming pieces, musical, simple, straightforward, and not " as sad as night." The title is not very fortunate, but it is long since I have read a more agreeable volume of verse successful up to the measure of its aim and ambition.

The Spectator also (Feb. 7, 1891), imagines that the title is " Whispers," and demurs to it as too modest. The reviewer then proceeds to describe Miss Wynne's book as " a little volume of singularly sweet and graceful poems, hardly one of which can be read by any lover of poetry without definite pleasure. Take for instance this happy and half humorous piece on ' Members of the Congregation ' [which is then quoted at full length], or take the touching little poem called ' Little Ships,' or the still more fascinating one called ' A Lesson in Geography ' ; and any one who reads either of them without definite pleasure is, we venture to say, unable to appreciate that play of light and shadow on the heart of man which is of the very essence of poetry."

Our present purpose is simply to put on record the opinions expressed about Miss Wynne's poems by such critics as have come under our notice. Many have probably escaped our vigilance, for the critical notices dribble on through many months and even years. For instance, though " 1890 " is on the title-page of " Whisper ! " it is only on January 23rd, 1892, that *The Pall Mall Gazette* finds time to call attention to " such real songs for music."

There is much that suggests a musical counterpart in the verses which Miss Wynne has published. Lines of this kind would gain charm if sung:—

Summer came with the swallows,
Bringing beautiful days ;
Hawthorn foam in the hollows,
Gorse in a golden blaze ;

Fields that were flushed with flowers,
Skies that were blue above,
And certain sunshiny hours
Of Hope and Love.

These have both sense and sound : for the majority of our drawing-room songs can so much be said ?

I think I shall venture to slip in here some graceful words that I have chanced to see, addressed by the author of as true a book of poetry as has appeared in our day—*Vagrant Verses*—to her young sister-poet, the author of *Whisper* !

I always thought your poems lovely and dainty in the extreme, and it gives me great pleasure to have them all together at my hand. There is more brightness and sunshine in them than in most modern poems. We wring our hands a little too much when we write, and it is easier to put sorrow than joy into poetry.

I trust you may be joyous all your life, and better still, that you may always practise the delightful magic of conveying your joyousness into the hearts of others.

The special merit of cheerfulness which Miss Mulholland here in private discovers in the lyrics of her friend, was attributed to them in public by the writer of one of those “literary leaders,” which intrude so pleasantly among the political articles of *The Daily News*:—

The times are not propitious to gay and delicate verse. All the magazine-poets are most bereaved and broken-hearted persons. Few or none of them have ‘a woodnote wild’ like Miss Wynne in her pleasant little volume “*Whisper* !” where the lyre of Erin is still sounding in a cheerful and melodious manner.

It seems strange to devote many pages to a poet without giving any samples of the poems. One of the reasons of our abstinence is that several of Miss Wynne’s pieces have already brightened up our own pages. Of course a great many of them appeared elsewhere, in *Longman’s Magazine* and *Merry England*. And yet instead of quoting some of these that might be novel to our readers, we take the very first that appeared in *The Irish Monthly* of July, 1887. But rashly, without any permission, we shall first set down a still earlier version of this poem, of which we have managed to

get possession in its original draft, with many words and lines changed and erased, before being written out to be submitted, not to an editor, but to a poet-friend. We venture on this experiment as a useful lesson to our young readers who may with profit study the alterations made in this poem in the second stage of its existence. Thus it ran at first :—

It's such a pretty afternoon !
 A warm south-wind is blowing.
 The daisies twinkle in the grass,
 One almost sees them growing.
 The sweet blue-sky looks far away,
 The soft white clouds are drifting
 And o'er the hillside's vivid green
 The lights and shades are shifting.

Along the brilliant lines of gorse
 The happy sunshine rushes,
 And all the air is trembling with
 The singing of the thrushes ;
 And plaintive through those rapturous strains
 Upon my ear is falling
 A note I long have listened for—
 The cuckoo's distant calling.

And it is the first time this year
 I've heard that low, sweet chanting,
 So I've a right to wish—alas !
 If wishing were but granting.
 I wish I could have back again
 A day I well remember,
 A grey and dreary afternoon
 That came in late November.

The sodden grass was yellow then,
 The long brown hedges dripping ;
 An idle wind from off the trees
 Their few last leaves was stripping.
 No birds sang that November day,
 The air was damp and chilly ;
 And yet I want it back again—
 Perhaps you think me silly.

Perhaps I am. The Spring is sweet,
 The birds are merry—only
 I was so happy that grey day,
 And this bright day I'm lonely.
 I know the sun shines through a mist
 Of faint green leaves above me.
 I'm by myself, though. That grey day
 I'd some one near to love me.

As that "some one" turns up pretty often in the slight volume which has been so well bepraised, there may be a certain relevancy in mentioning that Miss Wynne has lately become Mrs. Wynne—an important event which fortunately involves no change in her literary title, no such confusion as when Miss Barrett became Mrs. Browning. The foregoing lines were called "The First Cuckoo," and "The First Cuckoo" was practically Frances Wynne's first poem, her first appearance in print, and certainly her first contribution to *The Irish Monthly*. Before reaching the editor, the verses had passed, as we have said, through the hands of that severest of critics, a sister-poet, who voted for a double allowance of rhyme; and no doubt that long ballad-line, broken in two, disappoints the ear, which expects to find the cæsural pause marked by a rhyme of its own. Many readers will be curious to see how this transformation was wrought, and whether any happy simplicity of phrase was sacrificed to this "wicked necessity of rhyming." We therefore hand over to the printer page 370 of our fifteenth volume:—

The dreaming hills are grey as glass,
 A soft South wind is blowing;
 The daisies twinkle in the grass.
 One almost sees them growing.
 The sky is far away and blue,
 The fleecy clouds are drifting,
 And o'er the meadow's vivid hue
 Quick lights and shades are shifting.

Along the brilliant gorse in flower
 The happy sunahine rushes;
 And trembles forth from bush and bower
 The singing of the thrushes.
 Hark! plaintive through the rapturous strain,
 Upon my ear is falling
 A note that brings half joy, half pain—
 The tardy cuckoo's calling.

It is the first sweet time this year
 I've heard that distant chanting,
 So I've a right to wish. O, dear!
 If wishing just meant granting!
 I'd wish I might have back again
 A day I well remember,
 An afternoon of wind and rain
 That came in late November.

The yellow grass was dank that day,
 The sodden hedges dripping;
 A reckless wind from branch and spray
 Their shivering leaves was stripping.
 The gloom fell down on birds and men,
 That day so damp and ohilly;
 And yet I long for it again
 When boughs have rose and lily.

O dear lost time! the world is gay,
 The birds are singing—only
 I was so happy that grey day,
 And this sweet day I'm lonely.
 The sun pours down his rain of gold
 Through green young leaves above me;
 But oh, for a day of the days of old,
 And you who used to love me!

Let us go back to the critics. *The Speaker* finds in Mrs. Wynne's book "lines that are brilliantly descriptive," while *The Bradford Observer* says her poems are "all short, vivacious, and full of an arch simplicity which is very delightful." Out of a score or two of additional critiques that lie before us, we can only afford space for the following scraps from the long litany of praise:—

It is to be hoped that Miss Frances Wynne will publish more such small volumes as "Whisper!" Light, airy, graceful, and fanciful; there are any number of verses in this book which lend themselves to quotation. It is not easy to choose, but we may take as an excerpt the opening lines of "Members of the Congregation." The triolet "Sealed Orders" is a model of solemn playfulness; while in many of the songs and sonnets there is manifested a descriptive power which only comes of keen, close, affectionate observation of nature.—*The Graphic*.

Very Irish in their roguishness and their innocence, their laughter and their tears. Many of them appeared in *Longman's Magazine* under Andrew Lang's auspices "At the Sign of the Ship." No wonder that the most fastidious of critics was caught by their freshness and fervour, their lyrical swing and rapture, their *naïveté* and delicacy.—*Evening Telegraph*.

Her songs are filled with the light and sparkle of Irish nature. The world is very fair to her, and she sings of all its fairness and beauty with a freedom and grace as winsome as the loveliness on which she has set her eye.—*The Nation*.

This little volume breathes freshness and grace. There is a delicacy of touch and of descriptive power which is very attractive.—*The Friends' Quarterly Examiner*.

Every poem in the collection shows a striking originality. We commend the volume to all lovers of genuine poetry.—*Cork Examiner*.

Pretty thoughts, gracefully and rhythmically expressed.—*Midland Counties Gazette* (Birmingham).

Great depth and tenderness of feeling.—*English and American Register*.

Miss Wynne is a very sweet singer, and several of these verses are far above the average of fugitive pieces. Genuine poetry, and full of graceful thought and imagery.—*Newcastle Chronicle*

Some of these poems are gems. All of them are pretty. The light and easy description of Nature under her simplest aspects is the writer's happiest characteristic.—*Manchester Examiner*.

Miss Wynne betrays no taste nor incoherence, nor verbal carelessness. A marked power of portraying bright, sunny Nature, full of tenderness and beauty, is the distinctive quality of her poetry.—*Freeman's Journal*.

This little volume of verse comes to us like a bunch of spring flowers in mid-winter, so fresh and dainty and bright it is with the freshness and charm of youth and happiness. Our new singer seems to live in one of the fair, old gardens she describes so vividly. We are grateful to Miss Wynne for this slender sheaf of song, the first fruits of a bountiful harvest, unless we are greatly mistaken.—*Surrey Advertiser*.

Poems so genuinely fresh and pleasing carry their recommendation with them. The strongest poem in the little collection is undoubtedly "A Lesson in Geography," which has a *naïf* pathos as delightful as it is original. The opening poem, "Whisper!" would make a charming song.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

All the other critics must be passed over, except two. *St. Martins-le-Grand* says: "Many of these bright and breezy little poems remind us of the American poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in their delicate music and freshness of thought and expression. We hope this preliminary 'Whisper!' from a poet, who is evidently as bright and fresh as her work, may be herald to many clear-sounding songs her true and sweet voice will sing for us in the future." And, last of all, an impartial reviewer in *THE IRISH MONTHLY* ventured also to see the young poet's nature mirrored in her "exceedingly graceful and attractive collection of lyrics. With all her musical lightness of touch, there is deep feeling in many of these dainty poems. We predict for the delicious little tome a popularity that falls to the lot of few books of verse." Our prediction has been fully verified.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EXPECTED GUEST.

In a few days, crowded by many leave-takings, Digby Huntingdon left for England.

It seemed when he had gone as if he had made no inconsiderable impression on men's minds, for he left an unmistakable void. His prancing horses were missed off the roads and out of the little town of Drumquin. He was largely discussed as is the fate of the newly departed. His manners, his appearance, his seeming affectation, were commented on with the vigour previously called forth by his arrival, and it was almost universally allowed that he was, apart from his politics—politics supposed to be more Rossroe's than his—a very agreeable young man.

Mrs. Wiseman was loud in her praises, and could not be persuaded but that, if Mary had only played her cards well, she could have brought him to the desirable point.

Mary missed him also. It is a very pleasant thing to be paid attention. A young girl is fit to be the heroine of a three-volume novel who utterly despises the social advances of the opposite sex, and reserves even her lightest smile for the chosen one. Mary was not of such heroic mould. She had a girlish horror of being a wall-flower, she liked a little attention when she went out. She was conscious of not being well off, and it made her not less independent, but more sensitive to anything like neglect; and Mr. Huntingdon's undisguised inclination for her society, where there were more remarkable girls, and girls socially superior, was certainly very pleasant. His politeness to her won her attention and politeness from others. "She must be worth knowing," they would think when Huntingdon took such notice of her. So she felt lonely when he was gone, and an unwonted dullness fell upon the Farm—the natural consequence of the recent excitement.

Captain Crosbie's visits were short and few. He was very busy winding-up the many threads of business that hung loose after the election. Harry Desmond was still at the depot, expecting to be sent to a station, and determined to come home if it were but for one night before he went there. Mary and her mother were to go to him on a visit in summer if he were settled down, and it was an event

in the family history that was looked forward to with great eagerness.

Christmas came, bringing its homely duties and pleasant preparations—its gifts of meat and tea and sugar for the poor, and simple articles of clothing. They gave as much as they could afford themselves, and Mary occasionally levied black mail on her well-off acquaintances, and made them assist in her charities.

When the festival morning arrived, it brought the usual number of letters, cards, and little presents, amongst them was a letter from Mr. Huntingdon to Mrs. Desmond, and a case containing a set of pearls for Mary, with a large gold locket in which was his photograph and that of his beautiful betrothed. There was also a letter from Harry, saying he had got his station and would be home on the following Thursday for an entire week. Mary was wild with delight. She had had more than she had expected, and even Captain Crosbie had sent her a book she had been wishing to get. How did he find out she wanted it? And Harry was coming! Who could venture to say it was not a lovely world? They were to spend the day at the Doctor's, where Captain Crosbie was also to dine. Peter, of course, was to go with them, and the two women servants were to dine with their own families, who resided within a short distance of Fintona. So the Farm was locked up and the household set out for twelve o'clock Mass in Drumquin.

Preparing for Harry was very pleasant, getting his room in order, making everything look as pretty as possible. It is to be a week of great rejoicing. The Doctor, Mrs. Wiseman, Amy, and Captain Crosbie were to dine with them the very first night, to welcome him home. Amy came to help Mary to decorate the house with fresh holly; and as the latter hung a little bunch of mistletoe from the lamp in the hall, Peter interposed; "Here, Miss Amy, is a nice sprig of holly with a fine bunch of berries; 'tis a pity to throw it out. Can I take away all this much now? 'Tis the mortal sin to be pullin' it down off the threes to be throwin' it out this way; but shure ye must have ye're way."

"But does the room not look lovely, Peter?" replied Amy.

"No doubt, Mr. Harry won't dislike it at any rate," he said; "moreover yourself had a hand in it." And he winked gravely at Mary, and then gave birth to one of his noiseless laughs till the tears stood in his eyes. He returned suddenly to his wonted mood, and continued—

"'Tis fine for ye, faith. A little thing makes ye laugh. The time will come when ye won't be so hearty in yerselves, so it will. Shure I never'll have the whole of this litter gathered up. I never seen the likes of Miss Mary. It 'ud give me enough to do to be

cartin' out all the thrash she gethers into the house. Ornamentin', *moryah*. 'Twould be an ease to us if somebody took her for good from us—though, indeed, I don't wish harm to any honest gentleman."

"You couldn't live away from me," replied Mary. "I shouldn't have gone one day when you'd pack up to follow me."

"Iyeh, to be sure I would. The life 'ud lave me if I hadn't you always before my eyes. 'Tis the wondher of the world how I ate my victuals while you wor away gettin' your schoolin'. That was the droll shoolin', then, makin' antimacasters she was the whole time, and makin' fun for herself; well I know."

"Happy times I had, surely," said Mary. "I'd like to be going back again. How glad I'd be to see my dear Mother Augustine."

"Isn't it surprisin' she wouldn't take the notion of bein' a nun, Miss Amy?" said Peter. "If you didn't know her, you'd take her to be very devout. An' sure maybe she is. She makes me say the Rosary every night. An' no fear we'll run out of holy wather, my hand to you. But dear knows I think the nunnery wouldn't be the betther of her for all that."

"Lively people make the best nuns," said Mary, springing down off the table after putting a wreath around one of the pictures. "'I'd be a grand one if I had the vocation. What do you think of Miss Amy, Peter? Would she make a good nun?"

"Oh, Miss Amy will be good an' graceful wherever she is," he replied. "Kind uncle for her. Shure ye're all very nice as long as ye aren't crassed. Young girls is always so good, 'tis a wondher where she bad wives come from. Wouldn't you put a branch in the vase on the bracket, Miss Mary? Have I anything more to take now! I have a power to do below in the kitchen, an' here I am spendin' my time."

"'Deed, then, it looks very purty," he continued, standing in the hall to look up at the mistletoe. "I wouldn't stand undher it an' the Captain by, Miss Mary, if I wor you, though, indeed, you needn't be in dread, I believe. He's a man that has steadiness. But, faith, I donno about Mистер Harry, if Miss Amy was there. I do not, faith." And leaving the grave question of Harry's behaviour undecided, Peter departed with the refuse holly.

CHAPTER XXX.

ONE OF MRS. WISEMAN'S CROSSES.

Harry arrived by the midday train on Thursday in excellent spirits, but not looking as well as usual. When the joyous greetings were over and many questions were asked and answered, he lay upon the sofa, while his mother sat beside him stroking his hair.

"How pale and tired you look, my dear," said she.

"No wonder, mother; such a night as we had! A lot of the fellows went to the theatre, and we had a jolly supper afterwards. We didn't get to bed till all hours, and then I could not sleep, I was so impatient for the morning. It is splendid to be home for a week. Have you any soda-water, Mary? I'm very thirsty."

The guests arrived punctually and the dinner was a very pleasant one. After dinner the elders of the party sat to a game of whist, while Harry retired to a sofa at the end of the room on the plea of a headache, and invited the two girls to "make his existence endurable."

His headache, however, did not subdue his spirits, and the merry voices and laughter often made Captain Crosbie look up with rather an envious expression, and woke in him a consciousness of the stupidity of card-playing.

Mrs. Wiseman also had not her interest so entirely absorbed by the game as to be oblivious of her surroundings. She had her eyes and ears wide open. She did not particularly admire Harry Desmond, though she allowed he was an agreeable young man enough, and she supposed not more foolish than the generality of young men of his age, but he was unpardonably poor. A Sub-Inspector with nothing but his pay was a specimen of the male sex whose society was not at all desirable. If she had daughters of her own, she would certainly not permit such intercourse between them. They were detrimentals who filled a girl's head with foolish fancies, and prevented her from looking out for something suitable.

She was positive Amy would be Mrs. Nugent long ago only for some such absurd sentimentality. A man with two thousand a-year at the very least, besides expectations, thrown away for a boy that had not half enough for himself. She with her fine fortune, too, and her good looks. She had done her best at all events to make her niece take a sensible view of things. She could not accuse herself of having neglected anything likely to promote her interests. Her conscience was easy on that score, and if her advice were not taken, it was Amy's own loss, and let her abide by it. What harm? But to lose such a chance—two thousand a-year!

"And so Huntingdon left you all lamenting," said Harry. "What was he like, Amy? I can't believe what Mary says; she was enthusiastic about him; he was in the beginning, middle, and end of her letters. I trembled for her sanity."

"No wonder; he pervaded our lives," said Mary. "I can tell you he was very attentive to me; was he not, Amy? Only I suspected he was not a free man, and had great control over my heart, I might

be on the verge of decline this minute; you ought to be a happy boy to see that I dined so well, all things considered."

"Love will never affect your appetite," said Harry. "All the sentiment of the family is concentrated in me; is that not true, Amy? Is that a new ring you have got?" He took up Amy's hand to examine it. "How is this one wearing?" he asked, turning round and round on her finger a tiny hoop with a forget-me-not in turquoise. "It is the ugliest one you have," he looked earnestly at her.

"I don't think so," she replied. "I like it best."

They looked at each other gravely for a moment, and then smiled. She drew her hand away, and he laid back his hand with a happy expression on his face.

"What are you whispering about, young people?" asked Mrs. Wiseman.

"I'm trying to wake them to a livelier sense of my importance, Mrs. Wiseman," answered Harry. "I'm nothing less than a third-class sub-inspector now. I was considered a fine, handsome young man in Dublin, and just fancy the sensation I'll make in truly rural localities."

"Oh, you have a good opinion of yourself, I'm sure," she said. "Would it not be better to have a round game now, as the rubber is finished?"

"I agree with you," said Crosbie.

"I don't," answered the Doctor; they are enjoying themselves as they are, and we are well matched."

"I couldn't sit out a game," said Harry. "The row last night has turned my head. Mother, have you any lemonade in the house?"

"Yes, dear; Mary will get you some."

When Mary returned with the bottle and glass he stood up to open it. "I wonder what makes me so thirsty," he said. "I have what Peter would call a coal in my throat, and I can't quench it."

"You drank something stronger than lemonade last night, I suppose," said the Doctor.

"I'm afraid I did, Doctor. We had an oyster supper, you know, which is suggestive of Jameson. I feel a little done up, though I didn't imbibe very much."

The Doctor looked keenly at him. "You look tired," said he.

"I'll prescribe an early bed for you."

"Oh, Doctor, that would never do; Mary has some nice things for supper that require my judgment on them."

His mother came over to him while he was drinking the lemonade.

"You look hot, my boy," said she,

"Don't make a fuss about him or he will fancy he is ill," said the

Doctor. "A good sleep will set him all right, and he will be ready to dine with us to-morrow at six. You may as well all come; Mrs. Wiseman has a good dinner ordered, I'm sure, for I heard her ask Nugent."

Mrs. Wiseman looked a little put out, but seconded the invitation.

"And Captain Crosbie, will you join us also?" she said. "Dr. Hayden gives so little notice and gives such short invitations that——"

"Oh, well, can't you give long ones?" said the Doctor. "I'm asking them for to-morrow, and let you ask them for to-morrow week, and then we'll both be pleased. I don't see the use of your ceremony; but of course, if it amuses you, have your way. I'm a large-minded man, and admit there may be use in things I see no use in, but I hope my friends will come to me on a day's invitation as well as if I gave them a month's notice, if they be not pre-engaged."

There was a cordial assent from all his listeners.

"Perhaps I'm a little selfish in asking you to-morrow," he continued, "but I confess Nugent is too much for *little-a-little*. I like to take him in small doses—diluted with others."

"You are hard to please," said Mrs. Wiseman in a tone of annoyance. "Mr. Nugent is very good-natured and agreeable, and people are very glad to have him."

"Faith, so they may, and who knows but if I were a superannuated horse jockey I might like to have him myself," answered the Doctor; "but, as it is, the extent of his knowledge of horseflesh appals me, and I haven't intellect sufficient to take it in."

"I'm sorry I asked him," said Mrs. Wiseman, "if it is disagreeable to you."

"Oh, don't fret," replied the Doctor. "I shall be equal to the occasion when I am supported by others. Harry knows the points of a horse, and may be able to listen to him without an inclination to sleep."

Supper was announced and done justice to. They lingered over it for a time. At length the Doctor looked at his watch, exclaimed at the lateness of the hour, and ordered his trap.

"Amy, my dear, are you well wrapped up? There, fasten the rug well, Harry, my boy, so the wind can't get under it. It is a fine night. Lord send I may not have a red ticket before me when I get back. Good-bye, good-bye; God bless you."

Captain Crosbie walked home through the wood, encased in his Ulster.

When the door closed, Harry drew his mother's hand through his arm.

"You must see me to my room, mother," he said. "I'm too tired

to talk to-night. I don't know why I feel so seedy."

"You'll be all right in the morning," she replied, taking the candle from Peter. "A good night's rest will set you up again."

CHAPTER XXXI.

TROUBLED HEARTS.

The next morning Mary was busy getting the breakfast when her mother entered.

"You are late, mother; it is after nine o'clock. Is Harry up!" she said.

"I have just been in his room. He is up. I wanted him to stay in bed. I'm afraid he has a heavy cold—he is languid and flushed."

"Don't be in a fright, mammy; he only wants to be petted. I'll engage he will be well enough to go to the Doctor's this evening. Here he comes, with all his honours thick upon him."

"Moderate your spirits, Mary," said Harry. "I'm down to zero, and when I am down I like others to be down to zero too."

"Oh, I'll punctuate my speeches with sighs if you like," she answered. "Am I not your gentle reflection? Come, now, breakfast is ready."

"I can't eat a morsel," he said, after drinking a cup of coffee.

"Give me some more; nothing seems to quench my thirst."

"I'm sorry you got up, dear," said his mother.

"I think I shall go to bed again," he answered. "You can bring in your knitting and nurse me till it is time to go to the Doctor's."

"I think, my dear, it is better for us not to go at all. It might increase your cold; it is wiser to send an apology."

"That fellow Nugent will be there," said Harry impatiently, "annoying Amy; and Mrs. Worldly Wiseman will find something to do about the house, so that she can leave them together. Detestable woman! I wish she were hanged. Ah, mother, it is a fine thing to be rich."

He got up from the table and lay down on the sofa.

"It is a grand thing to have a fine property; one can marry whom he likes."

"Not always, my dear."

"There is Mrs. Wiseman," he continued, "death on making Amy marry that brute, because he has so much a-year—a fellow not fit to be her groom."

"Well, you see, he cannot marry whom he likes, notwithstanding

his fine property. Amy won't have him; but, my dear, you ought to go to bed now. I shall go in and sit beside you, and perhaps you may sleep off the cold."

Harry obeyed, and in a few moments his mother was seated at the head of his bed with her knitting.

"It is pleasant to be well off, mother," he said, returning to the last topic. "A poor fellow is always looked upon as mercenary. He can hardly be civil to a girl with money without being suspected of some design. I don't believe we are half as bad as woman. There is hardly any man, if he could afford it, but would marry the girl he loves without a penny."

"So would the generality of women, too, my dear; but there is just the difficulty—it isn't every man or every woman that can afford it. People that are straitened in their circumstances cannot but be calculating. It sounds mean, but very often it is not meanness, but prudence. Very few young men can afford to marry without some fortune to help the housekeeping. No matter how much in love people are, they must eat and drink, and wear clothes; and if a poor girl listens to a poor young man and marries him, perhaps she suffers for it afterwards from his inability to bear the consequences. Men, as a rule, are not self-denying, dear, and it tries a man's temper to be obliged to count every sixpence and to be worried by the baker's bill."

"I wish Amy hadn't a halfpenny," said Harry, "her money is a dead weight on my mind. I cared for her before either of us knew the meaning of the word. I wish there were not such a thing as money in the world."

"I wish people managed with less of it," said his mother. "There must be some to supply one with the necessaries of life; but latterly the love of display and luxury is putting aside the desire for happiness. Expensive clothes, costly furniture, a love of foolish show, cost an income that formerly two young people would venture to marry on. I sometimes think it would be well if the world got some shock that would bring it back to simpler habits. The people that in my young days would be content to have an outside car, a simply furnished house, a muslin dress, now have carriages, plate-glass windows, handsome furniture, silk and velvet dresses."

"But it is all fair, mother, if they have the money."

"No, it is not fair. They live up to their means, and spend all they have in show. I should prefer to put by a provision for my children to spending all I had, trying to show them off. I know a good many who live very expensively, yet have nothing to leave their daughters if they died to-morrow, except, perhaps, expensive tastes. It is no wonder the poor girls would enter eagerly into worldly

speculation, for marriage is their only chance of independence. It is demoralising, but it can't be helped."

"I'd rather earn my bread if I were a girl," said Harry, "than secure my future in such a way."

"Ah, it is very easy to say 'earn my bread,' dear; but as a matter of fact, it is a very difficult thing to get it to earn. Some try and succeed; many try and fail. There are more people than places to be had. I suppose it is only an old-fashioned notion of mine, but I think luxury is destructive. One can be very refined and very simple. The chintz in the drawingroom at eightpence a yard looks very nice, and contents me as well as if it were crimson satin."

"And why shouldn't every woman be as content, mother? It is the women that go in for display. Fellows when they are bachelors on't care a fig for it, unless they are snobs."

"Men have vanity as well as women, Harry, and it is all a kind of vanity. We don't like to see persons in our own position making a better appearance than ourselves; and because Mrs. Kingsley has crimson satin, I begin to think my chintz looks very suggestive of poverty. I have not the honesty to allow that my means are less than hers, though I am aware that she knows they are less, for everyone makes a pretty accurate guess about the circumstances of their acquaintances."

"Ah, the city is the place for show," said Harry. "There are some there who stint themselves to live in a fashionable locality; and the way the fellows talk of the girls' dress! Half of them swear they'll never marry."

"The fellows are just as bad as the girls," said his mother. "How many of them were like you, I wonder, doing with so little, keeping out of debt? It isn't every mother that is blest as I am, my dear. You never caused me an hour's sorrow, but look at others, spending money that they have no pretensions to spend, keeping up with people that happen to be better off, gambling, brandy and soda drinking, and having suppers that they can't afford, because other fellows do it that can. They are afraid of being thought mean by their companions; but I know I'd rather be thought mean by foolish lads than be dunned by my tailors."

"I could not bear to be in debt," he said, "I shouldn't have the least comfort; and, quietly as I lived, I got on well with the other fellows. They used to tease me and call me 'the rock of sense.' Lots of them would lend me money if I liked to borrow it."

"They are quick enough to see the difference between principle and meanness," said the mother. "I am a great advocate for economy, but I think a stingy nature is a particularly ugly one."

"I cost you a good deal lately, mammy. What a lot one's uniform costs! I wish I was second-class," said the boy, with a sigh.

"Don't be wishing away your life, dear; it is very fortunate for you to be third."

"It is not for myself," he said, "but on Amy's account. If I were second-class, I should speak to her. She knows I love her, and I think she cares for me, mother; she is not a girl that would lead a fellow on when she saw he was in earnest."

"No, indeed," answered his mother; "Amy would not deceive a child about a toy. She is singularly singleminded, like the Doctor."

When evening came, Herry was so feverish, that his mother dissuaded him from the idea of leaving home. She despatched Mary with the apologies, and with much satisfaction saw her driven away by Peter.

The night was unusually dull at the Doctor's; they all expected Harry, and he was not coming. Mr. Nugent, as usual, was loud and rather oppressively attentive, and Amy looked worried. When ten o'clock came, Mary rose to leave. The Doctor did not press her to stay, but got up with alacrity, saying "I have a patient in your direction, my dear; I may as well go with you. My car can follow."

"I have a covered car," said Captain Crosbie, "better for you come in it. And if Miss Desmond takes a seat also, she will be more comfortable. It is rather a cold night."

"Of course she will. Don't set yourself up as a judge of better and best, my dear. I'm your medical adviser, and must not be interfered with. I'll run in to Mrs. Desmond for a moment and take my last glass of punch with her. Order round the traps. Amy, tell Peter to go on before us."

When Amy and Mary had left the room, Mrs. Wiseman descanted on the unreasonableness of going into Mrs. Desmond's at such an hour.

"Oh, Mrs. Desmond doesn't mind when one goes in," said the Doctor, "she doesn't want to hide or to show off anything. So it is all the same to her. The fact is," he continued, addressing Captain Crosbie, "I didn't like the look of that boy last night, and surely he has not improved or he would have come to dinner. He isn't a fellow that coddles himself. I'll just put up a few things fit for a cold. Nothing like looking to a thing in time. Say nothing to the girls."

(To be continued).

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

II.

At Home and at School.

IN the very brief instalment of these notes with which we insisted on opening the present twentieth yearly volume of our Magazine—in the fear that, unless some beginning was made, a pious task, already too long neglected, might be postponed for yet another year—it was mentioned that Charles William Russell was born at Killough, on the 14th of May, 1812. Killough, which can hardly boast of any higher distinction than that of being Dr. Russell's birthplace, is a small seaport and fishing station five miles south-east of Downpatrick. We are not sure that its inhabitants would readily recognize it under the *alias* assigned to it in Lewis's Topographical Dictionary—St. Anne's Port. There seems to be no trace of any ancient ecclesiastical connection with the Blessed Virgin's mother.

Killough had for centuries been linked intimately with Dr. Russell's family name. His own particular branch of the clan could not indeed claim the title of Russell of Killough, though they were the only ones of the name living there. The present representative of the Ulster Russells is the distinguished traveller, Henry Russell, who ranks in the French nobility (*pace* the French Republic one and very divisible) as Count Russell-Killough, not as claimant of the dormant peerage of Killough (but by virtue of intermarriages with the old *noblesse*, the St. Gerys, the Flamarens, the Caramans, and (a name dearer to us) Count de MacCarthy, of Toulouse, chiefly, illustrious through the great French preacher of the beginning of our poor old dying century, Père Mac Carthy, S.J. The pedigree of this family fills several columns in Sir Bernard Burke and Debrett; but it is impossible to determine how far this ancestry may be common to the various families of Russells who still dwell in the barony of Lecale where Sir John DeCourcy planted some Englishmen of the name in the thirteenth century, and where (says the author of "A Description of Ireland in the year 1598") "some of their posteritie yet

remain." Father Edmund Hogan, S.J., in editing the old MS. just mentioned, quotes here Lord Grey, the English Deputy (now called Lord Lieutenant), as writing in 1539: "I assure your Lordship I have been in many places and countries in my days, and yet did I never see for so much a pleasanter plott of ground than the sayd Lecayll for the commoditie of the land and divers islands environed with the sea."

Far more interesting it would be, if it were possible, to trace the private history of these families who contrived to keep their Catholic faith and some of their holdings through all the vicissitudes of the penal times. What courage, what devotion, what heroic virtue must have been exercised by men, women, and children in maintaining their religion in the heart of the Black North,* and in the midst of neighbours not so well disposed as that worthy Protestant farmer, of whom a tradition in the Ballykinlar parish relates that, while Mass was celebrated at the four roads of Tyrella, he used to keep watch on a hill in his farm, to give warning of the approach of the priest-hunters. His name was Craig, and it deserves to be remembered.

It is somewhat strange that in those long pedigrees of kindred families to which allusion has been made, Dr. Russell's baptismal name, which was also his father's, does not seem to occur. It has since been very widely represented; and in England there has been many a Lord Charles Russell and Sir Charles Russell, long before a nephew of Dr. Russell's, called after him expressly, made that particular designation familiar in legal and political circles.

To show what a change took place in the position of Catholics in the North of Ireland during Dr. Russell's lifetime, we may notice the fact that the year of his birth was the year in which Dr. William Crolly, then thirty-two years of age, gave up his Maynooth professorship to take charge of the Parish of Belfast, which comprised not only the entire town but a densely populated district, more than thirty miles in length, in which there were nine or ten

* A relic of those old days came into the possession of the subject of this sketch. About the year 1820 (we quote O'Laverty's *History of Down and Connor*), a silver chalice and paten were found by some workmen who were repairing the Protestant Church of Rathmullan, which was on the site of the old Catholic Church. On the foot of the chalice is this inscription: "Presented by George Russell and his wife, Mary Taaffe, to the Church of Rathmolin, June, 1640:" This George Russell, who was married to Mary Taaffe of Smarmor, Co. Louth, was a member of the Catholic Confederation of Kilkenny from 1641 to 1650.

important towns and villages ; that his only assistant in the work was a young curate just ordained, still remembered by many as Father Bernard Macaulay of Downpatrick ; and that for all this territory there was one solitary little chapel, in a mean lane in Belfast, capable of holding about 150 persons. We are unable to give even approximately the number of priests now labouring within those thirty miles, the churches, convents, and schools that eighty years ago were represented by a small chapel in a back-lane of Belfast.

Another of the English families that settled in Lecale six hundred years ago were the Fitzsimons. They too survive, in more distinguished positions than the particular member of the family that now reminds us of them. The excellent old dame who taught the future President of Maynooth his letters was Lucy Fitzsimons. When he had grown too learned for her, it would have been natural for him to follow his elder brothers to Clongowes College, which had been at work from precisely the year of his birth. His family were linked by more than one tie with the recently re-established Irish Jesuits. In the ninth volume of this Magazine (September, 1881) an account was given of the voyage from Sicily to Ireland of Philip Reilly, a Jesuit lay-brother, in the year 1815 ; how he set out from Palermo in a Belfast schooner with a large collection of books—how after sixty days of hardship they had to put into Youghal—how they started again for Belfast with the notion (curiously enough) of landing the books at Carlingford, but somehow the captain managed to run his ship ashore further north in Dundrum Bay. We printed Brother Reilly's letter describing his mishaps, and how Mr. Russell of Killough proved himself a true friend, while Mrs. Russell asked the custom-house officers to dinner to make them more gentle in levying the duty on the books. The good Brother had to spend several weeks with them (they refused, he says, to let him remove to an inn) before Father Kenny's negotiations with the Irish Secretary, Mr. Peel, afterwards the great Prime Minister, finally released the books on somewhat favourable terms, which in these free-trade times seem exorbitant ; for the duty alone on the bound books was £6 9s. 10d. per cwt., and on the unbound books £4 17s. 4½d. ; so that by this nucleus of the Clongowes library the British Government cleared £161 4s. 8d., and the entire cost of the carriage of the books from Palermo to Clane amounted to £234.

In our previous account of this matter we said that in the household which thus welcomed the more or less shipwrecked Jesuit laybrother, who survived his hapless voyage long enough to be known to some of our readers as sacristan of St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, there was at that time a little child of three years of age, called Charles, who was afterwards to become President of Maynooth College. Two of his elder brothers seem to have followed Brother Reilly to Clongowes; for they are spoken of, not as new-comers, in a letter from Brother Reilly to their mother, the stamp of which appears to be dated November 1817. This yellow and dishevelled quarto sheet, when it was nearly eighty years younger, told "Dear Madam" that "the children are all well, thanks be to Almighty God. Our number at present is 240;" and it goes on with a little gentle preaching. "You who are anxiously engaged all the day in the care of your family may take the easy means of sanctification which your state of life affords. Happy the mother who has God in view in the care and education of her children. She divinely cooperates with Jesus Christ in the salvation of souls; she is both an Apostle and a Doctor in her little family. I am delighted when I think how you spend your time between God and your children. Please to give my love to your dear children and beg of them to pray for me." In a sort of postscript he adds: "The Bishop of Kildare* was here last week; your children are now both confirmed."

Another Jesuit of that day, who kept up close relations with this good Christian home, was Father Matthew Gahan, who was for many years the only priest to look after the spiritual wants of the Isle of Man, and who died there. No one now-a-days, going from Dublin to Douglas, would think of making poor Killough his port of departure. Perhaps the Railway which is now uniting it with Downpatrick and Belfast may render more available the undoubted advantages of its situation. Seventy or eighty years ago the the easiest passage for this Apostle of the Manx, was on board one of the little sailing vessels that made Killough their headquarters. The only survivor of a large family circle writes to me: "Dear old Father Gahan used to stay in our house on his way to and

* This was Dr Corcoran, not, as we thought at first, the famous J. K. L.; for Dr. Doyle was Bishop from 1819 to 1834, when he died in his 48th year. The "Doctor" in a previous sentence has no connection with castor oil but with Christian doctrine.

from the Isle of Man. You know Killough is the nearest point to it. Sometimes, to our great joy, he had to wait for days for a fair wind."

Of Father Gahan's letters also Dr. Russell's mother preserved one, and probably many; but one has survived herself fifty years and lies before me. It is dated from Peel, the 2nd of March, 1826. It tells how he had trudged thither in the rain ten miles (probably from Douglas where he built a church) to give the last sacraments "to two poor people who are fast approaching, I hope, a happy home." A letter to Dublin on Shrove Tuesday, and another a fortnight later, reached their destination at the same moment. "There is scarce a letter to be got from your side of the water for love or money." Evidently Douglas was at that time practically more distant from Dublin than San Francisco is at present.

In spite of these links with the Jesuits, Charles William Russell was not, like his brothers, educated by them. About his ninth year he was sent to Piltown, near Drogheda, the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Brodigan, mother of Colonel Francis Brodigan, in order to follow the classes at the Drogheda Grammar School—an institution which dates almost as far back as Oliver Cromwell's celebrated visit to the town at the mouth of the Boyne. His masters were Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Needham, and he is said to have learned the Latin grammar in six weeks. He was about twelve years of age when he was removed to a school in Downpatrick, kept by Dr. Samuel Neilson, a member of a somewhat remarkable family. The Primate, Dr. Crolly, had, thirty years before, been a pupil of Dr. Neilson's father. One of the most distinguished members of the family was Dr. William Neilson, a great Oriental scholar, author of the "Greek Exercises," published in 1804, which had formerly great vogue as a school-book, long before the era of Anthon and Arnold *et hoc genus omne*. While attending the Downpatrick school, its best pupil rode the twice five miles on his little pony every day in all weathers, as he recalled for me while driving over the same road, half a century later.

In that last year of Dr. Russell's life, when the shadow of death was already upon him, I spent many days with him in this home of his childhood. He would point out to me the scene of many a little incident that he vividly remembered: the stable,

through the not very lofty doorway of which his runaway pony carried him in triumph, returning to the manger against the will of its rider—the rock far out in the bay which was the utmost goal of the young swimmer's ambition—the Quoniamstown chapel two or three miles away (the Killough church was only built by Father Richard McMullan in 1828) and the long low farmhouse on the opposite side of the narrow country road, where kind Mrs. Starkey would welcome the Russell children to the kitchen fire while waiting for the priest's coming on cold Sundays in winter. As late as 1879, this ancient chapel, though disused for fourteen years, was kept in decent order by the neighbours who did not thank Father Richard Killen for building its successor on a different site, in the adjoining townland of Legamaddy; but I hear that since then, the poor old weather-beaten walls have all been taken down that had sheltered so many generations of fervent worshippers since they were built in the year 1745, and probably considered at the time a marvel of ecclesiastical architecture by those who had knelt under the open sky before the Mass-rock—sheltered so many thousands and thousands and thousands whose souls are surely now in heaven.

There is something very solemn in revisiting in mature age the scenes of childhood—the places so little changed and the people so much. And so the world goes on, and men pass away. Then, as now, Scordan's Well (called in Lewis's Topographical Dictionary St. Seordin's Well) poured out from the rocky bank near the Castle Park, its hogshead per hour, without any diminution in the driest weather. Then, as now, the Castle Park, with no castle and very little park, was a healthy, breezy promenade on the green sward over the rocks. And amongst those rocks there was then, as now, the Roaring Rock—more sonorously named than the Puffing Hole of Kilkee in Clare—a cavity which at the flowing and ebbing of the tide emits a sound like a huntsman's horn and flings upward a white column of spray. And there are children to whom all these things are as fresh and beautiful to-day as they were in those bygone days to the boy who is the subject of these memorial notes. All these things are there still; but where are they who cared for them in the years to which we are looking back? Our individual share of this interesting and pathetic world is not very large or very lasting. We pass away, and the world goes on.

Charles William Russell seems to have been one of those whose vocation to the priesthood is taken for granted from the first. He was probably called by the neighbours "the wee priest," for years before he opened a book of theology. He was always very good. His old nurse said that God had sent him as a blessing. The story goes that once, a "poor person" came to the door; for

"The harsh word *beggar* was under ban
In that old-fashioned house by the sea—"

as in another homestead further to the south, which took many of its traditions from Killough—and this child of predilection not only gave up his own breakfast but urged his younger brother to supply what still remained wanting to the mendicant. But the sturdy young worldling demurred. "Do what you like with your own breakfast, but let mine alone." As the twin-sister of the juvenile malcontent is my authority for this anecdote, it must be taken as authentic.

Another nursery tradition is that he was a great story-teller, inventing stories *ad libitum* out of his own head. To the end he was able to relish keenly a tale with a good plot; and this was a favourite mode of unbending his mind under the pressure of serious anxieties.

Some of these things belong to a rather earlier period than we have reached. Before the clever and studious boy was fourteen years old, Dr. Neilson reported to his father that he had learned all that the Downpatrick school was meant to teach. More as a useful experiment and as a preparation for some future effort than with the hope of at once gaining the prize, he was sent to compete for a place in Maynooth College. His bishop, Dr. Crolly, afterwards Primate, was fond of telling that, when Charles Russell's turn came for being examined, he was found playing ball. He succeeded brilliantly, and, young as he was, he was at once sent on to Maynooth.

In the title of this sketch, and at the head of many pages—how many even the writer cannot guess—Charles William Russell of Killough has been called and will be called "Dr. Russell of Maynooth." To Maynooth his memory in a particular manner belongs. He was in some respects more closely and more prominently identified with this grand institution than any other of the many holy and learned men who have spent their

lives in the service of the beloved Alma Mater of the Irish Priesthood. He was not spared to spend a longer term of years in the College than some of his colleagues, but his college life began earlier. He was born, as we have seen, on the 14th of May, 1812; and there lies here before me his first letter to his mother from Maynooth, dated August 29, 1826—three months after his fourteenth birthday. In this letter he says: "I like the place well enough so far." He little thought that in this "place" he would live till death and be buried there, after having been its President longest of any in its first hundred years, namely 23 years from 1857 to 1880—the three next being Dr. Montague who "reigned" eleven years, Dr. Renehan twelve years, and before these Dr. Crotty, who approached nearest, with his nineteen years.

Arthur Young in his famous "Tour in Ireland" writes thus in June, 1776:—

"At a small distance from the Park [Cartown] is a new town Manooth [*sic*] which the Duke has built. It is regularly laid out and consists of good houses. His Grace gives encouragement to settling in it, consequently it increases; and he meditates several improvements."

So, little more than a hundred years ago, Maynooth hardly existed except in historical ballads like Clarence Mangan's

Crom, crom aboo! The Geraldine rebels from proud Maynooth,
And with him are leagued a hundred of the flower of Leinster's youth.

Two or three miles away from it, Kilcock on the then busy highway between Galway and Dublin, with its five distilleries at work (more moneymaking than picturesque ruin of castle or monastery) must at that time have looked down on its little upstart neighbour. But now the distilleries in their turns are ruins, and the railways have come, and Kilcock is superseded; while beside the old ivied Castle of Maynooth the great College spreads over many an acre, and Kilcock, though certainly by no means so unknown to St. Peter as the comic poet pretends, must needs confess itself to be insignificant and obscure when compared with Maynooth, whose name has gone forth to the ends of the earth.

Some of these feelings already animated the very young freshman, whose proud and fond mother, praying for him every day at home in Killough, preserved carefully this letter of her boy,

which must have been his first from Maynooth, as he does not yet know the result of his entrance examination.

Maynooth, August 29th, 1825.

DEAR MOTHER—I suppose by this time you are all anxious to hear from me. I would have written sooner, but George and Thomas came to see me, and told me not to write for a few days as George was going home and could tell the news. I like the place very well for so far. I was not examined until Saturday. I stood for first class, but I do not know whether I will be in the first or not. We have a great deal of praying to do here. When we get up in the morning (which now is at six but will soon be at five o'clock) we have to dress ourselves, make our beds, clean our shoes, sweep our rooms, and wash ourselves in twenty minutes. Then the bell rings for the Angelus Domini; five minutes after, another bell rings to assemble us in the prayer-hall for morning prayer. After that is over, we return to our rooms till eight, when the bell rings for Mass; and after Mass we go to the refectory. At twelve the bell rings for the Angelus; again at three for the visitation of the Blessed Sacrament before dinner. At six we retire to our rooms in silence till eight, when we go to the prayer-hall to say the Angelus before supper, and again at nine for evening prayer. We go to bed at ten. I paid part of my pension on Saturday—£20 3s. 10d.; ten pounds more must be paid in March. I engaged a washerwoman at Mr. Kenna's recommendation. I am to pay her 7s. 6d. per quarter. I saw Peter in Drogheda and walked out to Pilltown with him. I saw Mrs. McEvoy, Mr. Herron, and Eliza Russell. Dr. Crotty is not at home at present, I gave the letter for him to Mr. Montague. I bought (or at least Thomas bought for me) a bed and furniture for £5 5s. It is a very comfortable one. Poor Denvir is at present very ill, I mean the lad that got one of the places in our diocese. He is to be removed to the infirmary very shortly. The Lay College is quite separate from the ecclesiastic, and it is one of the rules not to hold any intercourse with those in the other college. Thomas brought the cloth for my small clothes to me on Sunday. I gave it out to a man of the name of Duggan, also at Mr. Kenna's recommendation. I have got a cap and cloak: the price of them is £1. Remember me to all friends in Killough. Adieu in haste.

I remain, dear mother,

Your affectionate son,

CHARLES WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Those who know what sort of man this Charles William Russell grew into will read with interest his first letter home, written in his fifteenth year. It has been given without the slightest omission or correction—not even a certain *will be* which ought to be *shall be* according to the principles laid down by G. M. last month in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for the solution of that “Irish difficulty.”

In the foregoing letter the freshman describes the many duties crushed into the first twenty minutes of each day at College. As if all that were not enough, he told me, some forty years later, that he got through those duties so quickly that he had some minutes to spare, and in these spare minutes he contrived to learn

Italian. As I was supposed, when he mentioned this circumstance, to practise faithfully St. Ignatius's "additions" or byelaws of meditation, which do not authorise such an employment of the interval between rising and morning prayer, the President added with an apologetic smile, "It was not perhaps the best time for learning it." Quite late in life, he told Judge O'Hagan that he was able to take his bath and shave within quarter of an hour. There is some additional force in these undignified details, for those who remember how irreproachable was the result of this expeditious toilet. We may cite the parallel case of Henry Edward Manning, of whom Mr. Wilfrid Meynell relates, in *The Contemporary Review* of February 1892, that he learned Italian at Balliol College, Oxford, during the rather engrossing operation of shaving.

Before the next letter the youthful Collegian had evidently written to some of his sisters at home; but they seem not to have preserved his letters as carefully as his poor mother: for this is the second in order of time.

Maynooth, October 7, 1826.

DEAR MOTHER—

It is a long time now since I addressed a letter to you; however, I am perfectly satisfied you would be as well content to receive any information I can give by a letter addressed to any of the family as to yourself. Every arrangement which you made has been perfectly useful and at the same time agreeable to me. I am getting on very well here (at least in my own opinion) at my studies, and I hope I may succeed as well in the opinion of our Professor. I send you a large edition of "Park's Travels in the Interior of Africa," I read it and liked it very well. We go to Confession once a fortnight at least; oftener if we please, but we are obliged to go once a fortnight. We take a great deal of exercise, between walking and playing. Give my love to all friends—with sincere wishes for your happiness, both here and hereafter (though this is a hackneyed expression)

I remain your affectionate son,

CHAS. W. RUSSELL.

A VOICE THAT IS GONE.

UP through the aisle of an empty church
 Came the lonely voice of a woman,
 Came the cheerless voice of a lonely soul
 O'er the grave of many a silent dole
 From the weary shore of the human.

And its tone was shrill as the nightingale's,
 And its accents did not falter
 As it came, like a widowed bride to a feast,
 To answer the words of the holy priest
 Who stood on the sacred altar.

No need of a clerk while that voice was there,
 That lonely voice of a woman,
 With her ancient beads, and her four-score years,
 And her veil of black, and her prayer of tears,
 And her countenance superhuman.

A pilgrim she from a foreign land,—
 In the ship of love came over,—
 And she saw no hope in this stranger place,
 And she had no home, and she knew no face
 Save the sun and the stars above her.

She came to weep o'er her only child
 On the grave where the strangers laid him.
 He lived for her, for the Union died,
 And his prayer—that his mother be laid beside!
 And the mother's heart obeyed him.

As the beads were told, by the farthest door
 She knelt, and the world passed by her,
 And the people made answer loud and long,
 But her "Holy Mary," like angel's song,
 And sweet "Amen" rose higher.

Rose higher because 'twas the prayer of love
 From her aged bosom swelling;
 And often she came when the dawn was grey,
 And the shadow was there at the close of day,
 For him the chaplet telling.

But the voice is gone, and the church seems cold !
Her arms are now around him ;
And the heart of the priest finds no relief,
No strain of love, no touch of grief,
In the echoes that surround him.

We laid the mourner of thirty years
Where the stars and stripes are planted,
And the birds came singing their songs of joy
O'er the lonely grave of that Irish boy
When the soldier's prayer was granted.

At the head we fashioned a smiling Love,
At the foot sits Sorrow weeping,
And they both shall guard that holy grave
Where rest for ever the true and brave,
Where mother and son are sleeping.

DENIS B. COLLINS.

West Troy, N. Y.

MORE ABOUT HELLO.

DO you remember Hello ? If not, you will find her in the seventeenth volume of this Magazine, at page 441 ; and there you will see that she thought a great sorrow had befallen her when her son, her only child, got married. But the greatest sorrow of all befell her since—he died. The spectacle of that frail little figure following her son's remains to the grave, with *his* little son by the hand, not in the place of chief mourner, indeed, but at the outer edge of the moving crowd, drew tears from eyes not much accustomed to weep.

But Hello is too good a woman to mourn, "as one without hope," and therefore, she is bright and interesting still. But it is evident her thoughts are more in heaven than on earth. I was turning over photographs one day when she came to me, and I showed them to her. One was "Ecce Homo," and another "Mater Dolorosa." She remained quite still, and wondering at her silence, I looked up, and saw that big tears were coursing down her withered cheeks. She turned and left me without a word.

Another day she exclaimed: "Oh! be fond o' God always, an' never be tired o' prayin' to Him, an' I'll tell you what you ought to do, say the bades." Here she drew from her pocket a big brown rosary, as big as a nun's almost, and measured it out in decades. "Say this much in honour o' God the Father, the Son, an' the Holy Ghost, an' this in honour o' Our Lord's Head crowned wid thorns—Oh! think iv it," she cried. "The poor head!" and she touched her own head with a pathetic gesture, while her little face puckered with pain. "This much," she went on, "for all the poor sowls belongin' to you, an' thin for every wan that ever done you a good turn, an' the last for yerself, that you might die a happy death. I'll tell you what happened wanst," she continued. "There was a poor woman, a pedlar, an' she was goin' through the country wid a heavy pack on her back, an' whin night kem on she was in a wild lonesome place. She kem at last to a house, an' she axed there for a night's lodgin': 'Oh, surely, an' welcome,' sez the woman o' the house. Afther takin' a bit to ate, she said she'd go to bed, for she was very tired, and the missus tuk her to a garret overhead where there was a clane comfortable bed. She put her pack down on the bedside, an' tired an' all as she was she knelt down an' said her prayers the same as she done every night, an' twasn't long till she was in bed an' fast asleep. The man o' the house an' his son were sittin' below be the kitchen fire, but there no sleep comin' to their eyes. They *looked* at wan another, an' there was *manin'* in that look, I can tell you. After a while sez the young fella: 'She's asleep now, I hear her breathin' heavy.'

"She is so," sez the father.

So up they gets, an' the young man mounts the ladder ladin' to the garret, an' the ould man houlds it steady. The villian got to the top, but instead o' going in he began to trimble till the ladder shuk under him, an' the next minute he gives a big roar an' falls like a sack o' male on the flure. There he lay workin' most frightful in a fit, the foam comin' out o' his mouth, an' the father an' mother over him doin' all they could to bring him round.

"Oh! run for a priest," cried the mother.

"Hould on a while," sez the father, "he'll maybe come round," for he didn't want the priest to know what they were up to. After a while he got a little betther, an' called for the priest; then he

gev wan look towards the garret an' begun to trimble again like a lafe.

"He's gettin' another fit," cried the mother, "run!"

So off wint the father at last, as fast as he could. Whin the priest kem, the young man med his confession, an' then sez he out loud, "Father (for they knew all about it themselves), whin I got to the top o' the ladder there I stopped, an' looked into the garret, an' Glory be to God, what did I see, but twelve men standin' around the bed, an' each wan iv them havin' a lighted candle in his hand."

"You imagined it, I suppose," said the priest.

"Begor I didn't, sir," sez the boy. "I see them as plain as I see you afore me now. Sure the fright iv it knocked me off the ladder." Of course he vowed he'd never be guilty iv the like again, an' the priest gev him absolution. The daylight was comin' in be this time, and they heard the woman stirrin' over head. The ould father an' mother were waitin' abroad in the haggart till the priest called them in, an' my han' to you but he gev them the hearin' iv it. He had the poor pedlar-woman on his mind still, afther lavin' the house, so he loitered on the road till he see her comin' an' waited till she kem up to him. Then he axed her all about herself, her name, an' from whince was she, an' sez he :

"How did you rest the night?"

"Grand, yer reverence," sez she. "Thanks be to God."

"Didn't ye hear or see anything?" sez he.

"Sorra a ha'porth, sir. I was very tired an' I slep' sound."

"Don't you ever be afraid in a strange place that way, you might be robbed?"

"Why thin, no, sir," sez she, "I never do. Every whole night I axes God an' the Blessed Virgin to purtect me, an' the twelve apostles to stand round my bed, an' I don't be wan bit in dread."

"You do well," sez the priest. "Never forgot that prayer, an' may God bless you always." Wi' that he med the sign o' the cross over her an' turned off another way.

"Did you earn much money to-day, Hello?"

"I did thin, see!—she draws forth a little black bag which is hung round her neck and pours its contents into her lap, a poor little hoard of pence, but she lifts her eyes gratefully.

"Isn't God an' the people very good to me? Look! if

you'll do a thing for God, He'll give you every whole ha'porth you'll ever want. There was a time whin I used to make shoaleens o' money iv a Sunday, the other days weren't enough for me, but I should make Sunday a workin' day, too. Well, all the money I med used to melt like the froth o' the say. I tuk a thought o' meself an' I gev it up, an' see, I'm a dale betther off now. Never be anxious for the world, but lave it all in God's hands. Long ago whin Our Blessed Saviour lived on this earth, there was a young man used be following Him round everywhere, he see how Our Lord fed the crowds wid the few little loaves an' fishes, an' all the other wonderful things He done, an' sez the fella to himself, I'll give Him me fourpence to keep for me, an' who knows what id come iv it." It seems in them times fourpence was a dale o' money. Well, the night after they kem to a place an' a whole crowd gathered round Our Lord and He gev to every wan that axed iv Him. 'Begorrah,' sez the young man, 'I hope me fourpence is safe.'

"The second night it was the same, the crowds kem, an' Our Blessed Saviour helped thim all wid His big generous heart.

"'If this goes on any longer,' sez the fella, 'I must see about me fourpence.'"

"An' sure enough the next night agin there was bigger crowds than ever, an' Our Lord gev and gev. An' up come the lad to Him and sez he:—'I don't like how you're going on at all; sure ye can't hould givin' that way, an' I'll thank ye for me fourpence.' 'Here,' sez Our Lord, 'take it, an' let me tell you, you'll never be worth more thin that fourpence.'

"Wasn't that naygur the big fool?" conoludes Hello.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

FLOR DEL ESPIRITU SANTO.*

IT grows in a low marshy glade,
 My flower above all flowers ;
 And in the palm tree's heavy shade,
 In stainless purity arrayed,
 Through all the burning hours—
 It curves its cup-like petals white,
 A treasure guarding from our sight ;
 My flower above all flowers.

Magnolia fragrance breathes around,
 My flower above all flowers,
 The very earth seems sacred ground,
 Where its sweet snowy bloom is found ;
 The hissing viper cowers :
 It shames all things of evil blight,
 My flower of holy power and might.
 My flower above all flowers.

Ah, Flower of the Holy Ghost :
 My flower above all flowers !
 A distant land may of thee boast,
 Yet alien hearts thou touchest most ;
 When low the hot sky lowers,
 Thy blossom doth our search requite,
 And a great mystery doth indite ;
 My flower above all flowers.

A secret sweet of holy love,
 My flower above all flowers !
 For thy smooth petals close above
 The image of a milk white dove ;
 From sun and stormy showers —
 My flower protects with petals slight
 The tender dove that stays its flight.
 My flower above all flowers.

Indeed a fitting shrine is there,
 My flower above all flowers !
 In sultry heat and poisonous air,
 So strangely, mystically fair ;
 Shining in tangled bowers,
 Like a fair guiding star at night,
 In darkness leading souls aright,
 My flower above all flowers !

* A rare orchid found in Central America.

Oh, Indian flower of mystery,
 My flower above all flowers.
 Men kneel when they thy beauty see,
 And holiest names have given thee,
 And thou hast mighty powers—
 Still teaching men to see that light,
 Of which thou art a symbol bright,
 My flower above all flowers.

Flor del Espiritu Santo,
 My flower above all flowers.
 May all our hearts that presence know,
 The holy dove with wings of snow,
 Which every soul endowers.
 Making the humble heart alight
 With heaven's own rapture and delight:
 My flower above all flowers!

C. H.

THOMAS IRWIN AND HENRY DOYLE.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEATH, which lately removed on the same day from the strange busy scene of this life, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Simeoni, and has just now summoned a third great and eloquent Prince of the Church, Cardinal Mermillod.—Death during the last days of February, 1892, has here at home taken from us two very different men whose names ought to be remembered for their services to Irish art and literature.

Henry Doyle was the son of the famous H. B., whose political caricatures are of historical importance, and the brother of the still more gifted "Dick" Doyle, the designer of the perennial frontispiece or title-page of *Punch*, which has perhaps been reproduced oftener than any other bit of artistic work whatsoever. It is not easy to mention Richard Doyle without recalling the great and permanent sacrifice he made as an Irish Catholic. When the so-called "Papal Aggression" craze turned the heads of the British public, *Punch* pandered to the silly bigotry of its patrons by caricaturing the Pope. Though that celebrated journal was the best and practically the only outlet for Doyle's peculiar genius, he

gave up his position on its staff, little thinking that, forty years after, an earnest and uncompromising Catholic, Mr. F. C. Burnand, would fill the editorial chair of *Punch*. Mr. Henry Doyle's best memorial is the National Gallery of Ireland. He was acknowledged by experts to be among the foremost judges of art in the world; and his discrimination, perseverance, and devotion enabled him to do wonders with the limited sums at his disposal for enlarging our collection. One of his favourite achievements was the creation of the National Historical and Portrait Gallery. No doubt there soon will be added to it some memento of Henry Doyle himself.

Thomas Irwin was born at Warrenpoint, the seaport of Newry, County Down, in the year 1823. He was thus sixty-nine years of age when he died in Dublin on the 20th of February. His father was a physician who died in the poet's childhood. True poet he was outwardly and inwardly, and in the unworldly helplessness of his perpetual struggle with the hardships of life. He published some eight volumes of verse, or of prose which is almost poetry; but we fear that his fame would not suffer if it rested solely on his first slender volume of "Versicles" published nearly forty years ago. Our opinion of his poetic gifts was put forward when he himself could read it—as he did. Two long papers were devoted to him at page 757 of our fifth volume and at page 80 of our sixth; and the copious extracts there woven together justify abundantly, we still think, the conviction expressed in the conclusion of the study, that Thomas Irwin was a true poet of an exceptionally poetical cast, remarkable for his vivid picturesqueness of conception and only too dainty and too richly poetical in expression. His muse kept utterly aloof from politics and the affairs of common life. Except for affectionate allusions sometimes to Omeath and Rostrevor and other places consecrated by memories of childhood, one might read his books without knowing he was an Irishman. He never deals with the more solemn concerns of this world or the next. All his literary work was written and published in Dublin. He never seems to have attempted an incursion into the London market. He was not included in Mr. H. D. Trail's recent census of living poets; but we are convinced that the present Laureate's successor will not be as true a poet as the Irishman who has just been laid to rest in the graveyard of Thomas Davis.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Two works of great learning and research, and at the same time of excellent literary workmanship, have just issued from the great ecclesiastical college to which some earlier pages of this number have been devoted. The first is meant only for the use of ecclesiastics—"The Ceremonies of some Ecclesiastical Functions," by the Rev. Daniel O'Loan, Dean of Maynooth (Dublin: Brown & Nolan). The ceremonies of High Mass, of vespers, of certain special days, of all the public functions connected with the Blessed Sacrament—these and many other ceremonies and functions are explained with admirable clearness and fulness. On many doubtful points the very words of the best authorities are given in notes in the language of the original. An index enables the reader more readily to get the author's opinion on any point that may specially interest him. The publishers have brought out the work very carefully in a well printed octavo of 350 pages.

2. The other work that Maynooth has just presented us with is the second volume of "A Manual of Church History," by the Rev. T. Gilmartin, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in that College (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). It treats of the History of the Church and the events connected with it between the years 1070 and 1517. Great industry and skill have been exercised in condensing, within 350 ample pages, a full and detailed account of all the principal persons and events embraced between these two epochs. The clear and pleasing style of the Historian is helped by many excellent mechanical devices in the printing of the book. The table of contents in front is in reality an admirable summary of each of the sixteen chapters; and the alphabetical index, dealing almost exclusively in proper names (as indexes generally do), is another help towards finding out what we at any moment want out of this immense mass of materials. The marginal headings of the paragraphs will also be of immense utility to the practical student. If a division were set apart in the college library at Maynooth, for what might be called in another sense *The Maynooth Library*—namely, works written by men connected with Maynooth, from Eustace's *Classical Tour* to Dr. Molloy's *Gleanings in Science*, and these examples show the wider range of the idea—this department of the Library would now be well filled. These two most recent additions which we chronicle to-day are of very great merit and utility.

3. Mr. Todhunter has gathered into a neat and cheap volume some dozen of his poems which are on Irish themes, joined with some others that are very Irish in their tone and feeling, though their subjects belong to all countries. "The Banshee and Other Poems" (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker) ought to be welcome to all Irishmen of poetic taste. Mr. Todhunter has drunk deeply of the classical spirit; and his Greek drama, "Helena in Troas," has been loudly proclaimed a success by the critics of *The Spectator*, *The Academy*, *The Times*, etc. But in the present volume he forgets Greece and Italy, and thinks only of Ireland. He has studied profoundly the Bardic tales and reproduced them very effectively. The revolutionary attempt to dispense with rhyme on the one hand, and on the other with the grave and measured order of what is called blank verse, of which Mr. W. E. Henley's hospital poems are the latest examples, is applied very successfully to sundry Irish legends in "The Banshee"—which title is not confined to the opening verses, but runs as a common heading over all the Irish poems. It is a pity that Mr. Todhunter did not make one volume out of *The Three Sorrows of Story-telling*. The first and third of these Bardic tales are here; and of the second the poet has already made a metrical version which we hope he will soon give to the world. The true patriotism which makes him choose such themes as these ought really to win for Mr. Todhunter the practical sympathy of his countrymen.

4. "Christianity and Infallibility—Both or Neither," by the Rev. Daniel Lyons (Longman and Co.: London and New York) is a solid treatise of 300 pages, on a subject which the author rightly considers to be most worthy to-day of the attention of the thoughtful and religious mind. The subject has been treated from another point of view in Father Edmund O'Reilly's "Relations of the Church to Society."* The Rev. D. Lyons dates his preface from Denver, Colorado. His book has received the *Nihil Obstat* of Father Pantanella, S.J., who some years ago was professor of dogmatic theology in the Jesuit College of Woodstock, Maryland. Though not writing in the seclusion of a seminary with a large library round him, Father Lyons in his notes gives minute references to the most important authorities. He has done his work well.

5. "Memorials of Cardinal Manning," arranged and edited by John Oldcastle (London: Burns and Oates)—a very agreeable and edifying summary of his life and work. The portraits and other

* Neither this nor the little book that we announced along with it last month got through the hands of the bookbinders as expeditiously as we then anticipated. But they are ready at last. Subscribers who have not yet received their copies, are requested to send a postcard of complaint to the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin.

illustrations are extremely interesting and well executed. A good selection is made of the tributes paid to the Cardinal within and without the Church. The Muses have not been kind to the dead Cardinal. Has nothing worthier appeared? The sonnet is sensible and prosaic, and the ode is quite the contrary. It is certainly not prosaic. There are many poetical lines, full of concentrated feeling, for Mr. Francis Thompson is a poet; but the Philistines may well be excused for saying that, if this be "destinate verse," it is indeed a "curse." Many phrases will not parse, and much of the poem does not seem to make good Christian sense. The nervous, compact little stanza, which suits a brief lyric, is an impossible metre for seven pages. And of the seven pages only half-a-one is about the dead Cardinal. It is not our wont to be so "acerb"; but even a "preparate worm" will turn sometimes.

6. We hope that Cork is as proud as she ought to be of *The Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society*, which began its career in January. The typography and the illustrations reflect great credit on the publishers, Guy & Co. Our only misgiving is that far too much value is given for sixpence. Researches into the literary history and antiquities of Cork, city and county—ancient maps of the city and county and of Munster also—an annotated republication of Smith's History of Cork—the well-known "The Monks of Kilcrea," with illustrations—old Cork celebrities, local names, local notes and queries: these items do not exhaust the rich bill of fare provided by this new organ of the Society, of which the recently concentrated Bishop of Waterford continues to be president.

7. We have just welcomed a newcomer into the field of periodical literature. A magazine which has developed so wonderfully as to be practically a new venture is the large American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, edited by the Rev. F. X. Brady, S.J., 114 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Its high literary merit and the variety and beauty and copiousness of its illustrations—which remind one of its secular compatriots, *Harper's* and *The Century*—place it at the head of all the religious magazines published in the English language. Communities that subscribe to the Irish or the English *Messenger* will find that the American Magazine does not interfere in the slightest degree with the province of the home organ.

8. In an earlier page of our present Number a contributor has described her visit to Treves, very wisely referring those who wish to learn all about the Relics preserved there to special treatises like the one before us—"The Holy Coat of Treves, a sketch of its History, Cultus, and Expositions, with Notes on Relics generally," by Edward A. Plater (London: R. Washbourne). Mr. Plater has studied the

literature of the subject with great diligence and gives a judicious summary of it, supplementing the narration with what he saw at the Exposition last summer.

9. Brown & Nolan, of Nassau-street, Dublin, have issued in two small convenient volumes, the sixth edition of Father Nouet's "Meditations on the Life of Our Lord for every day in the year." This selection was edited many years ago by Father Michael O'Sullivan, C.M., formerly V.G. of Cork. But who is responsible for the absurdity on the present title-page? "The late Rev. J. Nouet, S.J." One might as well speak of *Paradise Lost* by the late Mr. Milton: for Milton and Père Nouet were contemporaries. The author of these meditations was born in the year 1605.

10. Two American books that we praised on their first appearance have reached second editions in that brief period which is sometimes described energetically as "less than no time." Father Bernard Feeney's "How to Get On," and Miss Lelia Bugg's "Correct Thing for Catholics" are published by Benziger of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. They are clever and useful books in their own way.

11. This month of March is not only the Month of St. Joseph, but it has the honour of containing also the Feast of St. Patrick. For this reason one of the largest poems that have appeared in our pages has been reserved for our March Number. Very timely, therefore, is the publication of "Succat: the Story of Sixty years of the Life of St. Patrick, A.D. 373-433," by Monsignor Gradwell (London: Burns and Oates). It takes as its motto on the title-page these words of John Ruskin (in which of his writings do they occur)? "Of the books that are not written, and ought to be written, is a Life of St. Patrick." Monsignor Gradwell has, with the aid of the largest type and the best paper, made quite a large volume out of St. Patrick's preparation for his mission: for he stops at the moment when the Saint landed a second time on Irish soil to begin his appointed work. Every step of his journeys is investigated with loving care; most of the scenes connected with his memory have evidently been studied on the spot. "Perhaps" might have been omitted in the last sentence of the volume. "Perhaps among God's saints he symbolises and personifies more than any other a nation's faith and a nation's love."

12. A zealous priest has condensed into a leaflet (Dublin: M. & S. Eaton, 8 Grafton-street) an earnest and solid instruction to school-teachers concerning the importance of their office and its great responsibilities. Would that all engaged in the great work of education would take these simple lessons to heart.

13. "My Zouave," by Miss Bartle Teeling, author of "Roman Violets" (London: Burns & Oates), is a pretty book containing a very romantic story connected with the Pope's Brigade in 1867. For its modest length there is plenty of incident and of lively conversation. Out of all who admire the design on the cover, how many will notice that the engraver has given an *à* too much, joining together dative and ablative, instead of two ablatives? But this, indeed, is the minutest of criticism. We may mention here a very cheap shilling edition of Charles Kickham's last story "For the Old Land" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son).

APRIL, 1892.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NIGHT WATCHES.

Very wretchedly Harry looked when they arrived—flushed and heavy-eyed, with an intolerable thirst. He roused himself when they came in and welcomed them with his usual cheerful voice, but the quick ear of the Doctor detected an effort in it. He felt his pulse, gave him some medicine, and ordered him to remain in bed until he saw him in the morning. He would be passing, he said, and would call to see if any more physic was required.

"He is in for a heavy cold, if not worse," said the Doctor to Captain Crosbie when they got outside the hall door. "I don't like the look of him."

"Oh, you'll get him over a cold quick enough; the fellow is strong," answered Crosbie.

"Yes, if it be a cold. However, to-morrow will tell."

The morrow found him much worse. His mother was alarmed, and the Doctor looked very grave.

"Mary is of no use here, Mrs. Desmond," he said; "she had better come back with me."

"What ails him, doctor? Tell me what is the matter with him?"

"I am not sure yet, but it is better for Mary to come with me."

Mary somewhat indignantly refused to be thus disposed of, and the Doctor said he would let her have her way for the present. He cautioned Mrs. Desmond not to allow anyone into the room but Peter, and said he would return in a few hours.

When he came again, the unfavourable symptoms had increased, and the boy was tossing his flushed face from side to side, seeking a cool spot on the pillow. Captain Crosbie was in the dining-room when the Doctor came out from his patient. Mrs. Desmond followed him.

"What is it, Doctor?" she asked with pale lips. "You know now."

"I know, my dear lady—I know. You need not be alarmed; but we must get Mary out of the house."

"For God's sake tell me what ails him," asked Mrs. Desmond.

Mary entered with a bowl of whey. "See, mother, I have made this nicely; shall I take it to him now?" She was about to leave the room when the Doctor stopped her and took the bowl out of her hands.

"You'll only disturb him, my dear. He must be kept very quiet. No one is to enter his room but your mother and Peter."

"Why?" she asked, looking frightened.

"We think it wiser. Young blood, you know. You must come with me, Mary, and stay with Amy for a few days."

"Leave mother and Harry?" said Mary, growing pale. "How could you think of such a thing?"

"My dear girl, be sensible, now. The fact is I am not sure but his illness may be infectious, and the fewer that are around him the better."

"I am not afraid of sickness," she said. "I had scarlatina. I couldn't bear to go away. Who would do anything to help mother?"

"My dear, 'tis better you should go," said her mother. "You would only add to my anxiety if there were any danger for you. I will do well with Peter and Mrs. Brady. The Doctor knows what is best."

"I won't ask to go into his room," said Mary, weeping. "Only let me stay in the house. It is dreadful to think of leaving him while he is ill. He wouldn't like me to go; and what would mother do?"

"She will do very well," said the Doctor, "Peter is as good as half-a-dozen."

"And I am an excellent nurse," said Crosbie.

"Speak for me, Captain Crosbie," Mary entreated. "Don't let them send me away. I should be miserable."

"Could she not remain?" he said in a low tone to the Doctor, "Is it fever?"

"Worse than fever," whispered the Doctor. "He is in for an attack of smallpox."

Captain Crosbie shuddered. "It is better for you to do as the Doctor says," he said to Mary. "You would make your mother

additionally unhappy on your account. I shall be with her. There is no fear she will want assistance."

Captain Crosbie looked at the tear-stained face, and thought with horror of that dread disease that might destroy its beauty, and added his entreaties to the commands of the other. The Doctor at length became imperative, and Mary had to submit. Peter was to drive her, Mrs. Desmond said, as the Doctor had many calls to make before he could go home, and the girl left the room to prepare.

"Has he fever, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Desmond. "Tell me the worst; you know I don't make an outcry."

"No, thank God. You are one of the few sensible women in the world," answered the Doctor. "He hasn't fever; but as well as I can judge, he is in for a slight attack of smallpox, and has very favourable symptoms. He'll be well in no time."

"My boy!" said the mother, clasping her hands, "my handsome boy!"

"Oh, Harry will do right well," said the Doctor, "but I confess I shouldn't like Mary to get it. You are to cheer up. All will go well, please God, and Harry will come off without a blemish. Here's Peter that will be your right hand in the nurse-tending. No use in my ordering you out of the house; eh Peter?"

"I never took any advice from a docthor," replied Peter, "an' I hope I never will. I won't run away for fear of my beauty, my hand to you. Is she ready, mistress? The trap is at the door. I'm like one with fire on me skin till she's out of the house. I had the harness on the pony, an' had only to put her to when I got the word. You ought to make her stir herself."

Mrs. Desmond was now as anxious as the Doctor to get the girl away, and hastened at Peter's suggestion to put an end to further delay.

When Mary arrived at the Doctor's, Amy ran out to meet her, but when she saw her face and heard of Harry's serious illness the colour left her lips.

Mrs. Wiseman was considerably put out. She was obliged to put off the entertainment she meditated giving that day week. She had a very special dislike to be brought into contact with trouble of any sort. It made people so stupid, and they wanted so much sympathy. She could feel for others as much as any person, but really the Doctor was ridiculous, he was so violently interested about everyone. One would imagine he had ever so much to gain by the Desmonds, and instead of that he never took a single fee for any attendance. And as for hospitality, he could hardly have two people to dinner but he wanted to ask them. It is all very well to be kind and goodnatured,

but there is reason in all things, and she would like to be goodnatured to those that would repay it somehow. It is not fair that the giving should be all on one side. But the Doctor and Amy were literally cracked about the Desmonds. There was Amy now crying her eyes out about that boy. She, Mrs. Wiseman, would be tired looking at the long faces of herself and Mary. Indeed it was odd, if Mary were such a loving sister, that she should have left him at such a time. It was nonsense about the Doctor ordering it. She would like to see who would order her or make her do what she did not like.

The Doctor told no one of the nature of Harry's illness but Mrs. Desmond, Captain Crosbie, and Peter, dreading the effect of fear, which so often disposes people to take diseases. The little maid was sent home, and Mrs. Brady was not allowed into the room. No one was permitted to come near the Farm. The Doctor placed the house in quarantine and took every precaution to prevent the disease from spreading. It was just then raging in Dublin.

Harry was in no danger, though in a few days his eyes were closed and his handsome boyish face became unrecognisable. Captain Crosbie took snatches of sleep on the sofa in the parlour, and night and day he was ready to assist and lighten Mrs. Desmond's watchings. He infused his own strength and confidence into her troubled motherly heart, and was a rest to her—mentally and physically. He had that tender, delicate method of doing things that is peculiar to some strong men, and shifted and arranged Harry as if he were a trained nurse. The Doctor was loud in his praise.

"There was never such a fellow as that Crosbie," he would say to the girls. "If he was his own brother, he couldn't do more for him. That man's heart is in the right place. What a doctor the fellow would make!"

And Mary in her heart prayed God to bless him.

Captain Crosbie was walking up and down outside the Farm one evening, smoking a cigar. It was a fine starlight night. A young moon was throwing faint shadows on the leafless trees which moaned sadly in the fitful breeze as though mourning their departed summer beauty. He had just returned from Fintona, where he took his meals every day. He would not permit Mrs. Desmond to have anything prepared for him, but they took their tea together, and he insisted on her making it as substantial as she could. He heard the sound of a trap coming along. It ceased near the gate. He thought it might be the Doctor, but it did not come up the avenue. At length his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps, and then he heard whispers. He went forward trying to pierce the gloom, and in a moment Mary Desmond came to meet him, leaving her companion behind.

She put out her hand, exclaiming, "Captain Crosbie, will you let us see him? The Doctor says he is greatly better. Won't you let us see him?"

"Mary," he cried impetuously, "you shouldn't have come here. You must go away directly. What brought you here?"

"Mrs. Wiseman and the Doctor are gone out to dine," she said. "Mr. Nugent drove them. When the car was going for them, Amy and I said we would come on here first. The servant will drive us back again. Oh, do let us in, there can't be any danger now. You won't even shake hands with me."

"No, I don't want to shake hands with you," he said, forcing a laugh. "It is very rude, I'm sure, but I wish you went away. Harry is going on splendidly, and don't fancy that you are wanted."

"I am wanted nowhere," she said, the tears rolling down her face. "I am miserable. I want to be at home."

"Are you not comfortable at the Doctor's?" said Crosbie, looking at her in distress, and slowly drawing back the hands he had involuntarily put out.

"Oh, I am, there is no one like the Doctor and Amy, but Mrs. Wiseman frets me with her insinuations. She thinks, I'm sure, if I were fond of Harry, no one could make me leave him, I, who am dying to be with him. Do make them let me back to him."

"You shall soon return," said Crosbie; "indeed you shall; but don't you know there is more danger of infection when one is getting better than when one is very bad? Do try to be patient; it is only for a little time."

"What is the matter?" asked Mary piteously; "it must be something awful. You don't like me to go near you. Tell me the truth and I will be satisfied."

"Well, I shall tell you the truth," he answered. "It may reconcile you to our anxiety on your behalf. Harry is really and truly getting on well. There is not the slightest danger; but he has an attack of smallpox, and it would not be well to have you near him or any young person."

Mary recoiled.

"Smallpox!" she cried. "But I am not afraid of it," she said, after a moment. "And you are sure there is no danger of him?"

"Not the slightest, with God's help," he replied. "He will soon be quite over it. But the Doctor does not wish it to be known; and you understand now how impossible it was to keep you near him."

"Yes, I understand," she said. "I should not be afraid. I am not afraid of any sickness, and I would not leave anyone I loved if I risked twenty lives; but I know now it would only worry mother if I

insisted on going in, for it used to trouble her that I never took the pock when I was vaccinated. Will he soon be up? Thank God he is getting on so well."

"Yes, he will soon be up. Will you go away now, and forgive me for being so disagreeable?"

"Forgive you!" she said; "you who are risking your life for us. I—I—" She turned away, and in a moment she joined the other whom he knew to be Amy. They went down the short avenue, and in another minute he heard the trap drive away.

Captain Crosbie went in to his watch in the sick chamber with a dear hope budding anew in his heart, and an expression came upon his grave face that made it young and beautiful. He did not feel the want of sleep that night. Happy possibilities flitted before his mind; and yet he checked himself, for he was not one to indulge in sanguine expectations.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN UNINTENDED PROPOSAL.

Next day he wrote to Mr. Huntingdon, explaining about Harry's illness, and suggesting that he should ask Mrs. Desmond to make use of Fintona when the boy could be removed, while The Farm was being disinfected. He knew he might take it on himself to make such an offer, but it occurred to him that Harry might find it more agreeable to be there more as Mr. Huntingdon's guest than his.

An answer came in the shape of a letter to Mrs. Desmond, begging her to make any possible use of Fintona, and impressing on her what pleasure it would give him if he or anything belonging to him could be of even trivial service to her.

Mrs. Desmond accepted the cordial offer, and was glad to accept it, too. It was not the season for the seaside, and she could not have Mary return to The Farm until it had gone through the process of disinfection. So it was arranged that when the Doctor issued his fiat, Harry was to be removed, and Mary was to be permitted to join them at Fintona. Captain Crosbie mentioned incidentally that he had business that would take him away for a time. He had put it off till Mrs. Desmond no longer required him and had made the necessary change.

Time passed on. Harry recovered by slow degrees, and was much concerned about his appearance, though the Doctor assured him there would not be the least scar or mark to lessen his value in the

matrimonial market. He persuaded Peter to give him the mirror one morning, and uttered an exclamation when he saw his swollen and discoloured face. "Oh! Heavens!" he said, "was there ever such an object?"

"'Deed then there was, often," answered Peter. "I seen a man an' the nose fell off of him; an' isn't it betther for you to have one face, if it be ugly itself, than to have two of 'um, like that crathur they used to call the Two-headed Nightingale? Thankful to the Lord you ought to be."

"I hope to goodness I shan't be always as ugly," said the boy. "What a Job's comforter you are!"

"Yerra, wan would think you wor a girl that had to make her fortune be her face," retorted Peter. "Beauty indeed—beauty never made the pot boil. You haven't a stim of sinse to be lamentin' over the skin of your cheeks, an' you after risin' out of the bed of death."

"The Doctor says I won't be a bit disfigured," said Harry.

"Well, an' what ails you so? Don't I know myself you won't be disfigured. But indeed, faith, it would be a good deed if you wor, to take the consate out of you. You're afraid the young ladies wouldn't be losin' their heads about you, I suppose. God help us, youngsters does be very quare."

"You wouldn't like to be made a show of yourself," said Harry.

"Iyeh, I'd lose my life if I was blemished," replied Peter. "I'd play away with myself—shure I'd never recover it if the women didn't look lovin' at me." He laughed silently, checked himself in a moment, and continued, "'Deed, then, great throuble 'twould give me whether any wan thought me nice or ugly. I dunno for what; I'd let the Lord do his choice thing with me, an' pass no wan any apology, my hand to you. An' indeed if wan only took a fancy to me because I had a nice skin on my face, I wouldn't give much for the fancy, so I wouldn't; it wouldn't wear well."

"I wish I had a nice skin on it this minute. I wonder how long will it be this way," Harry continued.

"It will be betther before Miss Amy sees it," said Peter, slyly. "Maybe, bad as it is, she would think it purtier than Mистер Nugent's. That's the gentleman that has the face! No doubt it cost him somethin' handsome to put such a fine blush on it, but he can afford it, in shure."

"Oh, he can afford to do as he likes," said Harry. "He needn't mind spending money. It is well for him he has the money; very little he would be thought of only for it."

"'Deed, then, I dunno is he thought much of this way or that way," answered Peter; "those in his own place don't spake over well

of him. They say he'd follow a crow with a pitatie in its mouth from this to Galway, watchin' till 'twould dhrop it; a real negur—getherin' and saving to spend on his own four bones. Maybe his own man didn't read us a history of his own doin's not long ago at the Doctor's."

"Mrs. Wiseman is fond enough of him, at all events," said Harry.

"Ah, see is she. Begor if she doesn't get at his heart through his stomach, 'tisin't for want of feedin' him. There isn't a week that rises but she has him there, Mrs. Molony was tellin' me, an' the finest of eatin'.an' drinkin' for him. The Doctor is that liberal man that wouldn't ever stop her hand; but faith they say he and Miss Amy have no great welcome for him often, an' dear knows no wondher, he'd rack my brain to be listenin' to him. You'd hear him in the skies."

"I hate him," said Harry impatiently. "Only for the sin of it, I'd be tempted to wish one of his horses broke his neck."

"Whethen all the harm I'd wish him is to be married to Mrs. Wiseman," replied Peter. "I wondher would she have any gettin's of him, when Miss Amy gives him the go by. She's damn cute, an' I wouldn't put it past her but to thry. If she is stale itself, faith she looks mighty fresh for her age, and he mightn't be over particular in the matther of years if she put the comether on him. Oh; Lord, 'tis she'd spatter the mud in the eyes of her inemies if she was drivin' in her carriage an' pair; b'lieve me 'twouldn't be asy to spake to her."

"It is a pity you couldn't make the match," said Harry, smiling.

"Deed, then, if I could, I would, for sartin," answered Peter. "An', faith, it isn't for their good all out; but wait awhile, time will tell a good dale. Here's the Doctor and the Captain."

They both entered the room in a few moments.

"Well, my boy, how goes it?" asked the Doctor. "Do you feel fresh to-day?"

"Never better, Doctor, I slept like a top last night—never awoke until seven o'clock."

"Faith the only thing throublin' him is the fear his beauty is spoilt," said Peter.

"And I get great commiseration from Peter," answered Harry, laughing; "but seriously, Doctor, you must give me something to make my hair grow. I used to humbug Crosbie for having thin hair, and now I haven't a hair at all myself."

Captain Crosbie laughed, and thought to himself was it to Mary he used to quiz him. "It was a just judgment on you," he said, "for your want of reverence for my spare locks."

"Harry, my boy," said the Doctor, "I'm sorry to say you have more hair than brains; let your head alone and all will come right."

"Isn't that what I'm tellin' him?" said Peter. "Wan would think it was for sale he was; indeed if 'twas off of a horse or a good dog the hair fell 'twould be some loss; but sure if all goes to all, he can buy a wig for himself, an' that wouldn't do for a baste."

After another week the Doctor issued his orders, and preparations were made for going to Fintona; all danger of contagion was now over, and the Doctor promised when he saw how he got on for a few days that if everything progressed satisfactorily, he would allow Mary to return, and they would all come and dine with them the following Sunday.

Sunday came, and as all things had progressed to the Doctor's satisfaction, the guests were to come.

Mrs. Desmond went to early Mass, Mary went at twelve o'clock, and returned with Amy. The Doctor and Mrs. Wiseman were to follow at four o'clock.

"Here he is, Amy," said Mary, entering the drawingroom. "Here is the hero of the hour. Ashamed of his life of you, but determined to have a manly disregard for appearances. I'll leave you now to console him for the loss of his locks. I'm to make a pie for dinner."

"So you didn't die after all," said Amy, sitting down beside him, where he made room for her. Her lips were pale, and her eyes were full of tears.

"No, I didn't die after all," said the boy, with equal lightness. "I didn't like to grieve you all too much."

His hands were trembling as he took one of hers and began to draw off her glove. They were silent for a while.

He laid his head against her shoulder.

"Would you have been sorry for me, Amy?" he said.

"What do you think?" she answered, trying to laugh.

"I shouldn't care to live if you didn't care for me," he said.

"That is a nice Christianlike speech," said the girl.

"Ah! Amy, you know what I mean," said Harry, putting up his hand to turn her face towards him. "Can't you look at me and speak to me? My own Amy, tell me you care for me, tell me you love me. Don't mock me now, Amy, I am not able to bear it."

The tears rushed to his eyes, and he leaned his head once more against her shoulder. The girl laid her face upon his bent head.

"Do you love me as I love you?" he continued. "Speak one little word."

"Yes," she answered.

"And you'll never marry anyone else."

"Never," she replied.

They sat with clasped hands in blissful silence for a time, broken only by occasional words of endearment from the boy, and then wandered away into the usual happy revelation of all they thought and all they felt—their hopes, and fears, and jealousies of each other.

"But you knew I loved you, Amy?"

"Yes, I knew you did while you were with me, but when you were away I used to fancy a thousand things. One never can be sure, and how did I know but that you had some one in Dublin you liked better."

"Well, I hadn't, you see. I haven't a capacious heart that can hold two at a time. I saw only one face in the world, and that was yours, and I used to be wild with jealousy of that brute Nugent and all his money. Many a prayer I said for Mrs. Wiseman. I suppose she'll return the compliment when she finds we are engaged, for we are engaged. Now are we not, my own darling?"

"I suppose we are," said Amy. "It looks very like it."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RUNNING SMOOTH.

"I didn't intend to ask you to have me for ever so long," Harry continued; "until I was near my next step at all events. But when I saw you I forgot everything. My illness made me weak in mind and body. I wonder was it wrong and selfish of me. It isn't right to keep a girl waiting. Is it?"

"Why, I would wait in any case," said Amy. "You don't think I'd marry anyone else till I had forgotten you, if you didn't care for me at all. Isn't being engaged nearly as good as being married? I'd rather be engaged to you all my life than married to anyone else."

"But I'm so poor, Amy, and you have money. I wish you had nothing either."

"Thank God, I have, you ridiculous boy. We would have a longer wait if I hadn't. Perhaps if I were penniless, I wouldn't listen to you at all. I'd scruple taking board, washing, and lodging from you when you weren't well off."

"But, Amy, your money is a weight on my mind. It makes me so uncomfortable when I think of it."

"You're very mean to have such thoughts at all," said Amy; "what matter who has it? I'm sure if you were rich and I hadn't a halfpenny, it would not give me a moment's unhappiness that I hadn't money as well as you. It is simply pride. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir."

"I wonder what will the Doctor say," said Harry.

"Uncle cares for you," she said, "and he knows every thought of mine. Uncle doesn't think about money."

"But Mrs. Wiseman?" said Harry. "Will she turn me into a stone with a look? Won't I feel like an assassin when she comes to-night! May the Lord put it into her heart to fascinate Nugent for herself. I think I'll quiz her about him to put it into her head. I'll say I heard their marriage spoken of; so I did, by Peter."

Amy laughed. "Stranger things have happened," she said. "They would suit very well, only she is too old for him."

"Is it not wonderful, Amy, to think this little hand will be all my own some day?" said Harry, stroking her slender palm.

"Actually sewing on your buttons," she said.

Mrs. Desmond entered at this interesting point, and Amy started up, blushing violently. Harry caught her dress.

"No, you mustn't stir;" he cried, "we'll tell mother. I have the right to control her now, mammy. She belongs to me for evermore."

"Ah! has it come to that, dear?" said his mother, putting her arm about the girl and kissing her tenderly. "I thought you were not to ask her for ever so long."

"It was all her own fault, mother. I was left here alone with her, weak and ill, and she brought me to the point in no time. I shouldn't dream of doing such a thing, only she drew it out of me. Look at her guilty face."

"Well, you tell the doctor to-night, my dear? You mustn't conceal it from him for an hour. I only hope he will be as well satisfied with you for his nephew as I will be with Amy as my daughter. You must be guided by what he says, because he will only say what is kind and wise. I shall leave you for a while. I know you have a great deal to say to each other, and you want no audience. May God bless you, my children, and make your future a good and happy one."

In due time the Doctor and Mrs. Wiseman arrived, and after dinner he, Mrs. Desmond, and Harry were closeted together and held solemn converse on the question of engagement between the latter and Amy. Harry's confusion was somewhat abated by discovering that it was quite true that the Doctor was well aware of the state of affairs. He poohed at the boy when he spoke of his want of means, and revealed his ideas on the subject of Amy's money.

"He's a fool, my dear lady," said the Doctor to Mrs. Desmond, "he hasn't an ounce of brains in that bald pate of his. I'm sorry we lost our Amy in recovering him. He despises money. he's able to live on love; light diet, faith; but I'd rather have a good slice of roast beef any day."

"He feels that he's not so good a match as Amy could get," said Mrs. Desmond, "that's what is troubling him."

"Oh, tut, nonsense, woman," said the Doctor, "I don't put a money value on any man. The last thing I look to connection with him is his banker, always supposing his want of money doesn't come from idleness or improvidence. I look to the nature of the beast. I have known Harry all his life. I found him a true-hearted, steady, honourable, young fellow; and all I have to say is, I would sooner give Amy to him than to a man I wasn't sure of, if he had ten thousand a-year. So cheer up, my boy; if Amy has no objection to a hairless and brainless better half, neither have I." And the Doctor shook the boy's hand with entire cordiality.

"But it is time enough to talk of marriage," the Doctor continued. "You are both young, and it wouldn't be good for you to get anything the moment you wanted it. Let there be a year's engagement at all events, and after that we'll see what can be done; better for you to have time to look about you, and be sure of your own mind."

"I didn't think of our marriage until I should have got second class," said Harry. "Now that we have your consent we shall be content with everything. I confess I was not happy before—afraid I might lose her, and yet I didn't think it right to speak until I was some way independent. We shan't mind waiting any time now."

"Oh! I won't have you waiting too long. I don't care for protracted engagements, they often turn out badly; not but I dare say you'd be a constant pair of turtle doves, but no use in testing human nature too far. There won't be any occasion for putting it off longer than the year. I hope you can manage very well by being prudent. Amy can give a good deal towards the housekeeping, and I'll see that you won't be hungry. I needn't tell you that she will get all I possess after my death, except I marry, which, of course, is possible and not improbable," added the Doctor with great gravity.

When they returned to the drawingroom, Amy saw by Harry's radiant face that the interview had been satisfactory.

"All right," he whispered to Amy, "you no longer belong to yourself; you will be my own, my darling little wife, in one happy year. Turn your face to me and look at your husband."

"Well, good people, have you settled the affairs of the nation?" asked Mrs. Wiseman. "I was beginning to go asleep. Amy and Mary's low voices were making me drowsy, and the fire is so hot. What made Captain Crosbie go away? I'm sure business was all an excuse. He is so pleasant to have in the evening, I quite miss him."

"I miss him greatly," said Mrs. Desmond. "Arthur Crosbie is a

rare man. I never saw anything like his kindness to me. My own son couldn't do more."

"Your own son couldn't do half so much," said Harry, "he wouldn't know how. I hope to God I shall never die till I can do something to show Crosbie what I feel. The way he nursed and tended me was wonderful. Even if it were any other disease but the one that people have a horror of. I never can be grateful enough to him."

"It is only what I would expect from him," said Amy. "He has a beautiful nature, he has such a gentle and reasonable way that everyone must listen to what he says. I know I have the most implicit confidence in him myself. I'd believe his lightest word."

"There isn't a better fellow born," said the Doctor. "You might tell him a story to the discredit of his worst enemy, and it wouldn't give him one pleasurable sensation, and I tell you that's saying a good deal in a man's favour. His heart is in the right place, if ever a heart be in that desirable position. I know a good deal of Crosbie's acts, and one is better than another. If Huntingdon had a different agent, believe me his visit here would not have done Fintona service. But Crosbie put the truth before the man's eyes and right thoughts into his prejudiced head, and he was an intelligent fellow that didn't shut his eyes like many others, but was said and led by him. Crosbie is a grand fellow."

"What a pity he didn't get married," said Mrs. Wiseman, "he that could give a wife every comfort."

"Oh, dear, to be sure it is," answered the Doctor. "A great pity; maybe she wouldn't give him every comfort, or any comfort at all. You're like the fox that lost his tail, you aren't satisfied if anyone escape the trap. I suppose if he likes to marry, he'll marry, and if he don't he won't, and there's an end of it."

"It would be time for him to hurry himself," said Mrs. Wiseman. "He is getting into years, and his value will be lessening, but I suppose he has given up the notion."

"Crosbie is younger than yourself," replied the Doctor, "and, faith, I don't know have you given up the notion."

"I heard a match made for Mrs. Wiseman not long ago," said Harry.

"For me!" said Mrs. Wiseman, with a pleased smile. "I thought people had given up marrying me. Who was the happy man?"

"Oh, a fine fellow, and lots of money," answered Harry, "and a great favourite of yours."

"Oh, if he has the money, her heart will melt," said the Doctor, "for all the world she wouldn't fret the poor man by a refusal. She'd be afraid he'd blow his brains out."

"Won't you tell me his name?" asked Mrs. Wiseman, "and I'll confess if there be anything in it; I don't know how a thing of the kind could get out, for I am very particular on my part. I am not vain enough to boast like other women."

"Oh, listen to her now, giving us to understand she has had proposals by the dozen," said the Doctor. "I'd swear if anyone looked sweet at her the whole town would know it before twenty-four hours; she would tell her fifty dear confidantes of the way she was annoyed by 'that poor foolish man,' and how she was afraid to go outside the door for fear of meeting him. But out with it, Harry; tell the name, until I know if I can give them my blessing."

"Mr. Nugent," said Harry, with a mischievous look at Amy.

"The very man," said the Doctor. "I wonder I didn't see it before; she's in love with him as sure as shot. The very wife for him; she'll stop his grog in no time. The very wife for him! I'll ask his intentions at once."

"Oh, what nonsense," said Mrs. Wiseman, laughing, "I'm nearly old enough to be his mother; who on earth could have said such a thing?"

"No matter who said it," answered the Doctor, "someone who had judgment, that's certain; and, as for being too old, that will only add to the romance, and show what powers of fascination you have."

"Madame de Stael was twenty-five years older than her last husband," said Mary, "and he died of grief after her."

"Well, I don't know that Nugent would die of grief," answered the Doctor. "I won't exaggerate; and perhaps she wouldn't care to give him the opportunity. She is not pre-disposed to die at all, in my mind."

"I'm not a Madame de Stael," said Mrs. Wiseman. "I'm afraid I won't captivate Mr. Nugent."

"Madame de Stael, was an ugly woman, and no one can say but you are a good-looking one," replied the Doctor, "so the chances are in your favour, and you are the greatest friends. I see the meaning of it all now."

"Oh, go on; jest away; I don't mind you in the least," said Mrs. Wiseman with a gracious smile; "only I hope Mr. Nugent won't hear such a foolish report. I'm sure it would only annoy him. I don't like a woman's marrying a man younger than herself, if it could be helped."

"Why, it could always be helped," answered the Doctor. "Let the woman refuse him, and there's no more about it."

(To be continued).

SPRING'S WORK.

IN every glen, in every wood,
 The birds are singing gaily,
 Because in blithesome happy mood
 The spring is toiling daily ;
 She wakes the cowslips in the dells,
 And loosens rills and fountains,
 And scatters gold on gorsy fells
 And clothes the naked mountains.

She tosses drifts of daisies fast
 Upon the verdant meadows,
 And smiles to see the white clouds cast
 Their shifting, fleeting shadows,
 And whispers in the violet's ear
 Beneath the whitening hedges,
 And lingers for a moment near
 The water weeds and sedges.

She loiters where the crocus buds
 In garden beds are gleaming,
 And wanders in the scented woods
 To break the wind-flower's dreaming,
 And wows from gnarled apple trees
 The pink-white blossoms slowly,
 And hides blue speedwell and heartsease
 In sheltered nooks and lowly.

She hangs the rippling, gold cascades
 From the laburnum arches,
 Brings catkins to the hazel glades
 And tassels to the larches,
 And laughs to see the daffodils
 Keep dancing light and merry,
 And hurls across the breezy hills
 The snow-flakes of the cherry.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. WALBURGA.

I HAD the good fortune two years ago to find myself travelling in Germany, a country filled to the brim with historical and religious interest. One day, while resting at Munich, one of our party (we were four ladies) declared that it would be a shame to come home without having visited the tomb of St. Walburga, which she knew to be near that city. On inquiry we found that the train left Munich for Eichstadt, where the convent is, early in the morning. We were a little tired, and this visit meant a whole day's fatigue; however, we had left Ireland, resolved to see all we could while away, and so we made up our minds to start the next day.

In the train, then, we found ourselves the next morning, and an uncommonly slow train it was, local trains always are, I think; they seem to imagine that, because people are not going far, they wish to stay behind the engine as long as possible. Descending from the train at a very country-looking station, we were immediately conducted to a steam-tram on the road close by. Judging by the amount of steam let off, and the tremendous efforts made by this locomotive on starting, we thought we should reach our destination in no time; but the tram proved to be a still slower conveyance than the train. However, in due time, we arrived at the top of a hill overhanging the town or village of Eichstadt.

The country through which we passed is very pretty, not at all flat as in many parts of Germany, and it is thickly wooded. On the summit of the hills stand the ruins, stately even in decay, of the ancient monastery of St. Willbrod, brother of St. Walburga. As we went our way, we came suddenly at a bend of the road on the town. Eichstadt is a simple old-fashioned and unpretentious town, whose inhabitants, well-to-do peasants, are as countrified and genial as if they all lived (as indeed many do) without having ever stirred from their native place, notwithstanding their close proximity to München. We entered a curious little inn to lunch, where we were received by a nice little Fraulein, who, half frightened at four strangers, proceeded as quickly as possible to set before us the best eatables in the house. The kitchen opened off our parlour, so we could hear her preparing our hastily cooked beefsteak, as she hurried in and out setting the cloth for our meals.

Home-brewed ale, I am sure of the best, *bütterbrode*, such as the Germans are so fond of, were set before us together with our steak, and I, for one, made a hearty meal. Everything was so scrupulously neat and clean, it was inviting, and our host, a fine burly-looking man, by way I suppose of increasing our appetites, came in and entertained us during the meal with an account of *Eichstadt*. Under his directions we then went up to the convent.

Entering by a sort of playground we came upon the Chapel of St. Walburga. There we saw a number of school-children, just released from lessons, praying devoutly inside the porch. A square of metal in the wall enclosed all round with railing, and before which flowers were strewn, made us rightly suppose that we had come upon the shrine. One of my friends, a good German scholar, went into the Church to try and get some explanation. She succeeded in finding an old French priest, who kindly came and opened the shrine for us, in doing so, exposing the end of the stone sarcophagus which contains the relics of the saint. As he came, I noticed how lovingly the little school children crowded round him, each pressing to the front of the little band so as to get a close view of the shrine, and yet they had lived all their young lives close by, and had seen it no doubt, hundreds of times. Custom here, had evidently not shaken the faith nor love for the patroness of their homes. The venerable Father begged us to notice the inside of the door of metal which he now opened. A kind of square tube of gold which goes down from top to bottom, gradually descending from side to side, somewhat in the form of an *Z*. This, he told us, is hollow within, and communicates with the tomb, from the top, thus carrying away the oil. This oil flows miraculously from the relics, during a period of four months every year, from October till February. In the tomb are kept the golden goblets or chalices in which the oil is collected. On asking how we could procure some of this miraculous oil, which has been known to effect wonderful cures, the old Father told us to go to the convent close by, as it is the nuns who distribute it. With a fervent prayer at this shrine of sanctity and with many thanks to our kind friend we left the chapel, and bent our steps to the Convent of the Benedictines, founded by St. Walburga herself. Life was so real there in that simple playground with chattering children, that one might almost think one was at home walking past some village school in Ireland.

On ringing for admission, one of the grown girls showed us upstairs, for the nuns are enclosed. The Mother Abbess came to us behind the screen—she told us that their Order had been in this Convent undisturbed during all the political trials of their country, since it was founded by St. Walburga. She gave us several little bottles of the oil which we gratefully received and carried home to Ireland. The Religieuse then advised us to go to the Cathedral where is the tomb of St. Willibrod, brother of Walburga. Born in England, at the beginning of the 8th century, Willibrod and Walburga joined the ranks of those devoted missionaries who, in all ages, have left their native homes to spread the Gospel in other lands, and thus, the brother and sister in their respective convents lived within sight of each other, devoting their whole lives to the service of that master, whom both loved with an undivided heart. When, after a lifetime of good works, Willibrod passed to his reward, Walburga was unanimously selected to govern his monks, and thus she continued to her death in 780, to rule both monasteries.

Having received a promise of prayer from the good Reverend Mother, we left the Convent in order to catch a glimpse of the tomb of St. Willibrod. It is situated in the crypt of the cathedral, a very old church full of memories of departed saints. We wandered about until it was time to resume our seats in the lumbering old steam-tram, and it was with great regret that we took our last look at the interesting old place we were leaving behind. It was as the garden of Eden in the midst of a desert world, with its air of peace, faith, and contentment, compared to the busy city we were fast returning to. A wonderful place is Eichstadt, and a place that ought to be full of interest to visitors from these islands passing that way. Let us hope that its peaceful retreat will become better known and that greater honours will be paid by pilgrims to the virgin saint whom God Himself has been pleased so much to honour. As for our little party, we returned to Munich, heartily rejoicing in having spent such a happy day, and determined to do our little best towards spreading the devotion to St. Walburga.*

F. B.

*The miraculous virtue of the oil of St. Walburga is discussed very fully in an appendix to Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*, of which a new and cheap edition has recently been added to Longman's Silver Library.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

A DIALOGUE.

LICINIUS—*A young Roman, a Pagan.*

VALERIA—*A Roman maiden, a Christian.*

LICINIUS.

Am I become so hateful in thine eyes,
That thou dost shun me, my Valeria ?
Dost thou forget the day, the happy day,
When first I saw thee 'neath the linden trees ?
The golden light of spring around thee shone,
Making thee seem a goddess in mine eyes,
So fair, so sweet that thou didst steal my heart,
And all the worship of my life was thine,
To see thee, hear thy voice was all my joy.
Hast thou forgotten ? Thou art changed and sad.
Oh ! let my love thy consolation be.
Speak, my Valeria, and bid me hope.

VALERIA.

I would to God that day had never been,
Or changed its golden dawn to blackest night,
And I had passed thee by, unseen, unknown,
And thou hadst never gazed upon my face.

LICINIUS.

What words are these, Valeria ? I ask
For hope, and dost thou bid me to despair ?
Canst thou so cruelly despise my love ?

VALERIA.

What dost thou know of love, Licinius ?
Thou speakest of it, but thou knowest it not.
Thou fain wouldst win me with soft words, and sighs
Of pleading tenderness, thou offerest me
Thy name, thy wealth, the worship of thy life,
To drink the cup of pleasure to the dregs
Presented by love's hand. O, God of heaven !

I deem such life a worse than bestial one,
 A foul betrayal of one's nobler self,
 A binding of the soul to lifelong shame.
 Oh beauteous love ! oh noblest-born of God !
 Wilt thou descend from thy chaste throne in heaven
 To be vile handmaid to men's vile desires,
 And play the wanton where thou shouldst be Queen ?
 This is not love, this passion of an hour ;
 Earth-born it lives on fleeting things of earth,
 And dies when youth and beauty fade and die.
 But love, true love, lifts up the soul of man
 From out itself, spurning the things of earth,
 Upborne on wings divine, it passes through
 The immortal gates, and rapt in ecstasy
 Sees the All-fair, and seeing Him is changed
 From its own vileness to another life
 Of mystic union with the life of God
 That permeates each sense, and renders it
 The handmaid of the Lord. Such life is love,
 A love so strong, so rapturously sweet,
 Drawing its sweetness from the very source
 Of deathless uncreated love, that all
 The joys of earth seem phantoms vain and false,
 And sickness, sorrow, poverty, and pain
 Are welcomed as God's messengers that draw
 The soul from things of sense to lead the life
 That angels lead who see the face of God.
 Shall I, who once, for one brief moment's space,
 Have lived this live of love, shall I descend
 To beg from earthly lover the vile husks
 Of human passion ? Shall I crave of him,
 Poor feeble mortal, the strong life of God ?

LICINIUS.

Mad girl ! thou art bewitched, I know thee now,
 Thou art a Christian, hating thus thy kind,
 Spurning my honest love, as though it were
 A thing accurst.

VALERIA.

Ah no ! Licinius,
 I spurn thee not, nor do I hate my kind.
 The love of God engendereth no hates ;
 But there are souls by God's creative hand

So finely formed, so delicately poised
Between the two extremes of love and hate,
That they must love with all-absorbing love
Or not at all. Admit a lesser love,
At once 'tis rival of the greater one,
And gaining through the senses on the soul,
It ousts its foe. Although the love of God
Forbids not love of parent, wife, or child,
But rather to a loftier, purer height
Upraises it, yet are there certain souls,
As I have said, to whom all lesser loves
Are joys forbidden; peace alone is found
In one the noblest, best. This is my fate.
My choice is made; 'tis God, and God alone.

LICINIUS.

Thy words are sharpened swords that stab me through,
Killing the love that once within me dwelt.
Thou dost reject my love for these mad dreams,
These wild delusions of a fevered brain.
The scales are fallen from mine eyes, and now
No longer blind I see thee as thou art,
Discrowned, degraded to the common herd.
Thy beauty is a mask to hide a soul
Most hateful, enemy of gods and men,
Rebel against the State's most just decrees.
Vile votary of a vile mysterious crew
That hides its deeds in darkness. Thou must die!
Thy fate is sealed. I yield thee to the doom
Thyself hast wrought.

VALERIA.

Thou wilt denounce me then?
I welcome death uniting me to God.
Yes, let me die; but be not thou the cause
Of this my death, do not this dreadful wrong
Against thy own true self, casting aside
All love and pity, seeking thy revenge,
Staining, alas! thy soul with innocent blood.
Stay, stay thy hand, I do implore thee. See
I kneel to thee, and fain would kiss thy feet.

LICIINIUS.

Away ! vile traitress, ruin of my life,
 Touch me not with thy foul polluted lips.
 I hate, I loathe thee. 'Twill be keenest joy
 To see the flames licking thy shapely limbs,
 The pitiless crowd exulting in thy shame,
 Meantime thy death-cries fall upon my ear
 As sweetest music. Oh ! I am avenged—
 No more Valeria's lover, now I am
 A Roman citizen, and thou must die.

[*Exit*].

VALERIA.

Oh God ! my life, my love, be with me now.

[*Falls on her knees in prayer*].

E. G. SWAINSON.

SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

No. 22.—DR. W. K. SULLIVAN.

AMONG the staff of the Museum of Irish Biography when Sir Robert Kane was Director, certainly not the least able was Dr. W. K. Sullivan, the subject of this memoir. He acted as assistant to Dr. Kane in his chemical duties, and afterwards followed a very similar career.

William Kirby Sullivan was born in Cork in the year 1821. His father owned a paper mill which was situated on and driven by a small river, the Bawnafinny, flowing from Blarney into the Lee. One of his earliest recollections was that of being carried one night out of the house, which had been set on fire by some of his father's workmen during a strike caused by the introduction of improved machinery.

He was educated at the Christian Brothers' School in Cork, at which he showed much application and promise. Afterwards he was sent to Germany where he studied at the University of Giessen. Here, doubtless, he received a strong impulse in the

direction of chemistry from the illustrious Liebig, who has become known to all the world as the inventor of meat-extract, but who was also a very distinguished chemist, and must have been, to judge from the large proportion of his pupils who have become celebrated, an excellent teacher.

Dr. Sullivan, at all events, returned to Ireland with high chemical acquirements, which led to his becoming assistant to Sir Robert Kane, Professor of Chemistry, in the newly formed Museum of Industry, as well as its Director. He had acquired, also, some of that strong democratic feeling which was then prevalent on the continent, leading up to the Revolutions of 1848. Young Sullivan joined in the Young Ireland movement, but, like many of the members of this party, he afterwards, without ceasing to be ardently patriotic, altered his views as to the advantages of physical force.

When Sir Robert Kane was appointed President of the Queen's College, Cork, Dr. Sullivan succeeded him as Professor of Chemistry in the Museum and, here introduced, I believe for the first time in Ireland, the system of practical teaching in the laboratory, where the students effect reactions themselves, instead of merely seeing them done at the lecture table, as was previously the case. The advantages of this system are self-evident in a science like chemistry, of which our knowledge is entirely due to experiments.

In 1853, two years after the great London Exhibition, there was held in Dublin a great International Exhibition, not indeed as large as the London one, but yet not altogether unworthy of comparison. Sir Robert Kane was, as a matter of course, one of the chief promoters, being on the executive and building committees. When the report was to be written, Dr. Sullivan was entrusted with a large part of the work, which he accomplished in a most able manner. His descriptions, which, of course, practically amounted to memoirs on the arts and manufactures of which specimens were exhibited, and not mere descriptions of the articles themselves, were written in a most lucid and agreeable style, and are readable even now. He contributed over one-third of a large quarto volume, writing the sections on "mining and minerals" and "chemical and pharmaceutical products" as well as articles on varied subjects, such as hardware, jewellery, photography, food, &c.

In the next year (1854) the Catholic University was founded

in Dublin, and the late Cardinal Newman, then Dr. Newman, was appointed Rector. That eminent man looked about for the persons who would be most competent to fill chairs to the University; Dr. Sullivan attracted his notice, and by means of their common friend, the late Dr. Lyons, he was offered the chair of chemistry, which he finally accepted. In doing so he was obliged to give up practical teaching in the Museum of Irish Industry, but still continued to lecture there, besides being Professor of Chemistry to the Albert Model Farm.

Soon after his appointment he opened in the Medical School of the University at Cecilia-street, a fine laboratory, which was the resort of many distinguished professors and citizens, politicians and young scientists, attracted as well by his great and varied genius as by his genial conversation generally, full of fruitful suggestions and original ideas. Dr. Newman, when he had formed a closer acquaintance with him, placed so much confidence in Dr. Sullivan as to entrust him with the organization, not only of the chemical teaching but of the entire scientific faculty of the University, and to seek his counsel in many matters relating to the other Faculties.

In the beginning of this year Dr. Sullivan brought out the "Journal of Industrial Progress," with which appeared the "Journal of Social Progress," which was also edited by him. Articles were contributed by Professor Henry Hennessy, Sir R. Kane and others, the editor himself communicated papers on the "Value of Fish Offal as Manure," in which he showed, by exhaustive analyses, that two tons of dried herrings are about equal to two tons of guano; on "Schools for teaching the Higher Branches of Science," a paper written in consequence of a national fund which was raised to establish a memorial of the exhibition as a tribute to Mr. Dargan, being applied to establishing the National Gallery of Art in Dublin, instead of being partly used in founding an Industrial College; on the manufacture of spirit from Beet-root, on the culture of which, in Ireland, he about this period wrote several papers; and on the uses to which turf could be applied in Ireland, as for instance, the manufacture of paper in the coarser qualities, of which 95 per cent of turf can be used and of charcoal. This journal continued for about two years.

In 1857 the British Association held its annual meeting in Dublin, and Dr. Sullivan was appointed one of the secretaries of

the chemical section with Drs. Davy and Gladstone. He contributed three papers on chemistry on a new method for the determination of the nitrates in plants—a very important determination for agricultural purposes, as it is required to find the fertilizer which is most advantageous; on the solubility of salts at high temperatures, and on some acids obtained by the distillation of peat—to the products of which he had devoted considerable attention. These products may now, however, be obtained much more cheaply from the products left over from the manufacture of coal-gas.

In the following year it was decided by the members of the Catholic University, that that institution should have a literary and scientific organ. "*The Atlantis*," was accordingly founded under the editorship of Dr. Sullivan, who contributed many excellent papers. Dr. Newman also contributed several papers during the first year, at the end of which his connection with the University ceased. The other contributors were Professors O'Curry, H. Hennessy (whose sister Dr. Sullivan had married), the Rev. W. G. Penny, Dr. Lyons, Dr. Hayden, John O'Hagan, Thomas Arnold, J. Pollen, L. P. Renouf, W. H. Scott, Denis Florence McCarthy, Canon Morris, Dr. Sigerson, J. P. O'Reilly and as we have said, Dr. Sullivan himself, who contributed during the four years of its publication, thirteen papers on philology, chemistry and geology, besides three written in collaboration with Professor O'Reilly. Amongst these papers the principal were his translation of Ebel's Celtic Studies, which he afterwards brought out in book form, and two on the influence which the Physical Geography, &c., of different regions exert upon the languages and mythology of mankind. These influences he divided into two chief classes: the direct, as for example, the changes in pronunciation which occur in mountainous districts owing to the high pitch required in order to make the voice heard at a distance, and indirect effects such as those caused by the isolation of the villages in such districts.

The Atlantis did very much to establish the reputation of the Catholic University on a high level, and was the cause of pupils being sent there from foreign schools to complete their education.

About this time Dr. Sullivan contributed several papers to the Royal Irish Academy, amongst which were two on changes produced by heat, on silicate of zinc, and on a new hydrated silicate of potash, which were of considerable interest. In addition

to writing these he analysed a number of ancient metallic ornaments for the Academy, of which he was elected secretary in 1867.

In 1863 Dr. Sullivan translated from the German, the Celtic Studies of Dr. Hermann Ebel, and published it with an introduction of the greatest value. Much of this book, which we have already mentioned, had previously appeared in *The Atlantis*, but owing to the exigencies of a magazine it had not been given in a complete form. These studies had originally appeared in a German magazine published under the formidable name of "Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sprachforschung," by Drs. Kuhn and Schleicher, and which the subject of this memoir considered indispensable to any public library. In the preface Dr. Sullivan alluding to these Celtic Studies says:—"I felt that papers of this kind ought to be brought under the notice of Celtic scholars, and I accordingly undertook to translate the papers on declension for *The Atlantis*. When the translation was complete, I found that by itself it would be practically unintelligible to the majority of those for whom it was written. . . . Under these circumstances I had no alternative but to prepare an explanatory introduction—to venture in fact on the hazardous undertaking of becoming, without any special qualifications, the interpreter of the German school of comparative philology." Dr. Sullivan was far too modest in his last remark; few men could have been better qualified than he was, both by his knowledge of Gaelic and German, his interest in the subject, and intellectual capacity. This work showing, after the exhaustive German fashion, the relationship of Gaelic to the northern languages, forms a most valuable contribution to Irish comparative philology.

In 1873 were published O'Curry's Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the ancient Irish, to which Dr. Sullivan wrote an introduction. O'Curry had at first intended to deliver only four lectures, but was persuaded by Dr. Sullivan and John Edward Pigot to extend the series, so that, when published, it formed two large volumes, the introduction occupying another. This introduction is perhaps the best thing of the kind ever produced in Ireland, and forms a model of research, comparable to any continental work, and was perhaps to some extent due to his German training. As a result of this, he was asked to write the article on Celtic for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which he did, with much success.

In this year Sir Robert Kane resigned the presidency of the Queen's College, Cork, and Dr. Sullivan was appointed his successor. Here he devoted his talents to re-organization and improvements; amongst other things he enlarged the grounds considerably and built a plant-house and new entrance gate, besides having by his personal popularity done much to obtain the donations by which the astronomical observatory and buildings were erected. Carrying his old feeling about the value of practical instruction into action, he caused a new engine-shop to be built, where the engineering students could do practical work.

When the Royal University was established, Dr. Sullivan was appointed a member of the Senate and organized the chemical, physical, physiological and biological laboratories.

Dr. Sullivan worked ardently at the Cork Exhibition of 1885, although he was suffering from gout; and he was requested by the committee to draw up the report, which he did, producing a work which will probably be always of value as a memoir on the state of Irish industries.

His last work was the first six chapters of "Two Centuries of Irish History," covering the period (1691-1782) from the Treaty of Limerick to the commencement of the Volunteers, and including the enactment of the penal laws and the confiscations after the accession of William III. Of the result of these confiscations and the revolutionary wars he says: "A great part of the energetic, intelligent, brave, and patriotic had perished in the war or died of famine and pestilence, or had become mercenaries without a fatherland in the armies of kings in whose quarrels they had no interest, leaving behind them in Ireland a broken, impoverished, and dispirited people, without money, arms, or leaders—fit materials for a race of helots, were it not that they possessed an unconquerable spirit of resistance to oppression, and a hope in the future which nothing could extinguish."

During the last year of his life Dr. Sullivan was an invalid. He died on the 12th of May, 1890, leaving two sons and three daughters.

G. P. SIGERSON, M.A.

PARLIAMENTARY LIFE TO ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

THERE can be no greater change to a man who has led an ordinary, more or less obscure, business life, than to find himself living in London a member of the Imperial Parliament. To have passed his years amongst friends and relatives and familiar scenes, of which he had become almost a part, going in and out of his place of business at the same regular hours, pacing the same streets, taking the same walks on Sundays and holidays—and then to be plunged into such entirely different surroundings, a stranger in this strange wonderful land called London.

The strangeness is most felt in and about the House itself. Strange it is to have the police stopping the traffic in the street for your passage—touching their hats as they cause strangers to stand aside and doors to fly open before you. But, on the other hand, at home you were perhaps of some importance; here you soon find yourself of very little. You were accustomed at your business to say “Come!” and they came, “Go!” and they went. Here you are at the foot of the ladder, you have everything to learn, you are under the strictest rule and order, and, if you take part in the proceedings, you will doubtless have put yourself in hopelessly false positions many times before you have been many weeks in the House. You are like a puppy thrown into water, and must sink or swim, scramble on to dry land and find your place as best you may—none can help you. On public platforms everything impelled you to speak as often and as long as you desired. Here you will more generally find that you are best helping the cause you desire to serve by keeping silence.

I write of course as one of the rank and file. There is no finer theatre of action for a man conscious of great powers and real ability than the House of Commons. That is precisely what makes it such humbling service for the ordinary man. In your town or circle, measured by those around you, you may have felt able to hold your place, if not in ability, at least on account of your character and services. Here you find yourself in contact with those who by a process of natural selection are the best educated

men, the deepest scholars, the most brilliant orators, those best trained in affairs, the ablest administrators of one of the richest and most powerful nations the world has ever seen. As this forces itself more and more upon your consciousness, an appalling sense of your own unimportance creeps over you,. Nothing but a sense of duty nerves you to maintain your position to the best of your ability. It would be so much easier to relinquish all effort and sink into a mere division-lobby machine.

Oratory alone passes for little in the House of Commons. A man must not only be able to talk, but he must understand affairs and show how talk can be translated into action. It is surprising the number of men who maintain a high reputation in the House, simply by their thorough knowledge upon some one subject. Honest, simple enthusiasm on a question will also carry a man through and make him respected. The best piece of advice I ever heard given to a parliamentary neophyte was: "Do not strive to be anything but what you really are." Justice is meted out in the long run to members of the House as men, however it may be with regard to causes. It is perhaps the most truly democratic assembly in the world. Wealth and connections are a good introduction; but character and ability, apart from social position or accent or bearing or habiliments, carry the day.

The path to consideration lies open to those who have any ability through service on committees. There, perhaps, more than in the Chamber itself, are opportunities given to men to show what is in them. Those who, for any reason, cannot or do not serve on committees must, unless endowed with extraordinary talents, be prepared permanently to occupy a subordinate position.

To an empty, self-sufficient man who, through wealth or through cringing subserviency to a constituency, has gained a seat, membership in the House must soon be held to be Dead Sea fruit. To those who simply take their places because they are wanted, who pretend to nothing, who would be willing to resign their trust to-morrow into the hands of better men more pleasing to constituencies—service in the House is an endless source of keen interest and enjoyment. A sense of duty will, it is true, often force a man to put himself forward to an extent that he might not desire, and in a way that may apparently compromise his dignity and peace of mind. He will constantly have to balance duty against inclination. A certain text of the Bible about making

oneself a fool for a sacred cause will often suggest itself. You would be lost if you thought only of yourself. The thought of the simple, humble, pure firesides at home in Ireland where you are trusted, and of those who rely on you to represent their feelings, will generally arouse you to a sense of your duty and your true dignity. "If you went up as you came down, you would have come down as you went up," said J. K. L., to a young preacher who broke down after a self-sufficient exordium. If you think you are about to do great things, you may often be discomfited in the House as elsewhere. If you expect nothing and follow the leading of your best instincts, leaning rather to the side of not speaking than of speaking, you will generally come right.

The forms and usages of the House are so complicated that but few can hope to initiate; most must be content to follow suite and to support those who wisely initiate.

It is a mistake to suppose that parliamentary life is necessarily an introduction to a wide social circle in London. It may be so to those who are ambitious or who belong to one of the great parties; it certainly is not so to most of the Irish members. Life out of the House is lonelier, quieter, less eventful than it would be at home. Indeed it may be said to become quieter as the months and seasons pass over. At first a member may be welcomed by many whom he had met at home on his own ground, in circumstances in which his knowledge or experience made them interested in him. In actual contact in London these impressions may soon wear away. The Londoner naturally falls back upon his own surroundings, his own absorbing interests, his own natural associates. You must not feel hurt. Surely you would not desire that you should be patronized or rated differently from what you really deserve. It is consoling, too, to believe that not alone in the House but by the newspapers, even of your own party, you are generally meted out justice. Miserable, indeed, would that member be who could not perceive that he is reported or not reported, noticed or not noticed, precisely in proportion to his merits and the degree in which his sayings and doings are really interesting to the public. Publicity and big capitals and leaded paragraphs from John O' Groats to Cape Clear are ever at the service of the man prepared to purchase a bubble reputation at the expense of his constituents and his honour by criticising his party, by turning his back on his friends, by flattering those whom he should oppose. No honest man would seek or desire such publicity.

The manner in which a man is left to himself in the House and often passed without notice or greeting by his nearest friends is at first exceedingly trying. Men have been known to sulk and sink permanently under it. Nothing is, however, really meant by this. Offence should not be taken. It is the only convention by which in such a busy hive of differing and absorbing interests men could preserve any leisure for thought and study, or for any part of the day call their souls their own. It will soon be found that upon proper occasion members are inclined to be as friendly, and to give sympathy, information and advice there as readily as elsewhere.

Yet it cannot be doubted that life in the House of Commons and in London tends to harden and take the enthusiasm out of a man. Brought face to face with such masses of humanity, such varied interests, such overwhelming prejudices and different opinions and turns of thought, the hope of effecting much tends to cool. Well is it for great causes and great reforms that all young men are not brought up in London. Great causes naturally come there for their solution; few would ever have sprung into existence within its radius. The more a member keeps himself under the influence of the public opinion of his own country and his own constituents, the better. Best it is for the preservation of his own peace of mind and of unswerving faith in the righteousness of whatever great cause he may have gone to London to advance, that through all its absorbing interests he should feel his life there a life of exile.

One panacea I may in conclusion suggest for misgivings and feelings of uselessness and loneliness that must often come over the mind of members of the rank and file of Parliamentary service in London. It has often stood me in good stead. Let him sit down and play one of those old Irish melodies in which are expressed all the sweet, sad, and tender associations, all the long sufferings and sorrows of our country. Then weak thoughts of self will be banished; and the soul will be flooded with the consciousness of what a proud privilege it is to be permitted to serve that country, however feebly, however imperfectly.

ALFRED WEBB.

AN IRISH AMBASSADOR.

IN the year 1856 were published at Vienna "*for private circulation only*," the memoirs of an old Irish house that has given soldiers and peers to this realm, generals and statesmen to Austria—the family of Taaffe. The memoirs compiled from original documents are pleasant reading, but they deal chiefly with well-fought fields, and doughty deeds of arms. There are, however, amongst them some letters to and from John Taaffe, who in 1764 was sent by the Empress Maria Theresa, to announce the coronation of the Emperor Joseph, and at the same time to supply her with trustworthy information as to the manners, appearance, and mode of life of the Portuguese royal family, and more especially of Maria Benedicta, the youngest princess, whom she evidently regarded as a possible daughter-in-law. These letters, interesting in themselves, and the more so from the light they throw on Portuguese etiquette at the period, are written in French, and are now for the first time presented in an English dress.

That one may the better understand the position of the writer, a short sketch of his family will not be out of place.

At the time of John Taaffe's birth in 1733, his ancestors, Jacobites all, had been established in Austria for nearly a century. The Taaffe's were of Anglo-Norman descent. Sir John Taaffe, Knight, was created Baron Ballymote of Corrin and Viscount Taaffe, in 1628. His son Theobald, second Viscount, member of the Irish Parliament for Sligo, and master of the Ordnance, was raised to the peerage by Charles II., as Earl of Carlingford. He left four sons and a daughter, and was succeeded by the eldest, Nicholas, slain in 1691 while leading the King's guards at the Battle of the Boyne. His brother Francis, the famous Count Taaffe, who succeeded him, was born in 1639, and educated in Austria, afterwards entering the military service of that country, and rising to the highest honours. He took part in all the famous campaigns against the Turks, and sent trophies to James II. We read in *The London Newsletter* of August 29th, 1685, the following passages: "This day His Majesty came to town, and this day receives the presents sent him by the Duke of Lorraine, which are a Turkish drum, some arms, and divers very rich

scimitars, one whereof is richly set with diamonds and other rich stones in the hilt, which were all taken from the Turks in this late victory gained by the Imperialists before Grau in Hungary. . . . In the garden of Somerset House was set up for his Majesty's use one of the Grand Vizier's tents taken at the relief of Vienna, which with a Janissary was sent by Count Taaffe to the Earl of Carlingford, and by him presented to his Majesty." Honoured by his contemporaries, and befriended by the Emperor of Austria, Count Taaffe was a personage so powerful that by a special clause in Acts I. and IX. of William and Mary he was, though a Roman Catholic, exempted from forfeiture when he succeeded his brother Nicholas. He did not, however, return to Ireland, and dying without issue in 1704, his nephew, Theobald, was by his will appointed his heir. He left money for the relief of wounded soldiers as well as for carrying on the building of Cologne Cathedral. We hear that the Cathedral of Nancy was hung with black in his honour, and that "his corpse lied there the space of a month, attended by the Duke's Guards." Theobald was the son of John Taaffe, brother to Francis, by Lady Rose Lambert, daughter of the Earl of Cavan. His father had been killed at the siege of Derry in 1689. He himself married Lady Amelia Plunkett, daughter of the Earl of Fingall, but leaving no children the titles of Baron and Viscount devolved on his next heir male, Nicholas, grandson of William, fifth son of the first Viscount, the Earldom of Carlingford becoming extinct. Theobald Taaffe's will devised to him all his lands in Ireland and Germany, "in accordance with the intentions of his predecessor, Francis, the third Earl." Nicholas took possession of the Irish estates, but the act of Parliament then in force which prevented a Catholic inheriting land when claimed by a Protestant relative of the testator, was put into action by Robert Sutton, lineally descended from the only sister of Francis. In right of his religion he demanded both land and premises, and being within his legal right, Nicholas was forced to come to an agreement, whereby the estates were sold to John Petty Fitzmaurice, afterwards Earl of Shelbourne. One-third the purchase money was given to Viscount Taaffe, and two-thirds to Robert Sutton, the share of the former being £25,000. He had hopes of holding land at some future time, and Lord Fitzmaurice promised to give back the estates at the same price whenever this happened, paying consequently a

smaller sum than they were worth. The Earl of Shelbourne died in 1761, when his widow, as guardian to her children, repudiated the claim and said "she did not consider herself bound by whatever private promise her late Lord had made, but considered her son William to be the rightful owner of Lord Taaffe's estates in Ireland." Nicholas married Mariana Von Spindler, the daughter and heiress of Count Von Spindler in upper Austria, and had two sons, John, born as before said in 1733, in Soho Square, London, and Francis, born in 1737, at Prague.

This brings us to the writer and recipient of the letters we are about to give. In 1755 he joined the Imperial Embassy at Madrid under Count Migazzo, and four years later married Maria Brigitta, daughter of the High Chancellor, Count Chotek, the marriage contract being signed in the name of the Empress Maria Theresa, by Prince Von Trantsohn. His wife, a woman of great attractions and ability, bore him three children, Mariana, Rodolf, and John. In 1760 he was appointed a councillor Imperial Aulic of the Empire, and accompanied the bride of Joseph II. to Vienna. In 1764 he was sent as ambassador to Portugal to announce the Archduke Joseph's election as King of Rome, and at the same time to obtain information as to the suitability of one of the infantas as a wife for the Archduke Leopold, afterwards Leopold II. With so much preamble, we begin the letters. The first is from Maria Theresa herself, and is headed "Points of Instruction for Count Taaffe." She says:—

"As you are appointed to bear to Lisbon the news of the coronation of my son, Joseph, I desire to profit of this occasion to gain some information about the country, being persuaded that you will apply yourself thereto with equal zeal and prudence.

"I charge you in the first instance to give me an exact description of the younger Infanta Maria Benedicta, both as to character and appearance, remarking her face and figure, and noting the state of her health. Inform me likewise if she had smallpox and measles. Say what kind of an education she has received, with regard to religion, to her mind, and, in particular, to her heart. Tell me what is her mode of life, of conduct, how she bears herself in public, what sort of temper has she, what are her sentiments, her inclinations, her amusements, what progress she has made in languages, science, and in knowledge suited to her birth and to her age.

"Not content with furnishing me with details as to the Infanta

Maria Benedicta, you shall extend your observations to the Princes and Princesses who compose the Royal family, rendering me an account of their modes of thought and of life, the state of their health, the etiquette and usages, as well as the intrigues of the court.

"You will likewise add your remarks on the political system of Portugal, on its alliances with foreign powers, its forces by land and sea, the interior constitution of the country, the state of its commerce, the popularity and the sentiments of the ministers who are at the head of affairs, the principles that guide them, the objects that divide them into factions or that unite them. Say in what parts the Count d'Oyeras and his clique maintain themselves. Note the influence that the clergy (whether regular or secular) have in politics, the regard that is manifested for religion, the affection or aversion felt by the nobility and people for the sovereign and his ministers, finally the opinion that natives and foreigners have of the form of government, the principles of the ministers, and the strength or weakness of the kingdom. As I particularly wish for information on the subject of the Infanta Maria Benedicta, you can send me your reports in the cypher with which I have caused you to be provided, addressing them to Count Von Rosenberg at Madrid, who will be charged to forward them direct to me. As to the rest of the information that I ask for, you need only collect it during your stay at Lisbon, the length of which will depend on your wish, and it may be remitted to me on your arrival here.

"The Count of Jacoucca will speak to you before your departure with regard to his interests in Portugal. I cordially recommend them to you, as well as those of his sister-in-law, desiring from my heart to be useful to both one and the other; but I warn you, that while engaging to take their part, you should at the same time be circumspect, so as not to compromise my person after a fashion unsuited to me.

"*MARIA THERESA.*

"*Given at Vienna, this 26th day of February, 1764.*"

"*Vienna, this 15th day of March, 1764.*

'Count Taaffe—

"Informed as you are of the commission with which I have charged you during your stay at Lisbon, I am desirous of adding to it that I have just received very favourable accounts of the appearance and qualities of the Infanta of Portugal, although they tell me she is somewhat ill-tempered. I am, therefore, the more desirous of knowing how much is true, and wish you to send me your report in cypher as soon as possible after your arrival. Let it be equally exact and detailed with regard to the exterior of this Princess and to her

qualities of mind and heart. Direct it here by the shortest route. I should like also to have some good Spanish tobacco; you might get me a small quantity through Count Von Rosenberg, who could have it forwarded to me when sending a courier, or by some other way, or give it to you when passing through Madrid on your return. I assure you of my constant favour and good will.

“*MARIA THERESA.*

“I forgot that you will not pass through Spain (*que vous ne passez par [sic] l’Espagne*) because of the tobacco.”

Now come John Taaffe’s copies of his replies :—

“Your Sacred Majesty, Madam—

“In obedience to your Majesty’s orders, I have the honour to announce that having arrived here on the 16th of the current month, I made the customary visits to the ministers, had an audience on the 19th, and was received very graciously by all the Royal Family, as your Majesty may see by my communication to His Highness the Prince of Colloredo.

“The Princess of Brazil, the Prince of Beira, his son, and the three Infantas were present during my audience with the Queen. I paid compliments to each, as is the custom here. I was received in state, and they were all standing ranged, according to their rank, to the left of the Queen, and replied to my remarks in a few words, so that the whole audience lasted little more than seven minutes. They are all well favoured on the whole. The youngest, the Infanta Maria Benedicta, is pretty, without being regularly beautiful. She is of medium stature, and inclined to be stout, enjoys perfect health, and had smallpox about two years ago. I could not see if she was pitted, as they keep the apartments darkened because of the heat of the sun. They think so little of measles here that I have not yet been able to learn if she has had the disease or not. She is supposed to be clever, to possess an admirable character and temper, and a large share of individuality. In the letter dated March 15th, with which your Majesty honoured me at Frankfort, you did me the honour to say that you had heard the Infanta was somewhat ill-tempered. I made all enquiries possible on the subject, and have reason to believe that she was wronged on this point, and that apparently your informant was mistaken as to the person. It is the third Princess who is taxed with peevishness, she being in feeble health, which may contribute thereto.

“The court never dines in public, and the Princesses lead a very retired life. The youngest is fond of music and makes it her principal amusement; they say she composes and sings very prettily.

"This is all that I have been able to learn on this point until now. An indisposition which seized me the day after my audience kept me for some days confined to my chamber, but I have heard that not being on the footing of a foreign minister at the court, their Majesties will permit me to assist at a concert where I shall have the honour of hearing the Princesses sing and play, and see them without all the ceremonial customary at the audience. I shall reserve until then the honour of giving your Majesty more exact and detailed intelligence on this point as well as on the others contained in my instructions.

Sacred Majesty, Madam—

I humbly implore your Majesty not to impute to me a lack of zeal in your august service, if I have not until now been able to give a more faithful account of the Royal family, but to attribute it to the impassable barrier raised by the etiquette of the court. A Portuguese cannot pass the Palace gates without all eyes being fixed on him, and speculations arising as to what brings him there. The nobility attached to the court scarcely ever go out, and receive no visits, so that there is no communication between them and those in the city, except in cases of near relationship. I was given to hope that I might go to one of the concerts which, from time to time, are given at court, but as that never came off, and as the Infanta Don Pedro gives a *fête* every year to the Royal family at his country house on the feast of St. John, I begged the Count d'Oyeras to obtain for me permission to assist thereat. I obtained it, went, and was received in the most gracious manner possible, being placed everywhere in such a position as to hear and see all. During the fireworks which lasted nearly an hour, I was in the same pavillion as the Royal family and their attendants. The Infanta gave a similar *fête* on St. Peter's Day, but as the foreign ministers had obtained this same permission for the first time, I saw it with them from a box constructed for the purpose. I will give to your Majesty in this and in my following communications, details of what I have been able to learn as to the Royal family during my stay here, but I implore you to believe that it is only your special order could make me speak with such frankness, or even make such inquiries about crowned heads and reigning families. The King is of medium height and robust, has a gracious air, a sweet and benevolent character, and at heart a great veneration for religion, although one might be led to think differently owing to certain arrangements made during the administration of the Count d'Oyeras. He is firm in his resolutions, but has perhaps a little too much weakness for those in whom he has once placed his confidence. The Queen has a

great deal of ability, meddles but little or not at all in matters of business ; is very religious, and has brought up her children in the same fashion. As to what regards the rest of their education, it is not what your Majesty has with unceasing care bestowed on your august family. The Queen is, to tell the truth, very severe, but, if I may dare to say so in speaking of a sovereign, she thinks too much about amusement, music, hunting, riding and driving, to give all her attention to the bringing up of her children. The Princesses had as tutor a Jesuit, a man of talent, who instructed them in geography, *Belles Lettres*, Latin, and even in philosophy and experimental science, but when the Jesuits were banished, they neglected to replace him by a suitable person.

"Don Pedro, brother to the King, is affable and gracious. He is very religious and shows good taste in the *fêtes* he gives for the entertainment of their Majesties. He brings a love of order to bear on all his undertakings. The Princess of Brazil, his wife,* has a character of much sweetness and amiability. She passes the greater part of the morning in prayer, or in conversation with her director, a Carmelite monk. Her conduct, whether as regards God, her parents, her husband, or her family is irreproachable.

"The Infanta Marianne is prettier and possessed of more talent and application, having profitted by the instructions that have been given to her. She is fond of reading, very pious, has a most beautiful voice, loves dress, and is rather economical. She is determined and somewhat outspoken, according to report, but all the same treats everyone with that politeness which is necessary and suitable to her rank. The Infanta Maria Dorothea is very thin, and is said to be rather peevish, which may arise from her continued ill-health. She appears in public only on days of ceremony. The Infanta Maria Benedicta is incomparably the prettiest. She is of medium height, plump and well made, has a beautiful complexion, and although marked with smallpox, is not in the least disfigured thereby. She has an air of distinction, and bears herself better in public than any other member of the Royal family. Her amusements consist in music, embroidery and other needlework. Her voice is not quite as fine as that of the Infanta Marianne, but she sings very well and with much grace. Their music master, one Perez, lived formerly in Vienna. She enjoys perfect health, is lively and has an admirable character, displaying much piety and adaptability, is graceful, generous, and affable to everyone. I often hear her called by the most affectionate names,

* The eldest daughter of John V. married her uncle, the Don Pedro mentioned by John Taaffe.

'our adorable, our beautiful Princess.' Her youth at the time the Jesuits were proscribed prevented her profiting by their instructions to the same extent as the Infanta Marianne, but I am assured that she has a desire and a great facility for learning all that is suitable to her rank. She, like her elders, speaks only Portuguese with fluency, but she understands French and Italian very well, so I think it would give her but little trouble to become perfect in both these languages in a short time. I shall have the honour to give more information to your Majesty before my departure, and to deposit the Infanta's portrait in your hands on my return.

"I prostrate myself with submission at the feet of your Sacred Majesty, and with the most ardent zeal for your august service, beg to remain, &c.

"The court was, as is customary, at the bull fight last Sunday. The Infantas Marianne and Maria Benedicta were upset when returning. The younger was rather badly bruised on the forehead and left arm, but showed much courage and resolution, remounting the chaise to return to the palace. She was bled the next day, but was so well that the King and Queen did not put off the proposed party of pleasure to the Infanta's country house. She bears no other injury than the swelling on the forehead and the contusion on the arm, and was confined to her bed only for as long as was thought necessary to bleed her.

COUNT PÜCKLER to COUNT JOHN TAAFFE.

"Sir—

"It was only on my arrival at Presburg, where I have been since the beginning of the month, that I received the letter of the 29th May, that you, sir, were good enough to address to me for Her Majesty, to whom I have not failed to remit. I have the honour to inform you, that perfectly satisfied as Her Majesty is with the contents of your letter, she expects that without delaying on the journey or making a long *detour*, you will return speedily to Vienna, and make report by word of mouth with regard to the details of your mission. As Her Majesty thinks you are already on your way, I believe, sir, I cannot do better than address my letter to Mr. Secretary Kaill, asking him to forward it to you.

"I am extremely desirous of renewing to you, sir, on your return the assurance of my most respectful devotion, and have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your very humble and very obedient servant.

"PÜCKLER.

"*Presburg, the 16th of July, 1764.*"

We learn from the despatches of Johann Baptist Kaill, the Imperial Secretary and Chargé d’Affaires at the Court of Lisbon, to Prince Kaunitz, that Count Taaffe was received in Portugal with honors such as had never been shown to his predecessors. He mentions that not only were the Royal carriages placed at his disposal from the moment of his arrival, but that the proud and powerful Prime Minister, the Count d’Oyeras, was the first to visit him, whereupon all the native and foreign ministers hastened to pay their respects. On his return journey to Vienna, he was accompanied by Don Jose da Cuncha, who was commissioned to present the King of Portugal’s compliments to the Court of Vienna.

The young man (he was only thirty-one) was apparently but at the outset of a brilliant career. A favourite of the all-powerful Empress, his advancement to the highest offices of state seemed certain, and nature had endowed him with ability to fill them worthily. *L’homme propose*. A year later, Count Taaffe was sent on a mission to Naples, and on his way back was seized at Görz by a fatal illness, so sudden that it was popularly attributed to poison.

On hearing the news of his death, Maria Theresa at once despatched the following autograph letters to the father and mother of John Taaffe.

To NICHOLAS VISCOUNT TAAFFE.

“The merits of your worthy son were well known to me, and I share your regrets for his loss. I shall be glad if able to aid in consoling your natural grief at this fatal event, and you and those still left to you may count on the continuance of my past favours.

“MARIA THERESA.

“*Vienna, 17th December, 1765.*”

To LADY ANNE TAAFFE.

“My dear Taaffe—

“I am very sensible of the sorrow that, with such good reason, prostrates you at the loss of a son who must have been so dear to you, and who, by his zeal, his attachment, and his other good qualities, had rendered himself worthy of my esteem and protection. know by sad experience what your grief must be, and hope very sincerely that the most powerful Author of all consolation may cause

you to feel in your virtues, and in your religion, the needed solace. Rest assured of the continuance of my good will towards you, as well as of my constant desire to give proofs of it to all your family.

“*MARIA THERESA.*

“*Vienna, 17th December, 1765.*”

The death of their eldest son, the hope and pride of their house, was not the only misfortune that befel the aged parents of John Taaffe. Dissension arose between them and the family of their daughter-in-law. Soon after the marriage, Count Chotek had persuaded Nicholas Taaffe to make a settlement on his son, enabling him to live in the splendour suitable to his rank. Nicholas at first objected to dismember his estates, but when he saw that John was so far influenced by his wife and her people, as to treat him with a certain coolness, he could resist no longer, and resigned in his son's favour all his estates in Silesia, namely, the castle, town, and estates of Deutschleuten Freystadt, Roy, Peterswald, Pierstna, and Mieseran. He had been desirous of establishing a second primogeniture in his family in Austria, the first in Ireland having been destroyed, but Count Chotek assured him that the deed of gift might be so worded as to prevent his descendants from selling their estates or any part of them without buying another equivalent. In the Chancellor's hands, therefore, he left the drawing up of the instrument, and signed it without examination. Only after John's death did he discover that the document enabled his son to disinherit his children if so minded, and to leave the property to his wife or any one else. All now depended on John's will. This fortunately coincided with his father's wishes. He appointed his widow and his brother Francis as co-guardians to his children. Owing, however, to some informality in the will, the government refused to confirm it before the children came of age, unless by special order of the Empress, which Count Chotek used all his influence to prevent. And now arose fresh complications. Francis fell in love with his sister-in-law, was accepted, and took a journey to Rome to obtain a dispensation, leaving his little niece and nephew in the care of Count Chotek. The Pope declined to countenance the marriage, and on the return of Francis to Vienna, the Count refused to give up the children, saying that their guardianship had been made over to him by their uncle of his own free will, and that he had no power

to rescind it. The Count still seemed desirous that Francis should marry his daughter, and when the Pope died in 1769, urged him to apply once more to Rome. Francis, however, was jealous of the favour shown by his handsome sister-in-law to a Count Mallabaila Canale, to whom rumour declared she was privately married, and he declined to have anything more to do with one "so fair and so deceiving," though she denied the marriage and bitterly reproached her former suitor with lack of faith and of affection. Francis stood firm, however, rejoined his regiment, and never again entered her house or that of Count Chotek. He finally married Frances, the daughter of Lord Bellew, and grand-daughter of the Lord Nithsdale, who would have been beheaded on Tower Hill, but for the fortitude and ingenuity of his heroic Countess. The wife of Francis died in 1792, and having bequeathed all his property to his nephew, Rudolph, he devoted the rest of his life to astronomy. The fair and false Maria Brigitta married her Count Mallabaila, and left all the property to him, disinheriting her children by John Taaffe. She is said in the memoirs to have been an active Freemason,* her second husband being the chief Grand-master, and she died at an advanced age in 1810. She was the grand-mother of the present Prime Minister of Austria, and with her death we end this brief sketch of an Irish Ambassador.

C. O'CONOR ECCLES.

* Women are admitted as Freemasons in some foreign lodges, notably in Majorca.

THE SEEKING OF CONTENT.

SWEET Content at the rich man's gate,
 Called, " Wilt thou let me in ? "
 " No ! thou art poor and thou art not great.
 Hast nothing thy way to win.
 Here love is little and mighty is power ;
 Fate may change in a wayward hour,
 A monarch's heart may grow weary of thought.
 What if his gold-bringing bees be caught,
 Or wake to the fact of their sting ?
 He has all to lose, if nothing to gain,
 And his throne doth lean for support in the main
 On the different minds that have crowned him a king
 In their summer of thinking : so, sorrow
 And winter may come with the morrow."

Sweet Content, at the poor man's door,
 Called, " May I enter here ? "
 " No ! we bees of the golden store
 Are smothered with cold and fear.
 We up with the sun to delve and moil,
 We give our eyes with the midnight oil,
 Till the sight burns dim, till the wick's no more,
 To give our masters a coach-and-four,
 To spatter us with the mire.
 If nothing to lose, we have all to win,
 To a heart's despair sin scarce seems sin —
 When hope dies out, maybe crime steals in,
 And patience may sometime grow sick and tire.
 The wearied bee may die on the wing,
 Or—God has given to each his sting."

Sweet Content at death's black gates,
 Called, " Wilt thou take me in ? "
 " Enter into the home of peace,
 Close my gates on good and sin.
 Shut on the poor man's rags my door,
 Shut on the rich man's coach-and-four.
 Nothing hath man when life gave him breath,
 Nothing he takes past the gates of death
 Of the world's unequal paying,
 Save only the joys he fought self to resign,
 Only the sorrows he did not repine,
 The sins that he stooped for, or passed, and Divine
 Is the justice that judges the weighing.
 What better reward for a tired life spent,
 Than thee for his bride, Content ?

DORA SIGERSON.

THE BOOK OF THE RHYMERS' CLUB.*

THE appearance of this little volume has been eagerly looked forward to in literary circles, as many of the contributors have already attained high rank among our minor poets. But even those whose interest in contemporary poetry is but languid will sympathise with the spirited aims of the twelve rhymers, Messrs. Dowson, Ellis, Greene, Lionel Johnson, Le Gallienne, Plarr, Radford, Ernest Rhys, Rolleston, Arthur Symons, Todhunter, and W. B. Yeats. For, as Mr. Rhys sings in the "The Toast":

" As once rare Ben and Herrick
Set older Fleet-street mad,
With wit not esoteric,
And laughter that was lyric,
And roystering rhymes and glad.

" As they we drink defiance
To-night to all but Rhyme,
And most of all to Science,
And all such skins of lions
That hide the ass of time.

" To-night to rhyme as they did
Were well—ah, were it ours,
Who find the muse degraded,
And changed, I fear, and faded,
Her laurel crown and flowers."

" Degraded and changed " no less than the muse, it must be confessed, is Fleet-street itself from the days when, as Herrick tells us, the "rare arch-poet" and his guests

" Met at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun—"

or from the glories of a century and a-half later, when wits met at the "Old Cheshire Cheese," the scene of the modern Rhymers' revels; as Mr. Rolleston's Ballade has it:

" Beneath this board Burke's, Goldsmith's knees
Were often thrust—so runs the tale—
'Twas here the Doctor took his ease,
And wielded speech that, like a flail,
Threshed out the golden truth. All hail,
Great souls! that met on nights like these,
Till morning made the candles pale,
And revellers left the 'Cheshire Cheese'."

For Fleet-street is now the head-quarters of the betting world ; the reign of the poet and bookworm has given place to that of the jockey and the "bookmaker." Such, at least, might be the reflections of a pessimistic Londoner as he fights his way through the surging crowd that throngs the foot-path around the offices of the sporting papers, at the hours when the results of the morning's race meetings are announced. Notwithstanding, Fleet-street is still the centre of journalistic activity ; here are the offices of the great "Dailies," and if the well-known literary clubs now have their homes further westward, the famous taverns of Fleet-street are still the meeting-places of many, literary coteries, not the least important being the Rhymers' Club.

Readers of *The Irish Monthly* will be pleased to note the names of several Irishmen among the Rhymers. And, indeed, the judgment will scarcely be considered rash that assigns to Mr. Yeats the highest place in order of merit. In the poem "A man who dreamed of Fairyland," he tells a tale full of strange Celtic fancy in verse, whose sustained music rises at times to real power. The concluding stanza will serve to give an idea of the effect of the whole :

" He slept under the hill of Lugnagall,
And might have known at last unhaunted sleep
Under that cold and vapour-turbaned steep,
Now that old earth had taken man and all ;
Were not the worms that spired about his bones
A-telling with their low and reedy cry
Of how God leans his hands out of the sky,
To bless that isle with honey in his tones—
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,
And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss
Until He burn up nature with a kiss—
The man has found no comfort in the grave."

Of a different character is "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." Here Mr. Yeats leaves Celtic myth to express his yearning, when pent in the crowded city, for the hush of the lake in the far away West, As true poetry must do, it carries the reader by a subtle process, he knows not how, out of his material surroundings, to the distant, beautiful land of the poet's dream. Here is the poem in its entirety :

" I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made :
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee.
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

" And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veil of the morning to where the cricket sings :
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

" I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake-water lapping with low sound on the shore :
 While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core."

Several graceful contributions proceed from the well-known pen of Dr. Todhunter, a name of which Irishmen are justly proud. The following is an extract from his poem " To One Beloved " :

" All hopes or fears, all triumph or defeat,
 All shy vicissitudes the spirit knows,
 Seem but the changes of that shadowy clime,
 Where love doth bless thee from the spells of change.

" All moving tales, all beauty, all delight,
 Earth's multitudinous music or the seas,
 All sweet and shuddering chords from Life's rich lute,
 Set my lone pulses murmuring unto thee."

Irish readers will naturally turn with most interest to the contributions of their fellow-countrymen, but it is now time to say something of the excellent work that has been done by Saxon members of the club.

The modern note of interest sounds through Mr. Le Gallienne's pathetic little poem, " What of the Darkness " :

" What of the Darkness ? Is it very fair ?
 Are there great calms and find ye silence there ?
 Like soft shut lillies all your faces glow
 With some strange peace our faces never know,
 With some great faith our faces never dare.
 Dwells it in darkness ? Do ye find it there ?

" Out of the day's deceiving light we call,
 Day that shows man so great and God so small,
 That hides the stars and magnifies the grass ;
 Oh ! is the darkness too a lying glass,
 Or undistracted do ye find truth there ?
 What of the Darkness ? Is it very fair ? "

In marked contrast to the yearning of this doubting soul after a light not yet grasped, is the sweet, unquestioning faith of the " Carmelite Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration," depicted in Mr. Dowson's poem :

" These heed not time, their nights and days they make
 Into a long, returning rosary ;
 Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake :
 Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

" A vowed patrol, in silent companies,
Life-long they keep before the living Christ :
In the dim church, their prayers and penances,
And fragrant incense to the Sacrificed.

* * * *

" And there they rest ; they have serene insight
Of the illuminating dawn to be :
Mary's sweet star dispels for them the night,
The proper darkness of humanity.

" Calm, sad, serene ; with faces worn and mild ;
Surely their choice of vigil is the best ?
Yea ! for our roses fade, the world is wild ;
But there, beside the altar, there, is rest."

There is much of the same spirit of reverence in Mr. Lionel Johnson's thoughtful lines "To a Passionist." One feels almost reluctant to leave the hush of the Sanctuary for the turmoils of the seventeenth century ; but Mr. Johnson's Jacobite enthusiasm has inspired him with what is, perhaps, one of the best poems in the volume, "By the Statue of King Charles the First at Charing Cross." After the lapse of two centuries the battle-ground of ideas has so far shifted that the picture of the Martyr King is one that touches all men ; even the most uncompromising advocate of the Long Parliament will be moved by this glowing devotion to the long dead idea of the divine right of Kings.

" Sombre and rich the skies ;
Great glooms, and starry plains.
Gently the night-wind sighs ;
Else a vast silence reigns.

" The splendid silence clings
Around me : and around
The saddest of all kings
Crowned, and again discrowned.

* * * *

" Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king :
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

" Which are more full of fate ;
The stars, or those sad eyes ?
Which are more still and great :
Those brows, or the dark skies ?

* * * *

“ King, tried in fires of woe !
 Men hunger for thy grace :
 And through the night I go,
 Loving thy mournful face .

“ Yet, when the city sleeps ;
 When all the cries are still :
 The stars and heavenly deeps
 Work out their perfect will .”

Mr. G. A. Green contributes his mite to that treasury of sonnets on the Sonnet, of which our readers heard a good deal a few years ago :—

I hear the quatrains' rolling melody,
 The second answering back her sister's sounds
 Like a repeated music, that resounds
 A second time with varying harmony :

Then come the tercets with full-voiced reply.
 And close the solemn strain in sacred bounds,
 While all the time one growing thought expounds
 One palpitating passion's ecstasy.

Ah ! could I hear thy thoughts so answer mine
 As quatrain echoes quatrain, soft and low,
 Two hearts in rhyme and time one golden glow !
 If so two lives one music might entwine,
 What melody of life were mine and thine,
 Till song-like comes the ending all must know ! ~

This small volume has already met with no little appreciation in literary London ; and no doubt many readers of *The Irish Monthly*—a magazine which at all times has given such kindly encouragement to young poets—will welcome it with pleasure. The aim of the writers will, at least, appeal to their sympathies, even though they be not disposed to grant the assumption of the decadence of modern poetry, or to judge as completely successful this attempt to restore to it the youthful and unconscious vigour of the Elizabethan period ; for as old George Herbert says :

“ Who aimeth at the sky
 Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.”

H. W.

THE STAKE—A QUEEN.

AN OLD IRISH LEGEND.

IT was the end of October when in Pagan days the fairies were supposed to have more power than usual in exercising their capricious whims. Great fires roared up the openings in the banquet hall of Tara, where the daily meal (consisting chiefly of fifty cows), had been duly divided among the numerous attendants who crowded the Irish court in those primitive ages.

The King, who was the Ardrigh or supreme monarch over all the provincial kings and princes in Ireland, reclined on a couch under a canopy supported by bronze pillars, which was called the "Immnda." He had been hunting the red deer all day, and fatigued by the sport he rested, quietly looking at the logs of wood that crackled noisily, as the wind, rushing through the open doors, and the manifold chinks of the wooden building, acted like a mighty pair of bellows upon the flames.

The King had two names, both uncouth to our modern ears—the second, Aiream, not being so difficult to pronounce, we shall use it in preference to the first.

Aiream was a handsome man, of great height and strength, his eyes bright blue, with long hair, slightly reddish, curling over his broad forehead. The firm thin lips told of one accustomed to command those Irish princes who, at his election, pledged their faith to the supreme monarch of Ireland, "by the sun, moon, and stars, as long as the sea exists around Erin."*

The firelight flickered over the King's purple cloak, and glittered on its fastening—a gold brooch of enormous size. A white linen shirt, in fashion of a Highland kilt, was gathered round his waist by a girdle studded with garnets and lapis lazuli, and clasped with a gold buckle. His sandals were of golden net work, and round his neck was a gold torquet† or collar, beautifully wrought in a spiral shape, while bracelets and rings of the same metal, covered both arms and fingers. The Ardrigh's red bronze shields and spears

* Pagan coronation oath. "History and Antiquities of Tara," by Dr. George Petrie.

† This torque was peculiar to the Celtic princes and the knights of their families. See Notes on Introduction to the Study of the History and Antiquities of Ireland by S. O'Halloran.

set in gold sockets were suspended on the walls. Heedless of the bard who was reciting a genealogy of the race of Heremon, Aiream reflected on the last battle he had gained over a turbulent provincial king, and he meditated how soon he could set out on another expedition to the north, where some of the chiefs were in rebellion. The O'Neills also were becoming insolent, and a display of power in Ulster would repress their arrogant pride.

The Ardrigh was a monarch, whose ideas in some respects were in advance of his age, and his second name, Aiream, which signified "a grave," had been bestowed upon him by the Irish, because he ordered his subjects to bury their dead in deep graves, instead of heaping over the decaying bodies huge cairns that took up more space than could be spared in the densely populated island.

Louder grew the chant of the bard, and the knights of the royal house listened complacently to the praises of their ancestors, rolled forth in picturesque verse to the accompaniment of the ancient harp made of the willow, which alone of all trees was supposed to contain the spirit of music.*

The chant suddenly ceased, and the King raising his eyes perceived a stranger of striking appearance standing before him, wrapped in a crimson cloak, over which fell long black curls. His fiery eyes were fixed upon the Ardrigh, who asked him what was his name and business.

"My name is Midir, a person of no great rank," replied the visitor carelessly, "but I have come to challenge you to a game of chess."

"Are you a good chess player?" inquired King Aiream.

"A trial will show you," replied his challenger.

"Our chess-board is in the Queen's house, and she cannot be disturbed at this hour," remarked the King.

* "Ancient Cures, Charms and Usages of Ireland," by Lady Wilde. There is great obscurity concerning the origin of Irish musical instruments. The drums were thought to be exceedingly ancient, but not so the bagpipes which were introduced by the English: see Ledwich's *Antiquities of Ireland*. As for the harp there can be little doubt of its ancient origin, for in one of the old bardic legends, a very whimsical account is given concerning its invention. A woman having fled in a pet from her husband reached the sea shore, at the spot where the River Bann flows into the North Channel. Here she noticed the skeleton of a whale, and feeling tired she sat down near it, and was lulled to sleep by the moaning of the wind as it vibrated upon the withered sinews of this huge fish. Her husband coming to look for her, also observed the strange sounds thus produced by the wind, and leaving his wife still asleep he went into the nearest wood, and taking the branch of a willow tree, he fashioned a frame on which he fastened the whale's sinews, and thus he invented the Irish harp whose harmonies became dear to all Irish ears. See *Lectures on the Customs and Manners of the ancient Irish* by Eugene O'Curry.

"That is unnecessary, for here is a chess-board of no mean kind," and the stranger produced from a bag of woven brass wire a set of gold chessmen and a board of solid gold and silver, encrusted with gems that flashed brilliantly in the firelight.

The king then inquired what the stake was, and his opponent replied: "Whatever the winner may demand; but should I lose, you shall have fifty dark grey horses."

This wager fully satisfied the Ardrigh, and the game proceeded, intently watched by the silent courtiers until, in spite of all his skill, the king was declared the loser. On asking what stake Midir required, great was the king's indignant amazement when he heard the answer: "Edain, your queen; but as I do not want her now, you can keep her till next year."

Before Aiream could even start from his seat, the guest vanished as quickly as he came, and no one could follow him nor tell which of the four great roads from Tara he had taken.*

Aiream was on the point of angrily expressing his feelings at the audacity of the stranger, but finding the courtiers, strangely enough, had not heard what Midir said, he thought it would be more consistent with his royal dignity to take no further notice of a speech possibly uttered through an impulse of elation at winning a victory over the king. Moreover, should the impertinent wretch ever attempt to approach his wife, surely Aiream possessed many zealous attendants who would gladly sacrifice their own lives in the defence of their beautiful and gentle queen.

The legend does not inform us whether the Queen was told of the extraordinary wager that concerned her so nearly, but it is probable that the king kept the secret to himself lest he should be overwhelmed with reproaches for his folly in not ascertaining the wager before he undertook to play chess with an unprincipled stranger. However, next year on the eve of the first of November, when the Druids celebrated their great national festival of

* The ancient game of chess was played very differently from that of modern times, and the pieces used on the board by the early Irish must have been of considerable size, since there is a legend of an Irish hero, who, playing chess, lost his temper at a falsehood told him by a messenger whom he instantly killed by flinging one of his chessmen at the fellow's head. O'Donovan in his introduction to "The Book of Rights," gives four drawings of a large chess king of bone which belonged to Dr. G. Petrie, and, which had been dug out of a bog in Meath. The figure is curiously carved, and the impassible face and rigid attitude reminds one of the carvings representing the ancient Pharaohs. This chessman is to be seen in the room set apart for Irish Antiquities in the new Museum, Kildare Street. 5D

"Saimhain," King Aiream held an assembly at Tara of his tributary kings and princes attended by their nobles, whilst outside the walls surrounding the palace buildings, he ordered strong patrols of his most vigilant guards, commanding them to permit no stranger to pass into the palace unchallenged that night.

The revels were enlivened by the presence of Queen Edain who, left the beautiful wooden house specially assigned to the wife of the Ardrigh, and entered the banqueting hall accompanied by the provincial queens, princesses, and ladies of the court.

They were courteously received by the Ardrigh who seated himself beside Edain, resolved to watch over her himself that night, as he thought that under his care no harm could befall his beloved wife.

Queen Edain was tall and stately. Her eyes were grey, and sparkled brightly under long eye-lashes, dark as the pencilled brows on her white forehead. Braids of her hair, "yellow as the iris flower," fell beneath her girdle, while the rest was entwined with the golden "Asion" or crescent-shaped diadem worn by the Irish queens. Her regular features, her teeth, "shiny and pearly so you would think it was a shower of fair pearls set in her head," and the exquisite colouring of her complexion rendered Edain almost the loveliest of Erin's fair daughters. She sat on the throne beside the king, her richly embroidered green mantle falling in graceful folds over her white robe, adorned with flowers worked in all the colours sacred only to Irish royalty. She wore the same ornaments as her husband, but on a smaller scale, and her taper fingers played absently with the curiously wrought work-bag suspended by chains of "red gold" to her girdle.* She observed how uneasy and pre-occupied Aiream seemed, and how he scarcely answered anyone who spoke to him, but carefully watched the throngs of men and women who filled the hall. Now and then he turned a sad loving glance upon the queen, which made her anxiously wonder what was about to happen, that the Ardrigh should be so unlike himself at such a period of high festivity. As the night wore onwards, King Aiream grew more restless than ever, and at last when the drums were beating loudly, and the revels were at their height, he beheld the stranger, Midir, standing

* The Irish queens all had these bags in which they kept their crowns and veils. By the Brehon laws a queen's work-bag could only be pledged for three ounces of silver or three cows or six heifers.

before the queen, evidently invisible to all but himself and his unhappy wife.

The king would have called aloud, but his tongue was paralysed, and he could only gaze at Midir, who began to address the queen in a sweet, persuasive voice, soft as the murmur of the rivers and fountains, low as the whisper of the summer wind through the dark forests of Ireland.

In a poem recited with the utmost melody Midir told the Queen how fair she was, and that if she would go with him she would reign over a wonderful land, where people knew no care or pain, where they never died of old age; where the crimson flowers were scattered over the green plains, like the spots on the blackbird's eggs; where the women had golden hair and black lashes like Edain's own; where the streams flowed gently through the fertile fields; where they could see the people on all sides, "but by no one shall we be seen."

The poem concluded abruptly by a rather prosaic assurance of "golden hair, fresh pork, new milk, and ale." A short pause ensued, but Aiream could not move, and as if in some horrible nightmare, he watched the stranger, whose inscrutable eyes shining full of baleful fire, were now fixed upon the fascinated and stupefied Queen. Magnetised by their mysterious power she made no resistance, when Midir gently raised her from the throne, and unseen by the courtiers, drew her away. The King in despair and rage saw his wife disappear, yet he was unable to move, or to cry aloud for help. His unnatural lethargy at length passed away, and he realized that his queen had been taken from him by one of the great fairy chiefs dwelling in the lakes and hills of Erin.

The next day he sent for the Druid Dallan, and desired him not to return to Tara without tidings of the Queen. The Druid spent the whole year in a fruitless search. Nowhere, by spells or incantations, could he discover the lost Queen, and the first of November had again come round, when he reached a hill on the borders of Meath and Longford. Here he took four rods of the tough yew tree and carved on them an "ogham" of more than usual power which had the effect of compelling the malicious "good people"* residing there to divulge that Queen Edain was alive and well in the palace of the fairy King Midir, inside a hill of Longford near Ardagh.

* Polite Irish term for the fairies.

The Druid hastened with the good news to his unhappy sovereign at Tara, and the Ardrigh escorted by the princes and their soldiers, marched into Longford, where they all set to work excavating the hill, until they reached the underground palace. The cunning Midir sent out fifty ladies, in dress and appearance so like Edain, that the bewildered Aiream was quite unable to identify his own wife. As the glittering band of fair women retreated with mocking laughter into the hill, Edain was seen issuing from the fairy palace with uncertain, lethargic step. Aiream, perceiving her, rushed forward with a passionate exclamation, and at the sound of his well-known voice, Edain started as from some painful dream and swiftly threw herself into his arms. Then raising her head, she told the Ardrigh that the enforced separation, far from making her forget him, had only increased her love a thousand fold, and that faithful to her own king and husband, she ever refused to listen to the delusive promises of the unscrupulous fairies.

When the elfin women had been sent to deceive Aiream, Midir again sought to enchain her in that fatal torpor of mind and soul which enabled him to steal her from Tara the preceding year, but she vehemently resisted the dangerous magnetism of those baleful eyes, and hearing her husband's voice rising above the cries of fairies, she made a superhuman effort to shake off the lethargy that was creeping upon her, and to escape from the precincts of that "dungeon of lovelessness." Now she was free once more—free from her terrible misery. She was again beside her beloved husband, to hear his dear voice, and to see in his eyes the love that was hers alone, and the thought of which had sustained her throughout those weary months of suspense and grief. She always knew he would leave no means untried to liberate her from her awful fate, and that very hope and constancy had proved her greatest safeguards.

Aiream gazed proudly and tenderly at his wife, and the shouts of welcome and admiration, with which the warm-hearted Milesian princes now greeted Edain, proved to the angry defeated fairy king that his spell was broken. He felt that his wiles were powerless in face of human love as strong as death.

The royal pair returned to Tara where the sorrow of the past year was regarded as a hateful dream.

Restored to the green fields and to the balmy air of Erin's

upper world, secure in her love that had never doubted, never faltered in spite of all maliciousness, all difficulties, Edain, the Queen, seemed more beautiful than ever—

“ Her fairy eyes like stars, that dimmed were
With a darksome cloud,”

grew brighter every succeeding day; and “the glorious light of her sunshiny face” only intensified the happiness chastened by pain, that now reigned in the Ardrigh’s heart and home.

M. C. KELLY.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. It would be hard to imagine a book more delightful in itself or most skilfully edited than “The Wit and Wisdom of Blessed Thomas More,” collected and edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. (London: Burns and Oates). Father Bridgett’s introduction on the the martyred Chancellor’s wisdom and then on his wit is a real help to the reader, and marked by the literary charm which the accomplished Redemptorist gives to all his writings. He divides his selections into five parts—ascetic, dogmatic, illustrative of the period, fancies and merry tales, and finally quaint and colloquial phrases. He has confined his choice to the works written in English, and he changes nothing but the spelling. A very brief note now and then makes all this wit and wisdom perfectly intelligible to every one. Those who possess Father Bridgett’s “Life of Blessed Thomas More” should hasten to join this volume with it. The two books throw light on one another and give us a perfect idea of the life and mind of this great and gifted man.

2. We wish the “Child of Mary” to whom we owe “Churchyard Flowers, or Memories of the Holy Dead” (London: Burns & Oates), had allowed us to know her name and perhaps had chosen another name for her book. It is a very different book from what one might expect from such a title. It is made up of exactly a dozen of edifying stories which are told at considerable length and with a great variety of metre. “The Death of Brother John”—“A Wet Rag: its weight and value in the scales of the sanctuary”—“Our Lady’s Last Christmas”—“The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste”—“The Legend of St. Dismas:” these are some of the subjects. We are very glad to say that it is poetry as well as piety, the versification is as careful and skilful as the most fastidious of the secular muses might desire, and this “Child of Mary” is a much more implacable foe of the slipshod and the commonplace than some of our pious writers prove themselves to be. There are only two of the tales that are told in the same metre; and besides many more lyrical measures we have the blank verse of *Paradise Lost* and the hexameter of *Evangeline*—and this last, strange to say, one of the most successful. The charm of this book is further enhanced by its cheapness—only 1s. 6d.—and by one of the most attractive of the many pleasant prefaces that Father Peter Gallwey, S.J., has placed before good books.

3. Of "Moments before the Tabernacle"—a much smaller book, but published at the same price by the same publishers—*The Daily Independent* expresses the following kind opinion:—

No one who knows Father Russell's writings will need to be told that this booklet is tender, simple, and holy. The pages are full of the poetry in verse and out of it to which this Jesuit Father has such a constant devotion. His thoughts are so simple that the lowliest soul can understand them, and so beautiful that the highest will not need more beauty of thought and word. He uses all manner of quaint and pretty illustrations to bring home to one the mystery of the Blessed Eucharist. The little book has for its dominant note an impassioned devoutness. It will make a delightful and unconventional prayerbook for ordinary use.

4. As we have no magazine for children published in Ireland, we can the more readily recommend to our Irish boys and girls *The Childrens' Corner*, a penny weekly magazine for the young, published by Henry Potter, 170 New Kent Road, London, S.E. A penny is the most convenient price, and every week is the most convenient period of publication; for a month is too long for little people to wait for answers to questions and for continuations to stories. In the numbers for January 30 and February 6, there is a very pretty story by Miss Clara Mulholland; and Uncle Henry and Cousin Bruin keep up a brisk correspondence with a legion of youthful letter-writers. They might both go for a lesson to Cape Town, where Uncle Joe manages in the liveliest manner the children's department in *The South African Magazine*. We should advise Uncle Henry not to fill up vacant corners with very incorrect imitations of the Irish brogue. At best they are stupid and vulgar; and in a magazine of this sort such bad taste is worse than a crime—it is a blunder.

5. Mr. David J. O'Donoghue has brought out the first of the three parts of his "Biographical Dictionary of the Poets of Ireland." It comprises the names from A to F. The excellent but compact type, and the skilful arrangement of matter in double columns, allow of a vast amount of material being condensed into what will be a volume of some three hundred pages. Mr. O'Donoghue has evidently expended a vast amount of time and labour in compiling and arranging biographical and bibliographical details which have never before been gathered together. Half a line may often represent the patient research of several days in the British Museum. Nothing escapes his vigilance. For instance, one William Carr published at Newry, about the year 1810, a moral descriptive poem about Rostrevor; and Mr. O'Donoghue notes that "among the subscribers are two John O'Hagans"—evidently having before his mind "Dear Land" and "Ourselves Alone," and rightly conjecturing that one of these was father to the late Judge O'Hagan. This very meritorious work may be obtained from Mr. O'Donoghue himself (49 Little Cadogan Place, Pont Street, Belgravia, London). The price of Part I is two shillings, and the postage two pence.

M A Y, 1892.

JOANNA REDDAN.

I.

AT HOME.

IN a happy home in Clare, not far from the Shannon, Joanna Reddan was born of wealthy and respectable parents, in 1800. From infancy she showed a bright and joyous disposition, and great benevolence. Her talents were assiduously cultivated in the quiet of home-life, and her amiability of disposition won the love of all by whom she was surrounded. She was cousin to O'Connell, and, at one period of her life, his constant companion, occasionally acting as secretary to the great Tribune. At sixteen she became possessor of a large estate, and at that early age the pious girl resolved to devote herself to God and His poor, and expend her ample means in such benevolent projects as would make her clients self-helpful and holy. But the unexpected deaths of her sisters, Mrs. Bridgeman and Mrs. O'Dwyer, put insuperable obstacles in her way. Though but seventeen, she had to become the guardian of their five children, to whom she devoted herself until all were settled in life. For their sakes she was obliged to postpone the realization of her ardent longings for 30 years. Most of her wards devoted themselves to God in the religious state. Her youngest nephew, Richard Bridgeman, became a priest on the East Indian Mission, and died at St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, while on the way to his native land. Her youngest niece, Joanna Bridgeman, was received as a Sister of Mercy in Limerick, by the Founder of the Order, 1838, and sent (1846) to found the Kinsale Convent, from which the San Francisco house filiated. But if obliged to defer indefinitely the accomplishment of her design to become a Religious, she did not put off the

execution of her benevolent projects. What her hand found to do she did earnestly, and she made opportunities instead of waiting for them to thrust themselves upon her. To be better able to provide teaching for her family, she removed to Limerick shortly after she assumed their guardianship. As Limerick was a garrison town, and as the soldiers were not always of the best morals, Miss Reddan soon found that girls of the humble classes were sometimes led astray by them, and under these circumstances so lost heart and courage, that it was deemed impossible to reclaim them. From time to time, zealous priests sought to provide a home for these poor outcasts, but no success blessed their efforts. Even the benevolent turned aside from them, saying their permanent conversion was an utter impossibility. A case was brought under Miss Reddan's notice; she provided for her. Another unhappy girl opened her heart to her with a similar result. Another came, and another, and it was soon necessary to provide some special shelter for the prodigal children, anxious to return to their father's house. Miss Reddan owned property in Clare-street, an historic district, formerly defended against William III. and Ginckle by the heroic women of Limerick. Work more heroic was to be done there now. She removed to her Clare-street house, and built on her own property, 1819, an Asylum, which still stands. Her converts increased so rapidly, from various parts of the United Kingdom, that they occupied most of her time, and gave her niece, a lovely young girl, a good deal of work. To help towards their support and give them occupation, washing and needlework were taken in: the Bishop and clergy, seeing the good work progress, encouraged it in every way. These were the humble beginnings of a large and important institution, the first of its kind among English-speaking people.

When cholera raged in 1832, the want of devoted nurses was keenly felt, and the good foundress was moved in spirit to devote herself to the poor sufferers. So great was the zeal she kindled in the hearts of her penitents that they begged to be allowed, under her direction, to wait on the sick and dying. She had such confidence in them that she at once consented. Assembling them in the chapel, she pronounced aloud, in the names of all, an offering of their lives in atonement for their sins, and a promise to remain inviolably faithful to God. Her niece was present on that thrilling occasion, and though quite young, was

considered sufficiently matured to take her aunt's place at the Asylum, when she led her contingent among the plague-stricken. At this period, Miss Bridgeman was the belle of Limerick, a city renowned for the personal loveliness of its women. A little later, she followed her aunt to the crowded hospitals, with the remaining Magdalens. Her life-long friend, Dean O'Brien, who met her in the hospital, 1832, writes:—

Miss Bridgeman was attractive and noble in her bearing, dignified in her address and manners. It was a charming sight to watch her as she passed from bed to bed with the smile of heavenly hope in her face. For everyone she had a kind word, and her look was even more eloquent than her language in consoling the wretched. In their direst extremity, the sufferers felt the balm of new consolation when the young girl stood by their side. To the Protestant medical men she was a phenomenon: "What singular taste that young lady must have!" they more than once exclaimed to the writer. They could hardly understand the constraining love that wastes itself and rejoices while it pines—that transformed the heart of St. Francis Xavier into a paradise, and made the cholera hospital a heaven for the child of sacrifice. The young girl of that day is now a Sister of Mercy, and has, in many a heart and many a place, reproduced by God's goodness the ideal which then filled her young soul.

The Christian Brothers—then recently founded by Edmund Rice—converted their large schools into wards for the sick. Miss Bridgeman, with her troop of penitents, managed them, while her energetic aunt with another set of the same improvised, but, under direction, very capable nurses, was in the city barracks, which had undergone a similar transformation, and was terribly crowded. Aunt and niece, with their respective subordinates, followed the cholera from one quarter to another; it lasted six months. During this awful crisis, these devoted women had little rest day or night. Sustained by the Almighty arm, they suffered no physical injury beyond fatigue, which they scarcely felt till all was over. Not one of the penitents disappointed Miss Reddan's confidence. From that time the Magdalen Home was the pet charity of the clergy and laity.

In 1838, the venerated Mother McAuley, at the urgent request of Bishop Ryan, established the Sisters of Mercy in Limerick. Miss Bridgeman, then twenty-four years old, immediately joined them. Her aunt, anxious to follow her example, proposed to give her Asylum to the new Sisters, and Mother McAuley agreed to take it, as soon as the community had sufficient members to spare from the more direct duties. But, in these

early days, they had scarcely enough for the schools, visitation of the sick, House of Mercy and Orphanage, and the Bishop commanded Miss Reddan not to leave her Asylum. She obeyed.. But it would not be easy to imagine what such obedience cost one who had been longing from childhood for conventual life; who saw in the holy Mother the guide she has prayed for, and in the Mercy Convent the sacred home for which she had yearned. The following letter, written November, 1838, by the Holy Foundress from Dublin, shows her high opinion of this saintly woman :—

MY DEAR MISS REDDAN—I had great pleasure in receiving your kind letter ; the friendship and regard you express are very acceptable to me. I have not known many whose esteem and friendship I should be more desirous to possess. . . . I have great reason to rejoice in our visit to Limerick. Every report is animating and delightful. The institution will be very valuable to the afflicted poor, and very edifying to all. I trust you will soon be added to their number—more than in spirit. And I shall never be surprised to hear that you are an obedient humble sister. For, being so capable of fully understanding the nature of the state, its obligations and recompenses, you could not feel satisfied to lessen its value in your regard. And as God inclines you to desire ardently, a more perfect separation from the world, He will not permit any unfavourable results to follow, but will render you more instrumental in perpetuating the establishment over which you have so meritoriously and efficiently presided, and for which you feel so deeply interested. . . . I shall not omit to pray as you desire, with all the sincerity and fervor I am capable of, that God may guide you safely to the fulfilment of His adorable will.”

When Miss Reddan brought her niece to Mother M'Auley, in September 1838, and exposed her own hopes and fears regarding the vocation which had stirred her soul from childhood, a holy and cordial friendship sprang up between these two grand women. Both realized the glory and dignity of the religious vocation which the one had craved from childhood, but which had not been vouchsafed to the other till the spring and early summer of her life had passed away. The foundress loved and revered Miss Reddan, and longed to welcome her among her fervent novices. She wrote occasionally to console and encourage her, and she sustained her under the inveterate opposition of Bishop Ryan, who determined that Miss Reddan should never know any convent outside her Magdalen Asylum.

Three years later, Mother M'Auley was called to her reward. She died without having the gratification of seeing Miss Reddan among her spiritual daughters. Since her first application to be received, nine long years had passed away. She had solved the

problem of making thorough converts of fallen women, but her heart's desire was still unaccomplished. In 1847, however, the Bishop allowed her to go to Angers, for Sisters of the Good Shepherd. These ladies she placed over her home, thinking that now, at last, she could execute her long cherished wishes. But Bishop Ryan put what he called a full stop to her proceedings, and desired her to join the new Sisters. "If you do not," said he, "I shall send them all back to France." Again she was compelled to obey, but after more than a year's novitiate, she felt she could not live in that Order. Her vocation, as she had always felt, and as Mother M'Auley had assured her, was to be a Sister of Mercy. Tortured by anxieties, she prayed and procured prayers; once again she laid her case before the Bishop. It seemed impossible that she should be obliged to profess in an Order for which she had no vocation. The Bishop was a very positive man, and those who knew him best said he would never yield. But the holy woman prayed on and hoped. One morning he called, quite unexpectedly, and told her to follow the voice of grace.

At once, the holy novice withdrew from the Clare-street Convent, and presented herself to her beloved Sisters of Mercy, in 1849. In this part of her story we see the workings of Providence, who detained her in the Asylum long enough to enable the strange Sisters to become acquainted with penitents and people. Being the first of their Order to come to Ireland, they were entirely unacquainted with the genius of the Irish people. Had they been deprived of her guidance sooner, their difficulties would have been great, if not insurmountable. Though destined to work out her salvation in a different religious family, Miss Reddan loved and esteemed the nuns who superseded her in her benevolent work, and she was very dear to them. They regarded her as their foundress. Her parting with them, and, still more, with her beloved children, the penitents, was touching in the extreme. Every penitent regarded her with love and veneration. Some who remained in the Asylum till extreme old age, spoke of her with enthusiasm to the last. When two Sisters of Mercy from California visited the Asylum twenty-three years after her death, they found she was still revered there as a Saint. The older nuns declared they had never met anyone like her. And "darling Miss Reddan" was saint and angel in one to the ancient penitents. Traditions of her meekness, zeal, and charity are handed from generation to generation in the

holy house she originated. And in that hallowed spot, her children still rise up and call her blessed.

Miss Reddan entered the Kinsale Convent, of which her niece, Miss Bridgeman was foundress and first superior. She was now forty-nine years old, and her life had been one of extraordinary activity in the divine service. Shadows had come to linger on her once handsome countenance, and she looked older than her years. Some friends rejoiced that she was with her dear child who would tenderly close her eyes in death : others said she could not be content at a distance from that beloved niece whom she had reared from infancy. But those who reasoned thus little knew the sanctity of either, and were taken by surprise when, in Autumn 1854, Sister Mary de Sales Reddan was appointed for the far off mission of California. In a spirit of sacrifice she had offered herself for that most difficult undertaking, with the others, and she was one of the five accepted.

June 8th, 1853, she wrote to her nephew, Father Bridgeman :

"The happy days of my profession, dearest Richard, is over. I am really and truly a professed Religious, O may I be a worthy, humble one! My two months' retreat were by far the happiest time spent. It was the only time I was able to think, and had time to think, of myself with anything like method. I trust in God the past is now settled ; may He give me grace to keep a clear conscience for the future."

To the same she wrote, August 24th, 1854 :

"You will be surprised, and I hope, delighted, to hear that, before this reaches you, I shall, please God, be safe and sound in California. You know how I envied your slow martyrdom in India, and therefore, I must follow your example. I felt God called on me for this last sacrifice of devoting the remnant of my life to His service in a foreign land. But you know the great sacrifice for me is the parting from dear Rev. Mother [her niece] forever. You know how I longed for the religious life—it fully satisfies my fondest dreams—it is the reverse of the heartlessness of the world."

Shortly after her profession, Sister Mary de Sales had a painful accident which rendered it necessary to remove her to Cork for surgical treatment. On the Cork Sisters, and all who had relations with her, she made such an impression that they revered her as a Saint. And when, with God's blessing, she was cured by the surgeons' skilful treatment, supplemented by their careful nursing, it was a real grief to them to lose the precious invalid whose sweet patience and gentle courtesy had won their love and reverence.

Elsewhere, (Vol. 3. "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy") we have chronicled the journeying of this holy soul from the historic town of Kinsale, to the wild San Francisco of the pioneers and Argonauts. At her age, fifty-four, it must have been more painful to her in every respect than to her younger and stronger companions. But hers was the brave spirit that sustained them. No shadow of gloom or melancholy lingered when she had sway. Till two days before her holy death, she was their best inspiration, their most transcendent example. She was literally faithful to the end, and she went forth with joy to receive the crown of life, when suddenly called home.

II.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

The Sisters of Mercy in San Francisco, in their early days, had the mingled grief and joy of making numerous contributions to the "community in heaven." It was painful to the overworked Sisterhood to lose experienced members, but it was a joy to know their loved ones were safe with God. Their heaviest cross of this kind came in the third year of their residence in San Francisco. July 22, 1857, Rev. Mother Russell and her assistant, Mother de Sales Reddan, went to Sacramento to make final arrangements for establishing a Convent in that city. On the preceding 19th of March, Archbishop Alemany had asked them, in honour of St. Joseph, and still more of the Blessed Sacrament, from which the city took its name,* to aid the neglected children of Sacramento. The only means of communication between these cities was by steamer. Both Religious being bad sailors, and the saloon crowded, they imprudently remained on deck all night. A severe cold was the consequence. Mother Russell got well rapidly, but her companion, on returning to San Francisco, was obliged to remain in bed for a few days. On July 27, Doctors Bowie and Whitney came to

* Sacramento, the city of the Blessed Sacrament, is the capital of California, and the See of a Bishop. The climate is hot and damp in summer, and some say, unhealthy. We found San Francisco quite cool even in July and August. Sacramento is abundantly shaded with beautiful trees. Its grade is frequently raised, as it is subject to overflow from the Sacramento River. The Convent which the good mothers founded in 1857, is a large and flourishing establishment, in the midst of orchards and gardens. The Cathedral is dedicated to the Most Blessed Sacrament. Its decorations are all typical of that sublime mystery, grapes, wheat—everything, in short, symbolic of the Most Holy Sacrament.

arrange about the private hospital they were to attend as physician and surgeon, respectively. The ailing Mother, who was all ardour, and entered with her whole soul into everything likely to promote the divine glory and the good of her fellow creatures, felt great regret at not being able to assist at the deliberations.

When Mother Russell returned to her cell, she found her with clasped hands and in tears, sitting up in the bed. "I have been praying the whole time," said she, "that God would enlighten and direct you." They conversed about the proposed hospital and the branch for Sacramento. Before night, the invalid said she was perfectly well. Judge, then, of the consternation of the infirmarian on finding her next morning in a dying condition. She went to her at 5 a.m., but hearing her breathe heavily, softly closed the door, and asked leave not to ring the *Angelus*, as the dear Mother has been suffering from insomnia. A second visit found her still sleeping. On a third, the ghastly appearance of the sleeper so startled the visitor that she at once gave the alarm.

Almost instantaneously, the whole medical staff (12) were on the spot. With their own hands, these gentlemen, all except two non-Catholics, brought a portable bath to her room, and pails of hot water from the kitchen—in short did everything themselves to restore consciousness, if not health, but in vain. The holy Mother expired at 11 a.m. No words of ours can describe the sensation her death caused in all classes. Even a half simpleton, to whom she sometimes gave a friendly lecture, exclaimed: "What shall I do?—I have no one to scold me now!"

Thus it was with those to whom she felt it her duty to be a little severe: all agreed that whatever she said and did came from a loving heart. "I never," wrote her superior, "met anyone more forgetful of self or more zealous for souls. I have seen her with clasped hands, and tears coursing down her cheeks, praying for some poor hardened sinner. She felt we had a grand field for our labors in this country, and her gratitude for being assigned such a mission was unbounded.

"I never could tell you what she was, or describe the impression she made on all whom she came in contact; she is remembered and spoken of still after the lapse of so many years, and you know how short her career in California was—not quite three years. I did not mind so much the feeling manifested at the time of her

death. It was so sudden that it created a sensation by that circumstance alone. Besides, she was the first Religious that died in San Francisco, or even in California. But I do really feel astonished when some circumstance causes her to be mentioned, and I see how vivid is the remembrance of her words and actions. Even Archbishop Alemany, who seemed a regular stoic in his way, more than once alluded to her with real feeling."

The earthly tegument of this holy woman was laid in the vault of St. Mary's Cathedral* amid the silent homage of assembled thousands. Later it was removed to the beautiful hilly cemetery adjoining the Magdalen Asylum.† Her funeral sermon was preached by Very Rev. Hugh Gallagher. Her Requiem Mass was sung by the Archbishop, at whose request the obsequies were held in the Cathedral. All the ecclesiastics of the city and its environs were present. The orphans and inmates of the House of Mercy followed her sacred remains to their temporary resting place. The faculty attached to the hospital, and a vast number of the citizens closed the mournful *cortège*. The only sacrament she could receive in her last moments was Extreme Unction. The Archbishop and several priests were incessantly at her bedside, but no gleam of consciousness ever returned. The preacher, after remarking that her whole life had been a holocaust to God and to humanity, said: "If, indeed, the question were put to me, dust and ashes as I am, who of all our acquaintance is best prepared to die, I should point to her whose obsequies we now celebrate. Such was the innocence of her soul, the uprightness of her mind, and the sterling integrity of her virtue."

The physicians and surgeons of the hospital held a meeting the day of the burial, to take into consideration the demise of Mother de Sales, the second Superior of the Order, at which it was

* There were then in San Francisco only three churches—St. Patrick's, on Market-street, and St. Francis, on Vallejo-street, which were shanties of the meanest kind. An old adobe church was at Mission Dolores then far outside the city, but now an integral part of it, with its ancient cemetery, shaded with matted and tangled foliage. A brick cathedral had just been opened, but was not finished. The picturesque Chinese quarter, with its horrible joss houses, now surround it, and a new Cathedral with pleasanter environs has succeeded it.

† There still lives (1892) at the Magdalen Asylum, San Francisco, an old Sister, who spent much of her early life with Miss Reddan, and worships her memory. She showed the writer her miniature—a fine, benevolent face, with a heavenly expression—and some autograph letters which she treasures. The grave of the holy Mother is at the first station—the stations climb up the hill, each now surrounded by the graves of the early dead—R. I. P. The dress of Miss Reddan in the picture is of the fashion of about 1820.

resolved :—" As a tribute of high veneration, respect, and esteem of the staff for the late benevolent Sister of Mercy, the following obituary be respectfully offered to Rev. Mother Russell, Superior of the Order; and that the staff in presenting this expression of profound grief for the great bereavement the Order has sustained, recognise that, by the decease of Mother de Sales, the cause of mercy and charity has lost a devoted and ardent minister, the Order to which she was attached an indefatigable servant, and the world's great office of universal benevolence for which she sacrificed fortune and life, a pure and pious martyr."

It may interest readers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* to see what twelve physicians of the wild San Francisco of thirty-five years ago, wrote of this truly apostolic woman. Their words prove their reverence for genuine, perhaps heroic, sanctity—the only quality to which the world, with all its faults, is ever willing to bend the knee.

OBITUARY.

"The Hospital, Stockton-street, was startled from its usual quiet this morning, by the report that the beloved Mother de Sales was dying—that she whose patient and tender ministrations at the bedside of the stricken inmates of that benevolent institution have so often soothed the brow of anguish and roused from lethargy or despair, the soul-torpid recipients of her blessed offices, was herself stretched upon a humble pallet, struggling in death, without the power to invoke a blessing on the august charity to which she had consecrated her life, and in the zealous service of which she had lost it. Exposure to the night air on her return from Sacramento whither she had gone with the Rev. Mother to establish a branch of their Order, induced an attack of the prevailing influenza, in the course of which an intercurrent congestion of the lungs and brain supervened, throwing her into a profound stupor from which all efforts to rouse her were unavailing. The solemn wail of the poor Magdalens whose bruised hearts she had so often cheered with hopes which only she had the magic to inspire—the hobbling gait of the purblind porter groping his way along the dim-lit corridor—all eager for some glad tidings of their beloved benefactress—constituted a picture we can never forget—a scene truly where grief seemed to stand sentinel at every heart, warning it of the bereavement it was soon to sustain.

"A brief record of her services in the cause of suffering humanity is the meekest tribute we can offer to her blessed memory.

Though surrounded by anything the world prizes—distinguished position, high-born relatives, and a splendid fortune—she dedicated herself to the service of God, but was obstructed in her intention of entering the religious state by the death of two sisters, leaving her five orphan children to rear and educate.

“For thirty years she sacrificed the cherished yearnings of her soul to this imperative duty; but her charity and zeal soon found a fruitful field for her exercise, and at the age of nineteen she established a Magdalen Asylum in Limerick, endowing it in the most ample manner from her private fortune.

“This institution, after governing it as a secular for thirty years, she placed under the superintendence of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whom she brought from Angers, France, and it stands to-day an unperishable monument of her zeal for God’s glory and the salvation of souls.

“When the cholera raged in Ireland, 1832, she and her niece, then only sixteen, assisted by a number of tried penitents, devoted themselves to the care of the sick, moving from hospital to hospital, wherever the presence of that frightful disease called for their charitable exertions. When every obstacle to the accomplishment of her holy desires had been happily removed, she joined the beloved Order of which she was so valued a member, and in whose service she died.”

A copy of this obituary, beautifully printed and illuminated, was presented to the community by the physicians, who also published it in the daily papers. The copy is indorsed: “A Tribute of respect to the memory of Rev. Mother Mary de Sales Reddan.” The names of the medical gentlemen, nearly all non-Catholics—at the time—are appended.

By a singular dispensation of Providence, this saintly soul, whose whole life had been a holocaust of devotedness to God and humanity, was denied the last consolations of our holy religion. But she was at all times ready to respond to the sublime invitation: “The Bridegroom cometh: go forth to meet him.” The dread summons could not come to her unawares. Though willing to labor for God even to the judgment day, if He so willed, she pined to see Him in His glory, to enter in His heavenly rest, even the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

But no words of ours could picture the loss the San Francisco Sisters of Mercy suffered in the death of this valiant woman. In

every way she was their brightest ornament—the stay, the comfort, the support of the young Mother Superior, who undertook nothing but by her prudent and loving counsel, and who felt safe amid trials and dangers which the Sisters “at home” could scarcely imagine as falling to her share, so long as she had this bright, energetic, and most holy woman to lean upon—a perfect model of observance (under extraordinary difficulties) for the junior members, a self-sacrificing generous soul, absorbed in God, wholly devoted to her Order, and to the afflicted of every tribe and tongue and people and nation then congregated in the magic city of San Francisco—a city then swelling from the obscure Indian village of *Yerba Buena* (*the good herb*) into the magnificent proportions it has since assumed.

Years after, one of the Sisters wrote: “In our hearts the love and remembrance of our darling Mother de Sales are so vivid that the least reference to her suffuses our eyes with tears.” The same says to the Superior of the Roscommon Convent: “You, innocent Irish nuns, may grow old and descend into your graves without ever imagining there could be such depravity in human nature as we have to deplore and work against.” And she bewails the loss of such an untiring, efficient laborer in this thorny field. For, in those days, San Francisco, though blessed with a large proportion of thoroughly good people, could scarcely be called a civilized city. But among the worst, there was always much benevolence and generosity. When a gentleman who had shot an editor in the street for slandering him, was murdered by the vigilance committee, he died with these beautiful words trembling on his lips: “O Lord, have mercy on my enemies!” His monument, in the old mission Church, Dolores, which received his mutilated remains, is marked with his name, and his dying aspiration: “O Lord, have mercy on my enemies!”

The favourite prayer of the bereaved companions of Joanna Reddan became: “Thy will be done!” But it was often spoken with tearful eyes and broken hearts. Yet they felt she would help them from Sion.* And she has done so. M. A. C.

Convent of Mercy, Mobile, Alabama, U.S.A., Feast of Matthias, Feb. 25th, 1892.

* The Sisters of Mercy arrived in San Francisco on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and the day of its definition, December 8th, 1854. They heard Mass in St. Patrick's Church, Father Maginn being the celebrant. Twelve persons had assembled to celebrate the Feast. When driving from the steamer to the Church, Mother de Sales, with tears of gratitude and devotion, threw a medal of the Blessed Virgin into the sandy street, as if to take possession of the embryo city in the name of the Immaculate Mother.

STELLA MATUTINA.

FAIR was the hour of thy dawning,
 Silent the earth lay and still,
 Softly the mists of the morning
 Floated o'er valley and hill.

Rising alone in thy splendour,
 Harbinger bright of the day !
 Angels their homages render,
 Owning thy God-given sway.

Hailing thee Queen of creation,
 Sinless, and spotless, all fair,
 Bringing to men their salvation,
 Banishing sorrow and care.

Hope in the vanquished inspiring,
 Glorious in battle array,
 As night with her phantoms retiring
 Fled from thy presence away.

Queen of all queens, ah ! no others
 Are crowned with a crown like to thine,
 Sweetest and dearest of mothers,
 All human, though almost divine.

Thou art my heart's chosen treasure,
 Thou art my life and my joy ;
 Who loves thee must love without measure,
 Purest gold without taint or alloy.

Mother of God, mystic city
 Where He deigned in His glory to dwell,
 Soothe my sad heart with thy pity,
 Say to thy soul " It is well."

Oh ! my love, my heart's worship, my mother,
 Queen, mother, and sister in one,
 Plead, plead thou my cause with my brother—
 Thus I call Him, for He is thy son.

To serve thee is life's dearest duty,
 All I have, all I am, thou canst claim :
 Let me live but to sing of thy beauty,
 Let me die in pronouncing thy name.

E. G. SWAINSON.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

A COINCIDENCE.

IT was the first of May. The elms and beeches stood out in fair and delicate greenness against the warm, grey sky, luminous with hidden sunshine; whilst the newly-opened blossoms of the hawthorn lay in long sprays, like snow-wreaths, against the hedges which matched the trees in the freshness of their tender spring foliage. By the wayside appeared the hollow-stemmed hemlock with its grey mist of umbelliferous flowerets, and the white constellations of the stitchwort were there, pale stars shining from a setting of green and pointed leaves.

Everything seemed to be white and green in the woods and lanes on this first morning of May; and the birds sang continuously as if they were lifting up a sweet and fervent hymn of thanksgiving. Larks, thrushes, blackbirds, robins, starlings, and hedge-sparrows. "How the birds sing! I wish I were singing with them, they sound so delightfully and completely happy. Monica, dearest, I cannot help feeling this morning as if I were turning into a bird or flower. As if the new warm life coming into the world was making me strong and happy with the rest of creation. I can hear the sap rising, the buds unfolding, and the grass growing, as distinctly as I hear the joy thrilling in the song of the skylarks. I love the spring!"

"So do I, Molly, and I love this month best of all."

"Then why do you look so serious, Monica? Only listen to the birds, they sound in a perfect ecstasy; and look at the flowers you have gathered, so white and sweet and gay, and with the dew still upon them. Why will you look serious? And yet I must say you look happy, too, but why will you keep on thinking to yourself?"

"Molly, dear, I did not intend to seem pre-occupied. I was trying to remember some verses Cardinal Newman wrote about this month, that was all. They are called 'The Month of Mary.'"

"'The Month of Mary!' Oh, Monica, do you know, I had quite forgotten that it was the *Mois de Marie*, and yet how much they used to make of it in France. But what are the verses you are trying to remember? Do try a little harder. I love to hear you repeat things—it is better than hearing other people sing."

"My memory has given out, Molly; I am afraid I can only remember the last verses. I am so sorry, for it is a lovely song."

"Never mind, let me hear the last verses."

"The song begins with a description of May, as it comes to us in the town as well as in the country. The bright flowers, the fair sunshine, the blue transparent sky. Then there is a prayer that Mary may be our aid, now in the opening year.

"Lest sights of earth to sin give birth,
And bring the tempter near."

Although the flowers and the green grass are so pleasant, they will fade away.

"But mother maid, thou dost not fade :
With stars above thy brow,
And the pale moon beneath thy feet
For ever throned art thou.

The green, green grass, the glittering grove,
The heaven's majestic dome,
They image forth a tenderer bower,
A more refulgent home ;
They tell us of that paradise
Of everlasting rest,
And that high tree, all flowers and fruit,
The sweetest, yet the best."

Then comes the chorus again :

"O Mary, pure and beautiful,
Thou art the queen of May ;
Our garlands wear about thy hair,
And they will ne'er decay."

"That is pretty. Only I do not mean pretty in the least. How distinctly Cardinal Newman always seemed to see that the very loveliest things down here, are really worth nothing at all. I wish I could feel like that! I believe you do, Monica, and now I understand why you were so particular about your flowers. They are for the vases on our Lady's altar."

"Yes, Molly, I thought you knew."

"It does seem very strange that I should have forgotten. I used to think a great deal about the "*Mois de Marie*," and I remember so well what a pretty sight it was to see the little French children with their arms full of branches of hawthorn and wild-cherry blossom. The village church was a perfect mass of white

flowers ; and the girls sang with such sweet fresh voices. I shall never forget how touched I felt the first time I heard them singing their hymn to the Blessed Virgin ; and the clean pungent smell of the hawthorn filled the church, whilst the small, fragrant petals lay in drifts on the stone pavement. . . . I can remember it all as if it happened yesterday. Monica, shall I help you to fill your vases ? I know a place where violets, white violets, are always to be found. One year I found them in March. Shall I help you ? ”

“Thank you, dearest, nothing could be better than white violets, and if we are both thinking of the same thing, both have the same intention, we can be happy together. I may look serious, but I don’t feel the least serious. I am almost too happy. Listen, Molly, here is more poetry for you :—

“This dewy month of buds we give her
From whom the Root of Jesse sprung—
Pure as the lily by the river,
Joy o’er the mourning world she flung.
For as the day-star heralds day,
Her rising chased the clouds away,
And winter dared no longer stay
When Mary dawned—the Christian May.” *

“‘And winter dared no longer stay.’ That is the very reason why I love this month so much. Winter has altogether disappeared. I hate and abhor the cold weather, it seems to freeze one up. Don’t you hate the winter, Monica ? ”

“Indeed I don’t, Molly. I like the winter almost as well as the spring and summer ; and, do you know, at this moment I was thinking about December, remembering all its pleasantness. I always think of December in May, and in December I change and think about the spring.”

“Oh, Monica, why should you ? It seems quite silly :—

“At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish for snow in May’s fangled shows.”

“Ah, but it is just that, Molly. It is Christmas that makes December such a wonderful month ; and how can we separate it from our Lady’s month ? May and December belong to one another ! . . . Perhaps it is nothing new, but have you ever noticed how Christmas Day always falls on the same day of the week as the first of May ? ”

"Does it really, Monica? How strange!"

"You can see for yourself, Molly, and it doesn't seem strange to me. You know it is my birthday on the first of May, and I am a 'Child of Mary,' too, so have always liked to notice even small things about this month. It seemed to me a very beautiful coincidence that the two days should be linked together. See, Molly, on this old calendar you can prove it for yourself, going back to the very beginning of the century. If the first of May comes on Monday, Christmas Day is on Monday, and so on through all the week. . . . Perhaps you will think it is childish, Molly, but I love this little link of mine—it is one of other and more precious links between the two months, my rosary of Hail Mary's and——"

"Monica!"

"What is it, Molly?"

"Dear, you make me feel unhappy. You are so good, and I am so frivolous—worse than frivolous. Monica, I want to make a confession to you. About a year ago I paid a visit to some Protestant friends of ours, and I have never felt the same since. They had a way of speaking directly and indirectly against Catholics and against Catholic teaching, especially about the Blessed Virgin, and I was so weak and foolish as to listen; and, though I combated them, their arguments rankled in my mind. I was ashamed to speak of my difficulties to anyone, but I could not drive them away. They rose up like ghosts, and I made them an excuse for neglecting my prayers, and other things, too."

"Oh, Molly dear, I am so sorry, and I am sorry for those friends of yours. How can people wander so far away from the truth? I know very little, but I know that our Lady is the mother of God, the queen of angels, the greatest of all created beings, higher than the highest saint, and no Catholic, surely, goes beyond this. . . . It is difficult for me to understand how you could have been perplexed, even for a moment.

"The simplest crone that tells her beads—
Her cross the only book she reads—
Knows well that She, upon whose breast
The Babe divine doth sweetly rest,
Is still a woman, meek and mild,
Though Jesus, Jesus, is her child!" *

* "Madonna," page 15.

Mary is the mother of God, but she is our mother, too, our tender, loving mother. Catholic poets have used the comparison of the moon in speaking of the Blessed Virgin. They have called Her 'The moon of religion, from whose radiant face, reflected streams the light of heavenly grace.' Molly, Molly, never let a cloud come between you and our Mother again. It makes me shiver to think of such a long and terrible separation. How lonely you must have felt, heart's dearest."

"Yes, Monica. I tried to make myself forget, to pretend that everything was all right, but I couldn't do it. Nothing seemed real: and now you have brought it all home to me. I have been lonely, fearfully lonely, and Christmas Day was terrible to me! . . . Monica, can I ever be forgiven?"

"Dearest, how can you ask such a question? Let this day be your Christmas day. Join the two days together. . . . I see winter's snow in the hawthorn blossoms, although I call them 'Mary's roses,' and those white stellarias image the star of Bethlehem, even whilst they recall the stars crowning our Lady's brow. . . . The flowers may fade, and spring time pass away from us, but God's love, and the Blessed Virgin's love are always the same. They are with us for ever! . . . Come, Molly, let us take our flowers to the chapel."

C. H.

IN EXILE.

IN a dim olive grove in sunny Spain,
 I sit and muse. The drowsy air is sweet
 With flower scents: o'erhead a white fair fleet
 Of cloud-ships sail across a shining main.
 Long breadths of wavering light are on the plain,
 But shadows sweep the green moss at my feet,
 Cast by the grey-leaved boughs that part and meet.
 Why hath an exile such heart-burning pain?
 Ah, Motherland! I want your sun and shower,
 The mists that robe your hills in silver fleece,
 The primrose blooming in each dewy dell,
 Your shamrock, and the fragrant may in flower,
 The vernal woods, the dove's low note of 'peace—
 I want the Irish heart that loves me well.

ALICE FURLONG.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DANGER AHEAD.

Captain Crosbie had served Paddy Daly with an ejection, to the extreme indignation of that Bohemian individual, who resolved at all events to make him pay dearly for the possession of the farm.

A friend in America had paid the passages of the two eldest children, and people who pitied the neglected family subscribed a few shillings each to enable the third to go with them. The youthful emigrants departed with joyful hearts and confident hopes that they would soon be able to send for the four little boys and one girl who were obliged to remain with their improvident father. At that time Captain Crosbie sent for him and told him he would give him a sum sufficient to carry them all to America if he were satisfied to give up peaceable possession of his holding and give him no further trouble.

"Whethen," said Paddy, "I have no wish to quit the country like wan that did a mane turn, an' 'tis no asy matter to give up the bit of land wan was bred an' born on."

"But you are making no use of the land," answered Crosbie, "it's running wild, and it is certainly time to put an end to the way things are going on. Mr. Huntingdon gave express directions to settle with you."

"An' sure that's what I'd like myself, captain; 'tis a shame for any gentleman to have a tinant's house in the sthane mine is in—ready to fall down on the top of us."

"You shouldn't have let it get into such a state," said Crosbie. "It would be better for you to thatch it than to poach in the woods."

"No wan ever caught me doin' a hand's turn out of the way," answered Paddy. "If they did, they'd be only too ready to prove on me; only spies an' tattlers; but I'll have the upper hand of 'um yet."

"That's enough now," said Crosbie. "I know what you are; you were let run too long. You had every opportunity of doing well, and instead of profiting by assistance and leniency you have gone from bad to worse. Why it's years since you paid a gale's rent."

"Shure your honour settled with me two years ago."

"Yes, but how? By forgiving you the rents due, on your promising to turn over a new leaf and mind your business for the future."

"You may as well forgive it now again, captain, an' give us another thrial. The family will be lightened on me. I'll get a good price for Ponto and Cora; they're the two finest pups you ever seen. If you only did the thing dacent, an' gave me a thrifle to sthart me now, I'd get on well, never fear."

Captain Crosbie stared at the man's audacity. "No," he said. "I'll give you no more assistance. You got more chances of becoming independent than anyone on the estate. It was quite useless. You won't make a fool of me any longer."

"Well, thanks be to God, if you do your best wisely, you can't turn me out on the world like a goat on the mountain. I must get compensation. Tenant Right will do so much for us."

"I think you'll find your mistake," said Crosbie. "But to put an end to the matter, I'll guarantee you one hundred pounds to take yourself and family out of the country."

"One hundhred pounds," replied Paddy, scornfully. "Whethen, Captain, is it mad or dramin I'd be? One hundhred pounds for the snuggest farm in the counthry! No, nor five."

"If you don't take my offer, you'll be served with an ejectment for the next assizes. I'll give you two days to think of it," said Crosbie.

"Whethen, if that's the mind you have, to the devil I pitch your power."

Paddy Daly walked out of the office and slammed the door behind him.

His neighbours argued with him, his parish priest expostulated with him, to accept the more than liberal offer of the agent, but arguments, expostulations, and entreaties were unavailing. Nothing could move his dogged determination to allow nothing but force to put him out of his house, and, leaving him resolute in such intention, the three children sailed for America.

The ejectment was served, and in due time the case was tried and a decree granted.

Some of the neighbours took the three elder boys to herd a little, to frighten crows, and do small jobs. A relative of his wife's offered to take the two remaining children, but he rejected the offer with furious indignation. "He wouldn't be under a compliment to one of the breed." Always of a savage temper, he was rendered desperate by the knowledge that he was at last ruined past redemption. He remained on in his house, drinking heavily when he succeeded in

selling some furniture that happened to remain. The children got something to eat among their neighbours, which they shared with their faithful companions, the two half-starved dogs.

In the beginning of May the sheriff came to execute the decree. When he and his men, accompanied by Captain Crosbie, came to the house, they found the door locked. Their requests for admittance were answered by a little child. "She couldn't open it," she said. They broke it in; the two dogs bounded out joyously, followed by the frightened children.

It takes a shorter time to destroy than to build up. There was little to remove. One of the men attached a rope to the stick supporting the roof, and with one pull it fell in, dislodging a terrified cat, who fled shrieking from the ruins.

"You done it, Crosbie, you devil," said Paddy Daly coming up half drunk and furious. "You done it at last."

"It had to be done," answered Crosbie, turning away with the sheriff.

"An' I'll meet you for it, blast you," Paddy muttered, looking after him, with a dark scowl. "I'll make you sup sorrow for it. Come, childher," he continued, "ye haven't a roof to cover ye, but there's a piece of the ould one standin' yet." With a herculean effort he cleared a space near the fire, and made a shelter with the screws and broken rafters, an abode only a degree more miserable than it had been.

About a week afterwards Peg Murphy, who was a distant relative of the Dalys, came to look after them. Having a wholesome fear of Paddy when he was under the influence of drink, a state in which he was not unlikely to be at any hour, she lingered outside, listening intently, and everything was so quiet that she ventured to cautiously insinuate her person through the small opening.

Paddy was bending over something on the fire, and he jumped up with a fierce oath when Peg's face met his view.

"What brought you here, you pryin' ould hag? Be off this minute, or I'll wring the neck off you," he shouted furiously.

"Wisha, Paddy asthore, I only cum lookin' afther the crathers of childher. Shure you might as well let them back with me till you get some corner. An' there's room for yourself, too, till you gets a betther place." Peg included him in the invitation to try and soften him.

"Take 'um to blazes; put 'um in the bog hole, if you have a mind, but I have somethin' to do before I go over, or hether."

"Well I'll gether 'um with me, an' where I gets a bit for my own I'll get for them," said Peg. "Here's a couple of loaves I brought

up from Shawn Bawn's, an' keep up your heart. Shure you'll do well yet, with the blessin' of God." She tried to look at what he had on the fire, but he stood between her and it.

"Quit out of this," he said, "the childhren are abroad there."

"Wouldn't you come yourself, Paddy agra, an' I'll prepare a bit of dinner for you?"

"I have a bit of business to do first," he replied, showing his teeth fiercely.

"You'll do good business yet, with the help of God," said Peg, "the time won't be long passin' till they send for you."

Something rolled off the lid of a box which she stirred in her endeavours to approach the fire. She stooped and picked it up. It was a bullet, warm from the mould.

"God be good to us, Paddy Daly," she exclaimed, "an' what are you doin'?"

"Castin' bullets to shoot a tiger," said Paddy, with a hard laugh.

"Yerra take care what you're about," said Peg, "there isn't a tiger in this country since the days of Saint Patrick. Take care what you're about."

"If you aren't out of this in two minutes, I'll make a bullet mould of you," replied Paddy, furiously, "an' if ever you let on what you seen me doin', I'll shoot you as I'd shoot a dog."

"Is it up to murder you are, Paddy Daly?" said Peg, clasping her hands. "Oh, for the love of God an' the Blessed Virgin —"

"I'll begin with you," he answered, catching up a heavy stick out of the corner. "By cripes, I'll let the daylight through you."

Peg took to her heels, found the children, and hurried home with them as fast as the little ones were able to walk. In a short time she was overtaken by Paddy with the fowling bag containing the bread slung by his side, his gun in his hand, and the two dogs following him.

"I'm goin' up the mountains," he said. "Maybe I'd come across the tiger there."

"Take patience, Paddy, allana, an' shure you'll see good days yet, please God. Wouldn't you take a turn to the Missis or Miss Mary, an' they'd put in a good word for you with the Captain. He isn't a bad man for all."

"Blast you an' him," answered Paddy. "I'll put in the good word for myself—my hand to you. Hell isn't full till he's in it. I'm goin' up the mountains now, an' if I hear of you bringin' any childher thrampin' till I come back, I'll be even with you, never fear."

"Deed then I won't," said Peg, "shure 'tis for a little visit I'm bringin' 'um, the crathurs; but you look terrible, Paddy, asthore."

Take patience, and pray to God an' the Blessed Mother."

"Pray away till you're black in the face," he retorted with a fierce laugh. "I'm done me prayers; pass me, I tell you, an' 'tis betther for you say you never saw me. Come, pups. Ponto, Cora, to heel," and he strode along with a scowl on his face.

Peg Murphy uttered a hearty benediction when she saw him take the way towards the hills, and greatly relieved, proceeded to her habitation. When they arrived there, the family turned out to receive the visitors. The old woman regaled them with a pinch of sugar, and when they had their supper, and eaten to the full extent of their capabilities, all the children went out to their playground in the quarry, whose numerous holes and corners and pools of water made it a land of inexhaustible delight to the youthful mind.

Peg was silent and thoughtful, a circumstance so very unusual that it at once attracted the attention of her aunt.

"There's somethin' on your mind, Peg, agra," said the old woman.

"Whethen there is," she replied, "I am not aisy at all about Paddy Daly; he was like wan amost out of his mind. The Lord knows he'd strike terror into you to get a look into his two eyes. The devil has a houl't of him an' no knowin' what he'd do; maybe 'tis to put an' end to himself he would, though for all I don't think that's what he's up to. Thanks be to God the Captain is out of the way, any rate."

"'Deed then he's comin' back to the 'big house' to-night," said the old woman. "Biddy Moore was passin' an she tould me the side-car was gone to meet him to the thrain."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PEG TO THE RESCUE.

As the evening wore on, Peg became very restless. She sat outside the door knitting a stocking, and trying to assure herself that she had no cause for alarm. If Paddy Daly meant harm, what should he want the dogs for? Still the bullets kept haunting her. At last she went inside, took her cloak, and told her aunt to "have an eye to the childher, as she was going west to The Farm, to say a couple of words to Miss Mary."

She hurried on, not, however, to The Farm, but to Fintona, and arrived there just as the clock was striking six. She learned that Captain Crosbie was just at his dinner. She desired the servant to tell him she wanted to speak to him about a bit of bog, and then

waited contentedly, partaking of the cook's hospitality. She did not notice the lapse of time until she heard the clock strike seven. She stood up, saying it was growing late, and that she would go round to the parlour window to remind him she was waiting. The servant said he would go up and tell him, but returned in a moment to say that he had gone out by the glass door, and very likely was gone to The Farm. Her anxiety was sharpened by disappointment; she determined to follow him and warn him not to be out late, and, hoping to overtake him, she entered the wood walk, and hastened on at full speed.

That evening Mary and her mother sat, when dinner was over, in their pretty drawingroom; for they had returned to their home when Harry went back to his work. After a time Mary got up and began to arrange the flowers on the mantelpiece.

"Did I tell you Captain Crosbie said he would come over this evening, Mammy?" she said.

"Did he, dear? I am glad of it," her mother answered. "I shall get a cake made. I know he likes it."

"I think I shall go into the wood and gather some flowers," said Mary, "these are withering. Will you come, mother? On such a lovely evening, it is a sin to be indoors."

"No, dear, Mrs. Brady wants me directly. And I have been out a good deal to-day."

"Well, I shall go," said Mary.

"Arthur will think you are going to meet him," answered Mrs. Desmond, with a smile.

"Oh! he never comes till night," said Mary. "I shall be back long before then; it is only after six. Good-bye, mammy; make a good cake, and I shall provide a good appetite."

She took her hat off the hall-table, and went out into the fresh May evening. She hesitated a moment as she came to the little gate that led into the wood-walk, but opened it and went on. There was no fear, she thought; he rarely came before night, and she had quite enough of time to be back.

The woods were beautiful, beds of bluebells were growing among the waving grasses and open ferns. The soft breeze clashed the young leaves gently together and stole odours from the hawthorn and sweet-briar. The rooks cawed noisily in the giant trees. The cry of a heron was distinct as he wended his way from an upper lake to a heronry on one lower. The air was musical with the song of birds. The rabbits scampered across the walk, and through an occasional open could be seen the flash of waters and purple mountains, down whose sides shadows chased the golden waves of light.

Mary wandered on, picking a wild flower here and there, until she had sufficient to fill her little specimen glasses; she sat down at length upon a mossy bank and shook out the blossoms. The beauty of the evening tranquilised her; she watched the swaying branches and the broken sunlight falling on the brown pathway before her. She thought of many things in her short happy life.

Harry's illness was the only serious trouble that had obstructed its pleasant current, and it had its effect in making her realise how much reason she had for gratitude to God who gave so much gladness and so little pain.

Half unconsciously for some time past Captain Crosbie had become in her mind like an undercurrent of thought. His dark handsome face was constantly before her. She reverted over and over to that sudden scene in which he told her he loved her, and tried to remember how he looked and what he said; and she thought with wonder of the quiet way she took it, and how unfeeling she must have seemed. Did he love her still? Her heart throbbed as she thought of the wonderful expression in his deep eyes, and how he clasped her hand to-day.

She heard a rustling in the brushwood behind her, and it crossed her mind that if she remained quiet in her nook a fox or a badger might come out and give her a good view of their shy method of progression. She waited a while on the watch; then forgot about the badger and began to muse again. She was roused from her maiden meditation by the sound of quick firm footsteps. She knew them well, and stood up, the colour rushing to her cheeks. It was he. What should she do? Would he think she came to meet him? It was too late to escape. He was just coming round the corner, and if she ran he would see her—the way she should fly was so long and straight. Her heart beat painfully as the steps came nearer. He would see her in a moment.

There was a sudden flash, a report, the cry of a wounded man, and Captain Crosbie fell prostrate at the corner.

The girl flung up her hands. She saw a man burst across the walk and into the brushwood of the lower wood. In his headlong flight she did not see his face; but for the one moment he was visible she recognised Paddy Daly with a gun in his hand.

The next instant she was kneeling beside Captain Crosbie. She tried to raise him in her arms, and the blood gushed out over her white dress. "Dead! dead!" she cried, with white lips. What should she do? If she cried out no one would hear her. If she ran for help, he would have bled to death before help came.

She was no weak-minded woman, but one whom a supreme

moment waked to best energies. With rapid fingers she tore up her muslin dress, and opening his vest tried to stop the rushing blood. After a moment he sighed. "He is not dead," she said. "Oh, God, send help. Oh, Mother Mary, send help, and oh, Arthur, Arthur!" and she clasped him in her arms.

Hurrying footsteps were heard approaching, and Peg Murphy, running at full speed, appeared. "God above, I'm too late," she cried. "Oh, the murderin' villian. Oh, Miss Mary, is he kilt entirely? O! vo! vo! vo!"

"Help me, Peg," said Mary. "I don't think he is; if we could stop the bleeding and get help."

"Here, asthore, let me thry an' lift him; I'm stronger than you. But shure maybe it would kill him to do it. Oh, what will we do with him—what'll we do with him? Oh, the curse of the Lord light on the murderer this night. Oh, vo! vo!"

"Here, Peg, put his head on my lap," said Mary, "and go to The Farm for help."

"Asthore machree, how can I lave you?" answered Peg; "but shure I must."

She laid the lifeless head gently in the girl's lap, ran for a large tuft of moss, which she placed on the spot she saw the blood coming from.

"Keep your hand firm agin it, alanna," she said, "an' I'll run for the help. I won't be wan minute."

"Tell them to bring the big sofa out of the parlour," said Mary, "and tell mother to send for the Doctor and Father Morris."

And Peg sped along the path praying and crying at the top of her voice.

How different the beautiful world seemed to her now, as she sat there with his lifeless head pressed against her bosom! The glory and brightness were gone from it. Its cold loveliness only mocked her, as the cruel sunlight flickered over his body and flitted across his pallid face. Was he dead? Would he pass away without ever knowing how she loved him, and how unutterably desolate he would leave her, she that had been hard and cold to him? Oh, no; he would not go from her. God would leave him to her.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur!" she cried in agony, laying her face upon his head.

As if the sound of her beloved voice had recalled his spirit from the borders of the shadow-land, his eyes opened and gazed into those bent upon him. His lips moved but no sound came from them, and and then the heavy lids fell again.

"Oh, Arthur!" she cried, "don't leave me, don't leave me." But there was no response.

In a few minutes, that seemed hours to the watcher, hurried steps approached, and Mrs. Desmond, Peg, and Peter appeared, followed by men bearing the sofa. The wounded man was placed on it.

Mrs. Desmond looked at Mary. "To The Farm," she said, "'tis the nearest," and they all moved on.

Bloodstained and haggard she passed through the little gate she had closed behind her an hour before with a happy and untroubled heart.

One of the men walked by Peg Murphy's side.

"I wondher is the priest and docthor sent for??" he said.

"I'm sore afraid 'tis many a docthor he'll want," she answered; "he lost a power of blood. Oh, glory be to God this night, hadn't he the misfortune?"

"I wondher who in the world did it," said the man. "Shure the peelers will have to be sent for. What brought you this way, Peg?"

"'Tis many a place I does be in," she replied, shortly.

"I know that, poor woman; but this was an out-of-the-way shpot for you to be in at this hour."

"Maybe it was to kill him you think I done?" she said, angrily.

"No, then, I don't say that, Peg. I know you had always had a great wish for the Captain. May the Lord restore him and lave him over us. But shure you'll be examined by the peelers, an' have to tell everything you saw. Did you get a sketch of anyone at all?"

"I saw nothin' or nobody," said Peg; "'twas all done whin I come up."

"Maybe Miss Mary did," said the man; "maybe she knows everythin'. 'Twas the wondher of the world she didn't die of fright."

"I dunno what she saw," answered Peg; "but I saw nothin', only she havin' a houl't of him when I came up."

"Miss Mary, darling," she said, coming close to her when she was near the door, "the peelers will be coming here soon. I am a poor woman. I know nothing about it."

The two women gazed at each other for a moment, and both recognised the knowledge each possessed.

"Miss Mary," she whispered, catching her dress, "there's blood enough spilt. Let us not have the life of any man on our sowl. We know nothin' about it."

They entered the house.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Desmond, putting her arm round the girl.

"Oh, mother!" she said. "Oh, mother!"

The mother drew her into the little pantry, and put her on a chair. "Take some wine," she said.

"Yes, I'll take some wine, mother. Go to him. Tell Peg to come in."

She poured out a little wine and drank it. She went out, but found Peg had vanished. She turned to the staircase and ascended, steadying herself against the handrail, entered her room, and sat, dazed and giddy, on the bed.

What had occurred? She looked at her blood-stained hands and dress—stained by the life-blood of the man who loved her, and whom she discovered now she loved with all the strength of her nature. She gazed vaguely across the room and out by the open window. The light was gone off the purple hills. Was it gone also out of her life—gone when her eyes were opening to its beauty? The falling darkness made her realise how it had illumined her days, unnoticed and unvalued.

"I may be wanted," she said; and she stood up, removed the stains from her person, changed her dress, mechanically smoothed her hair, and descended. She met her mother at the parlour door.

"He is alive," she said, "and the doctor will soon be here."

She entered the room, knelt by the sofa, and took his hand in hers; she felt a feeble pressure.

The doctor arrived and examined the wound with a grave face. He gave him restoratives, and called Mary out of the room.

"Will he live, doctor?" she asked, with pale lips.

"Well, there is a chance," he said. "The bullet must be got out, and he may die under the operation, but there is a chance; and we'll hope for the best, my girl. Here, now, drink this glass of wine. I shall send you out of the house again, mind, if you don't be brave and do as you are told."

"Oh, yes; I'm not a bit nervous now," she said, "and I will do just as you tell me."

In a few words she gave him an account of how it happened, and then they returned to the patient.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONTROLLED BY LOVE.

Next day Doctor Hayden, accompanied by two other doctors, came to try to extract the bullet. Captain Crosbie had recovered his consciousness; the priest had been with him, and he lay perfectly quiet. One of the medical men said it was a pity to torture him; he would die under the operation.

"There is a chance," said Doctor Hayden, "and we'll try it, if we could get him to keep quiet. If he winces, it is all up. We could depend on Mary Desmond."

Mary and her mother were standing near the door.

"Could she keep him steady?" said Doctor Power, in the same low voice. "Has she influence over him?"

"Yes," answered Doctor Hayden. "Mary, my dear."

Mary came forward.

"We are going to look out for the bullet," he said. "It is very painful, and if he stirs it is certain death to him."

"I understand," she replied.

"We want someone to hold his hand—someone who has influence enough over him to force him to be motionless. Will you do it?"

"Yes," she said.

"It will be a great trial for your nerves, Miss Desmond," said Dr. Power, "after all you have gone through. Will you be able for it?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be quite able," she replied. "I am not naturally nervous."

"Yes, she'll be firm," said Dr. Hayden. "She's never weak when she's wanted. Go over to him first, my dear, and speak to him. Make him understand how much depends on his self-control."

She knelt beside the stretcher on which he had been placed.

"Arthur," she whispered.

He opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"They are going to look for the bullet," she said. "You must be perfectly still; I am going to hold your hand. You won't stir for my sake?" she added.

"My love," he murmured.

"Your love," she answered.

The Doctor commenced to probe the wound. She laid her face upon the hand she had clasped in both hers, and though it quivered with agony he neither moved nor groaned. It was but for a little time. Dr. Hayden caught the ball, and in a moment drew it out in his forceps. The patient fainted, but was soon restored to consciousness. His wound was bound up, and the Doctors agreed that he had a good chance of life. The greatest quiet was enjoined. Mary sat beside him. He opened his eyes occasionally, looked at her with unspeakable love, and closed them again, too feeble to give utterance to a word.

The police came. Mrs. Desmond told them her daughter was yet unable to see them. Peg Murphy was asked for, but she had returned home. Captain Crosbie's life hung by a thread, and he could not be interrogated. The Doctor said he might rally sufficiently to be spoken to next day.

They had tracked the assassin through the lower wood. His path through the bluebells was quite apparent, and a spot in a thicket of

wild rose and sweetbriar was evidently the place where he had crouched watching for his prey—a spot within half-a-dozen yards of the mossy bank on the other side of which Mary Desmond sat dreaming her happy day dreams. Who could have fired the shot? That was the question, and instinctively every mind answered it by the unspoken words, “Paddy Daly.” He was the only one who had cause, or rather who fancied he had cause to dislike Captain Crosbie. When Huntingdon was over, it had been rumoured that he meditated raising the rents, but it was well known that the agent gave the intention so little encouragement that the landlord permitted matters to remain unaltered.

The police went to his house. There was nothing in it, and the fire was dead upon the hearth. The door was merely laid against the little opening. His next neighbour said he had seen him go towards the mountains with his gun, followed by his two dogs. After searching the house they proceeded in the direction of the hills. They were able to track him to a certain point, for several people had met and spoken with him, but further on every trace of him was lost. They made a detour and searched every path and farm-house all the summer night but without avail. The police in all the stations in Clare and the neighbouring counties were on the alert from that day forward, but if Paddy Daly and his two dogs had sunk into the earth they could not have disappeared more completely,

Peg Murphy was hunted up with more success. She was discovered at a farm-house at the extreme end of the parish, and without any of her children, which was a most unusual circumstance. The police went first to her aunt, who told them she returned to her the night before in a great fright, and told her Captain Crosbie was killed. She then said she was going to a certain Mrs. Walsh to give her a few days at the turf, and started off again notwithstanding her objections to have the care of the children left upon her.

They followed her to the house of Mrs. Walsh, where they found she had only called, saying she had a little business that took her on farther, and that she would return next day. All this seemed strange, and they continued their search until they discovered her in a cottage on a lonely little-used road, sitting down comfortably, carding wool.

She turned pale when the police entered, but the resolute expression deepened on her face, and she quietly continued her employment. After the usual salutations, one of the men said: “You went away from Fintona in a great hurry yesterday, Mrs. Murphy.”

“I’m always in a hurry to earn a bit for the childher,” she replied, steadily.

“We thought we’d find you saving Mrs. Walsh’s turf,” said the other man.

"Well, you see you didn't. When I come there last night, I found she was in no great hurry. So I said I may as well come on here an' do the bit of wool for Mrs. Kelly."

"I thought ye used send the wool to the mill now, Mrs. Kelly," said the constable.

"No, then, sir; I does have but a little share, an' Peg always helps me to card it."

"Did you expect her last night, ma'am?"

"I was expecting her all the week," said the woman wonderingly, and beginning to have grave suspicions about Peg.

"And so you came here last night. We had a good deal of trouble looking for you, Mrs. Murphy," said the constable.

"An' what did you want me for, if I might make so bould as to ax?" said Peg, with great forbearance.

"Oh, you know that yourself," said the constable.

"If I did, I needn't ax you," answered Peg.

"What made you run away from Fintona after Captain Crosbie was shot?" he asked.

"Why, bad luck to you, is it to kill him you think I did?" said Peg, starting up and flinging down the cards.

Mrs. Kelly sat down suddenly on her chair, shocked and frightened.

"We know you ran away after the deed was done anyway," he answered.

He had not the least suspicion that she was concerned in the attempt on Captain Crosbie's life, but he wished to rouse her into saying something from which he might glean some information.

"I didn't run over or hether," said Peg. "I came where my business brought me. I did what I could for the dear gentleman; Miss Mary will tell you that. Is there any one took for it?"

"We are come to take you for one," said the constable.

Mrs. Kelly cried out, but Peg was nothing daunted.

"Hoold your whist, you foolish woman," said she. "I'm out of their power, thanks be to God."

"We'll see that," said the man.

"Only for Miss Mary an' me, he'd die of the bleedin'," she continued. "She was there before me."

"Maybe 'twas she that did it," he said.

"Oh, Mother of God, listen to him," said Peg, filled with rage and horror. "You villain of the world, how dare you say such a thing of her? The divil has a houl't of your tongue. Oh, what a misfortune druv us there at all, at all?"

"Well, it was lucky you were there," he answered. "The Doctor said, only ye helped to stop the bleeding, he'd be dead before he reached him, so you needn't be sorry for that."

These words reassured Peg considerably. She saw it was recognised that she and Mary had done what they could for him. But how was she to tell her story? Well, she could safely take her oath she never saw the murderer; she was only at the beginning of the wood-walk when she heard the shot; and when she ran up she only saw the man lying on the walk and the girl kneeling beside him. She could tell all she saw then, but tortures would not betray her into any revelation that would entail on her the necessity of becoming an informer.

"But what in the name of God does ye want me for?" she asked. "Ye know yerselves as much as I do."

"Maybe so," replied the constable, "but you have to come along, for all that. Get your cloak."

"Is it this minute?" said Peg. "What the divil —? Is it a prisoner you want to take me? Sure I'll go home in the evenin'."

"You must come this minute," he answered. "Get your cloak, and don't be delaying us."

"Oh! glory, honour, and praise be to God," said Peg. "Have I to be marchin' betune ye like a thief, shamin' me little childher? Sure I'll tell you all I seen, and lave me to finish the woman's lock of wool, an' God bless you."

"It wouldn't do, Peg. You must come along with us. You needn't be afraid, but you have to come."

After a long argument she found she had to submit. Mrs. Kelly, perceiving her innocence and her sudden importance, lent her a clean cap, and Peg tidied herself as well as circumstances permitted.

She stipulated with the policemen that they would allow her to walk on a little before them, so that she would not look like a prisoner.

"Sure 'tis proud I ought to be to have two likely men minding me," said she. "But dear knows, I'd sooner the neighbours would think it was afther the stray pigs ye wor. Oh! glory be to God, to think I'm taken be the peelers, I that never did a hand's turn I need be shy or ashamed of. An' what harm, in sure, if I had anything to tell?"

Peg took leave of Mrs. Kelly, promising faithfully to return to finish the "handful of wool" as soon as possible; Mrs. Kelly assured her she would not "lay a finger" to it until she fulfilled her promise—a resolution likely to be kept, as Peg's advent now would be quite a visit of sensational importance.

(To be continued).

SPIRIT OR STAR.

ART thou a spirit or a star ?
 Thou beautiful, bright vision of the night,
 Embodiment of loveliness and light,
 I see thee now ;
 The moon's pale radiance, flooding the pale sky,
 Maketh the stars wax dim, but far and high
 Tremulous art thou.

Within the silent sky the stars grow faint,
 But thou, gold-heart, the white moon shall not paint
 Her glory near
 The wide, wide circle of the silent space
 That owns thy sceptre, where thy lovely face
 Glimmers out clear.

As an Archangel among angels thou,
 Shining far off above the beechen bough ;
 As a gold rose,
 Amid the garden of the stars thou art ;
 In the dim sky all beautiful thy heart
 Quivers and glows.

Art thou a spirit or a star ?
 Sometimes methinks that thou art not a star,
 Nay, but a spirit beautiful, afar
 Set by heaven's gate,
 To light the loneliness of that steep way
 That leadeth upward unto God, that they
 Who tarry late

May see thee in the dark sky far above,
 May know who set thee there—the God of love—
 And think of Him
 Who made the spirits and the stars, the light,
 And set thee in the bosom of the night
 All vast and dim,

Where through the watches of the night thou art
 Speaking of God, with thy most lovely heart
 Of lucent fire.
 O spirit or O star, art thou so near
 The city of sweet song that thou mayst hear
 The ninefold choir ?

MARY FURLONG.

A LAYMAN'S CHARITY SERMON.

A French lawyer of great literary gifts—Frederick Ozanam—was one of the founders of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. One of those who established the same charitable association in Ireland, was an Irish lawyer of great literary gifts—the late Judge O'Hagan. He was a member of it, not an honorary but an active member, to the very end of his life ; and his membership began in the first years of his manhood, so early that he wrote its first report in the year 1846. Part of this we now reproduce as an interesting relic of a good and gifted Irishman.

* * *

We may surely hope that in Ireland, beyond any other country in Europe, this Society will take root, as there is certainly none other where it is so much needed. If the charity that bestows, and the misery that requires relief, be the two elements in which such an institution has its growth, she has long laid claim at least to the first, and holds beyond dispute a melancholy pre-eminence in the second. We have but to open any book upon the condition of the poorer classes, any volume of the evidence given before the Poor Law Commissioners, or such a treatise as that of Dr. Willis on the Sanitary Condition of the poor of Dublin, to get an idea of the state of the population in the midst of whom we live ; and yet, anyone who has really gone among the poor—any active member of our Society—can tell how inadequate a conception of their real condition can be thus given. Of extreme destitution we can form a general notion ; but of all its concomitants—of the effects of confinement for months together, in the atmosphere of a close room, without once breathing the fresh air, when their clothes have been one by one pawned—of the weekly torment at the harassing demands of the landlord for the rent of their wretched apartments, and his threats of expulsion—of the extinction of the cheerfulness so natural to our people, and the worn pain-stricken aspect, produced by hopelessness and long suffering, which takes its place—of all that is comprised in the simple words—“ want of food for ourselves and for our children ”—occurring often, as even our short experience has shown, among those reared not only in comfort, but in positive affluence : of all this, books can give us no

real conception. One half-hour spent in visiting the dwellings of the poor, does more to stamp their real condition upon the heart than all that could be written by man. These things encompass us on every side, and yet we go through life for the most part as ignorant of them as of the condition of the inhabitants of the antipodes.

If they are forced upon our notice, we relieve ourselves by some vague desultory charity, or perhaps, by some expression of pity, when they should make every meal we eat a reproach to us, till we devote ourselves heartily, as far as lies in our power, to assuage them. When this Society contemplates the amount of wretchedness existing in Dublin that has opened before it during its short career, and then contrast the little it has been able to do—a few drops of oil, as it were, poured upon a whole ocean of misery—so far from having any feeling of pride or gratification, it has no other sentiment but one of shame and sorrow at its slender means and restricted exertions, and an humble hope that it may please God to bless and extend its labours.

The almost total separation between rich and poor is the great plague-spot of modern times—the great blot upon our boasted civilization. For a long time the tendency of man's mind has been to fling itself loose from the bonds of church control, and to devote itself to secular pursuits, to arts, science and letters, with an ardour and exclusiveness as if they formed the sole or primary, instead of the very secondary and subsidiary objects of man's life here. What is the result? It is universally conceded, that at no period of the world's history was the state of the poor more appalling, or more apparently hopeless than at present. It is found that while the upper classes were engrossed by merely personal objects—while a selfish and commercial spirit was day by day spreading and gaining strength—while the influence of barren forms of Christianity, or of still more withering infidelity was destroying the old warmth of Catholic charity, and the feeling of brotherhood between man and man; there was all this time silently engendering a mass of poverty, vice and squalor, unalleviated, almost unheeded, till its magnitude and the dangers to the richer classes with which it is fraught, have forced it upon the consideration of all. It has now become the absorbing topic of our time—parliamentary reports, novels, pamphlets, daily newspapers, all are full of it; and yet, this, for the most part, without one practical suggestion that goes to the root of the evil.

What men, both from habit and indolence, usually look to as the remedy for all social maladies, is legislation ; and yet, but slight reflection will teach us the little that lies in the power of legislation to affect—that little being of a very superficial kind ; not that we would disparage even this superficial relief, or discourage men from seeking for it. A legislative body setting itself earnestly to pass laws, not only about the poor but for the poor's sake, would be both a good thing in itself, and a most blessed symptom of an improvement in the feelings of the upper classes. Legislation could do an immensity for the sanitary condition of the poor—could prevent the pestilential crowding together in lanes and alleys—could provide supplies of fresh air and fresh water. But what it cannot do, and what all its attempts to do have proved utter failures, is to usurp the office of private charity—to force the rich to divide their substance with the poor, so as that this compulsory charity should not become a curse to both. Of this we have a signal example in the old English poor law of Elizabeth, which was passed as a substitute for the relief formerly given freely and received gratefully at the doors of the monasteries, in the name of God and the saints ; and which turned out to be one of the most devouring plagues of England, so that it was at length necessarily abolished, and the hard workhouse system, similar to ours in Ireland, established in its stead.

But for us, Catholics, our hope of a remedy is not far to seek. It is simply the influence of religion upon the heart of man.

That spirit of Catholic Charity which, in the thirteenth century, sent forth Saint Francis and Saint Dominick to infuse devotion and self-denial into the hearts of a cold and corrupted generation—which made Saint Elizabeth of Hungary descend from her ducal throne, and dedicate herself and her revenues, during her short life, to the succour of the most wretched of mankind—that same spirit raised up, in the seventeenth, Saint Vincent of Paul, under whose patronage we are here assembled ; and we trust it is not yet extinct, but remains to vivify and regenerate the nineteenth.

How, indeed, can we believe otherwise when we see the wonderful works of this Society in France ? How can we believe otherwise when we see day after day before our own eyes—a sight now become so familiar, that its beauty and angelic heroism have well nigh ceased to affect us—the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, daughters of that very Vincent de Paul, treading obscure and

pestilential alleys, exposing themselves to all annoyances of sense—to fatigue, filth, and contagion, that they may bear medicine for body and soul to the abodes of sickness and want? Such a sight may well whisper to us “*sursum corda.*”

As for this young germ of the Society in Ireland, which, under the patronage of the same Saint, wishes to tread humbly in these heroic footsteps, we trust that it too may be one day reckoned as a symptom of the revival of that religion and charity among us.

If, under the blessing of Providence, it makes such progress as we pray for, and as we have already an instance of in France, we do believe that the amount of good it may do is beyond calculation. For it is not alone by the distribution of food that it works: it may be that the amount of relief which it will be able to afford in many instances will be very slight; but in a thousand ways besides the visitor may serve those whom he visits.

One great object is, to cure that bitterness and burning of the heart which the poor feel at the thought of their own undeserved misery, and of the neglect and hard-heartedness of the rich; and in this point of view, the very fact of one of the upper classes entering their miserable dwellings, not as a superior but as a brother, to show them that they are not altogether neglected, is in itself a blessing.

But again, consider all that is in the power of the visitor to do, by wise and friendly counsel—by pointing out means of economy—by inducing such of the family as may be earning money to share with their relations—by endeavouring to place the sick, or idiots and lunatics, in hospitals and asylums—by seeing that the children are sent to school, and are mindful of their religious duties. It is impossible to enumerate all that a prudent and charitable visitor may do for those committed to his care.

We have hitherto spoken of the effects of the Society upon the poor, but we may truly say that the beneficial results to the members themselves are not less; it is indeed for our own sakes, even more than that of others, that we are exhorted to these works of charity. We may appeal to anyone who has seen the destitution or, above all, the sickness or death of the poor, whether he did not feel the effects on his own mind and heart—whether he was not made by it, a better and wiser man.

But even of immediate gratification this labour is not void. Is it not a real pleasure to see the happiness which your approach

confers—to watch the eyes of the very children sparkle with pleasure—to listen to the confidence and friendliness with which they entertain you about their domestic details—to mark the anxiety to have their places and persons as cleanly as possible at your coming;—are not these enjoyments as real as any which sense bestows? But as these may in many cases not exist, and in place of them we may have to witness very painful and harassing scenes, it is well enjoined upon the members to fix their minds upon more certain and lasting rewards.

And, perhaps, there never existed an institution calculated to do so much good—the duties of which were so easy, or which made such slight demands upon its members. What is it all? A few hours in the week spent in visiting—for which the visitor may choose his own time—and attendance at a weekly meeting. How few are there who could not snatch so much time from business or pleasure? The visits may be made during our ordinary walks for health or recreation, and the weekly meeting is held at an hour in the evening when most persons are disengaged. But as there are many, the nature of whose avocations absolutely precludes them from giving up even so much time, it is open for them to become honorary members, and, by paying some annual subscription to the Society, make the active members the trustees and distributors of their benevolence.

It is possible, though we think scarcely probable, that some may consider that the poor law exempts them from the performance of such duties as this Society requires. Without discussing the merits of that measure, and even admitting that it is all that it ever professed to be—a security against absolute death by starvation—let us think of the many cases lying on this side of that extreme, and yet just on the verge of it; of the instances, very numerous, of persons formerly in decent circumstances, who with a natural pride, would endure almost any amount of suffering before they would apply to be admitted into a workhouse—of the extreme privations that will be borne before domestic affection, so strong among the poor, will be torn asunder, and the wife will let herself be separated from her husband, and the mother from her child—of the cases in which admittance into the workhouse is impossible on account of all the members of the family not going in—and, finally, let us reflect that if every poor-house in the kingdom were filled to overflowing, such an amount of poverty would still remain that the decrease would scarcely be sensibly felt.

But, as for our Society, which—taking its origin among that noble French people, who, if they have erred more grievously than others, have also beyond all others, now and in past ages, shown examples of faith, sanctity, and devotedness—has already spread so widely over Europe, we can, with the blessing of Heaven, see almost no limits to its progress. It would be a wonderful and glorious thing to see that little association of eight Parisian students become at length a great Catholic union—a bond between the rich and the poor, over all Christendom, for the solace of the latter, and the sanctification of both.

It may or may not please Almighty God so far to favour us ; but at least our duty is clear. We see beneath our eyes, if we will but open them, an extent of misery perhaps unequalled in the world. Instead of folding our arms, and lamenting over this misery—or, worse, endeavouring to dismiss it altogether from our thoughts—let us but set ourselves to do what little we can to assuage it ; conscious that no good deed is ever lost, that no good seed, however small, is sown but it will one day bear a blessed harvest.

After all, each of us will be able to do so little, and there will remain in spite of our utmost efforts, such a quantity of poverty unrelieved, that the last feeling which we need fear is one of vain-glory ; but at least we may say, that the earnest endeavour of the upper and middle classes of Ireland to alleviate the sufferings of their own poor, will contribute, beyond any other thing, to draw down a blessing upon themselves and their country.

THE STATUE.

ANTIETAM BATTLE-FIELD.

HERE where the armies fought in days gone by,
Columbia's children, to her honor true,
Beneath her flag, clad in her sacred blue,
With noble valor, and with courage high,
Proved to the world they were content to die,
To give the land they loved a birthright new ;
And now beneath the sod where rests the dew,
In perfect peace the faithful martyrs lie.

And keeping guard, his musket in his hands,
At dawn of day, or when the daylight dies,
As if awaiting some great Chief's commands,
Or for the time when all these dead shall rise—
Right on the battle-field the sentry stands,
For ever looking south with stony eyes.

J. E. NORCROSS.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

III.

First Years at College.

BEFORE resuming our extracts from Dr. Russell's youthful correspondence we venture to incur the guilt of a gross anachronism by giving a letter which is more than forty years later than the point we have reached. If it had caught our eye last February, it might have been added to the slight tribute paid in our March Number (page 169) to the late Henry Doyle, who justified so fully what is said here of his pre-eminent fitness for the post of director of the National Gallery of Ireland, in which Mr. Walter Armstrong has just succeeded him.

Powerscourt, Enniskerry,
February 25, 1869.

DEAR DR. RUSSELL—

There is now a candidate for the Directorship of the National Gallery, from whom I dare say you have received a letter, whose qualifications are so undeniable that I as well as several other members of the Board have great hopes that he will be elected in preference to any other candidate, as it will be an immense advantage to have a gentleman of education and refinement in that position, who has the entrée of the best society in England and Scotland as well as in Ireland, and is well known as a connoisseur in art at Rome and in most of the great homes of art in Europe. I mean Henry Doyle. His being well known to all the principal lovers of art in England and elsewhere would be an enormous advantage to our Gallery, as he would know where all the best pictures were, and could, by comparison, judge of any work to be purchased, far better than any of the local candidates who are in the field.

Of course it is my hope that you will excuse my writing to you on his behalf; but my interest in the Institution is so strong that I am induced to hope that you will give us your help in putting him in the position which he is so well fitted to occupy.

Yours very truly,

POWERSCOURT.

And now to go back to the year 1826—not 1825, as the printer has been allowed to put it at page 155 in the date of young Charles Russell's first letter from College. That letter speaks of the Lay College* of Maynooth. We had imagined

* In his second year, October 27, 1827, C. W. R. writes:—"I like this house as well, if not better than the Lay House"—which shows that the school of young secular gentlemen had been given up, and that the name only had survived.

that that institution, which sent forth in its time some distinguished men like Richard More O'Ferrall and Sir Dominic Corrigan, had been discontinued much earlier as a school for lay boys, and had not survived for so many years after the opening of Clongowes Wood, though the name of the Lay House clung to it long afterwards.

"Park's Travels in the Interior of Africa," mentioned in the second letter that we have quoted, was a very good, solid book for this boy of fourteen years to send home to his mother and sisters to beguile some winter evenings in their out-of-the-way seaside village; and the precociousness of his characteristically quiet good taste is shown similarly in writing the next month to his sister Anne, to whom almost all the subsequent letters are addressed in her official capacity as eldest sister in the little household, though of course dutiful messages to their mother are never omitted. "I send you a small but beautifully written book called 'The Pleasures of Memory.' 'The Pleasures of Hope' would be a nice accompaniment to it; I strove to get it, but could not."

This letter, dated November 6, 1826, ends with the statement: "I like Maynooth better every day." It contains also a reference to the Lion of the fold of Judah. "We had Dr. McHale of the diocese of Killala here last week. He celebrated High Mass on Sunday, and pleased me better than any person I saw do it yet." Many years after writing this rather crude phrase, he remarked to me that Dr. McHale and Archbishop Murray reminded him of Bossuet and Fenelon; and he quoted a saying which could hardly be a translation from the French: "Bossuet was unamiably right, Fenelon was amiably wrong."

To economise space, we may suppress the beginnings and endings of these letters, especially the "Dear Anne" with which most of them begin: for in that more formal generation "Annie" and such like familiar appellatives had not yet come into vogue, and the names of the Blessed Virgin and her mother seemed good enough without being lengthened into Annie or shortened into May. Such economy of space is all the more necessary, as we foresee that we shall feel constrained to put a good many even of these early letters into print. We do so indeed with considerable misgiving, for those who have never been familiar with the dignified and almost stately, yet withal gracious and genial presence that the name which must be so often repeated calls up

before many readers of these pages, cannot be expected to appreciate the indications of his mature character which may be discovered in these boyish letters, and which have quite a pathetic interest for Dr. Russell's personal friends. It has been a surprise and it is an embarrassment to us to find how many of these letters have been preserved, lying here before us in the original large sheet which was notepaper and envelope and all in one—like that newest invention of Her Majesty's Postmaster-general, the letter-card, which however provides much scantier accommodation for the newtelling correspondent than did the ample folded sheet of old. Later in the same month as the last letter that we have quoted from, the boy-collegian reveals another of his tastes which subsequently qualified him to describe Lord Rosse's improvements in the telescope in *The Dublin Review* so adequately that the article has been more than once reprinted as the best popular account of the subject. "Mr. Denvir" is of course Dr. Cornelius Denvir, soon afterwards Bishop of Down and Connor.

"There was an eclipse of the sun to-day. I observed it very accurately. When I saw it first, a very small segment was obscured, but in a short time more than one-third was covered. I never had a perfect idea of an eclipse till to-day. Mr. Callan (professor of physics in Mr. Denvir's place) and a great number of the Dunbo ne students were observing it.

"We write private essays for Mr. Boylan the Professor of English, and I had the honour of giving the first to him. It was on the love of country. He said it was not at all bad, and he never says more.

"Did you hear from Miss Kean lately? I often fancy myself at home at the fireside—my father snoring in his easy chair, Pat with book close to the candle, my mother knitting stockings, Margaret and yourself working at shirts or some such thing, and Kate and Elizabeth disputing about a throw at backgammon. And Norah—but I forgot Norah all this time. How is she? Does she run to the cellar and back as usual? Is she as playful and noisy as ever?"

And then, after some further domestic details, our grave patriarch of fourteen summers calls himself to order with the rebuke: "But my paper is nearly out, and I must quit this trifling." The reason why the irrelevant question about Miss Kean is retained in this passage while many things are omitted, is to serve as an excuse for giving a parallel passage from her pen, which perhaps was unconsciously in the more youthful letter-writer's mind when he drew his picture of the fireside circle. He was himself one of that circle when this large sheet of letter-paper which has just come into my hands reached Killough from

"Bretteville près de Caen," 14th November, 1825. Probably, after riding home the five wintry miles from Dr. Nelson's school at Downpatrick and then taking his well-earned dinner, he was handed Miss Kean's letter which had already been read aloud for the others. This lady had been governess in the family some time before. She is quoted for two reasons.

"What sincere delight does it afford me to find that you and all your dear family are in the continued enjoyment of health and happiness! What true pleasure to learn that I am still remembered with kindness where most I desire it. How often during these long evenings is your dear circle present to my mind's eye—your father dozing in his accustomed chair, your mother with her stocking-basket, yourself with your needlework so rare; Margaret is poring over a stanza of Tasso, and Alicia is reading aloud with her silver-toned voice, Elizabeth is close by her listening to the story, Kate is on the little chair in front of the fire, fitting on some gay garment on Jessie, and Peter is stretched on the hearthrug with Norah in his arms. But, alas, this is but a dream which I should not indulge in, as it only serves to nourish fruitless regret. It is ungrateful to my friends here who are most kindly anxious to forward my views. But what can fill the void which the separation from your family has left in my heart?"

The big boys are omitted from this picture, including our student who was supposed perhaps to be poring over his Latin and Greek in his own room; only the youngest boy of nine or ten years is mentioned. Jessie and Norah were probably kitten and terrier respectively; for no such names have reached a diligent gleaner of fireside tradition. Norah's visits to the cellar in the Maynooth letter (which utterly ignores poor Jessie) were perhaps made in connection with rats. If they should be little Christians after all, still younger than the youngest of this group, the most abject apologies are hereby tendered to them beforehand. But where shall apologies find them now? This is sixty-six years ago.*

The ordeal through which Dr. Russell was destined to assist thousands of Maynooth students at the Christmas and Summer

* But our apologies are not doomed to so long a journey. The conjecture was right. After sending the above to the printer, I learned from the sole survivor of Norah's family circle that she was a pet dog of exceptional fidelity and amiability. Jessie had not yet attracted the historian's notice, or she would have been included in the query which ventured to run the conventual blockade against letters in Lent.

examinations of some forty-five years, he himself underwent for the first time at Christmastide, 1826. He writes on January 9, 1827: "I was examined in Latin yesterday and in Greek to-day. Though my examination was not of the highest rank, yet I hope it will not be considered arrogance in me to say that I was not *shot*—which is the college phrase for missing the questions proposed." In the same letter he pretends not to be greatly disappointed that he had not been allowed to accept his aunt's invitation to spend the holidays at Pilltown, though he certainly had shown considerable earnestness in putting forward the advantages of such an arrangement. On February 22, 1827, he tells his eldest sister: "I have read an immensity of English since I came here and might have read much more if I had applied myself to it. I will now make up for lost time and read at every spare hour I have." We may guess how carefully this reading was made from a habit of his which he mentioned to me long afterwards. Not content with listening attentively to the books read aloud during dinner in the refectory—the refectories were less spacious than that which Welby Pugin designed, but were far better suited for public reading—he used to prepare the matter beforehand, so as to follow it intelligently and impress it in his memory. Among the solid books that repaid such treatment, he mentioned, I remember, Dr. Milner's "Letters to a Prebendary."

His next month's letter we may give almost in full. Some of its statements will have a special interest for some readers, for whose sake the others must forgive us.

Maynooth, March 22, 1827.

I am sure you will excuse my long silence, when I inform you that I have been so busily engaged in the English class this time back that I have had scarcely a moment unoccupied. Never in all my life did I write so much. Two private essays each week, I intended to write. But Mr. Boylan told us he would only allow one or two, between each day appointed for reading them. I suppose you know that Patrick's Day is one of the greatest festivals we celebrate in Maynooth, for it is to him the college is dedicated. We had for dinner on that day fresh fish, which is a most uncommon thing here, two eggs each person, and an apple pie. After dinner we sat down to our wine. Three bottles are allowed for each table, which consists of eight persons. I scarcely ever spent a pleasanter evening in my life. After this we retired to the hall and there amused ourselves by singing songs and making speeches until seven o'clock, and afterwards in the same manner from eight till nine. We had an hour longer to sleep in the morning, so that we were in a manner quite exempted from the regulations of the college for that day.

We must in a short time begin to prepare for the examination, and I will not have much leisure to write to you. I think time passes quicker nowhere than in college. Every hour is so well disposed and managed that each has its proper employment assigned to it, so that we have no time left us for reflection. It is now seven months since we came in, and I think if I did not actually know it, I could scarcely be persuaded it was more than two. We will only have one month's class now, until we begin to prepare for the examinations, and only three months till vacation. Write to me pretty often. You can scarcely conceive what a pleasure it is to me to receive a letter or anything else connected with home. It recalls to my memory the many happy days and nights I spent there. It reminds me of our comfortable fireside, when one of us amused the rest by reading aloud or we beguiled the tedious hour by useful and instructive conversation. Oh! there is a charm in home for which the listless round of dissipation which is indulged by the giddy and the thoughtless can never compensate, and the memory of which is so entwined round the heart, that it is impossible to efface it.

On June 13th, 1827—a month beyond his fifteenth year—he has the dreadful news to tell them that his bishop, Dr. Crolly (soon to be Primate) demurs to his students going home for the summer vacation. The poor young fellow puts first among the inconveniences his being deprived of all his usual bathing; but the sentimental grievance evidently cost him much more; and this time it is to his mother herself that he confides his trouble. He thus reports on his first year at Maynooth—he little thought that it was the first out of fifty-four.

"The year is now at a close, and I trust I can say with security that I have discharged conscientiously my duty to God and myself. I think I have studied closely, as I found it necessary to improve in the different branches of my studies, and if I have derived any advantage from my application I trust I have done all for the glory of God. As to my health, it has, thank God, been very good. I can almost say there have been few in Maynooth who have enjoyed better health than myself. I have certainly had some slight colds, but none of the least importance. I have had some slight attacks of biliousness too, but never was I so ill as to be obliged to absent myself from any of the public duties. Secluded as I am from the world—without any communication from my friends and relations—my greatest consolation has been to reflect on the happiness I would derive from the meeting to which I looked forward with eager expectation. Would it not then be a great disappointment thus to have my hopes deceived? I am sure it would be sufficient to prevent me from studying during a good part of the vacation, which is, I believe, the chief reason for his keeping us here. Perhaps indeed, nay, I am sure in one sense, it would be very good for me, but the pleasure of home is sufficient to counterbalance all other considerations. Philosophers and moralists may talk as they please, they may bring forward plausible arguments to the contrary, but after all 'there is no place like home.' "

I think that the proposed sacrifice was not exacted from him in the end. He enjoyed that keenest of pleasures—going home for a

long vacation after a hard year's work, home to a happy and loving home. Mothers and sisters that read this page, strive to make yours a home like this; for such a home is the best school for purity, virtue, and every true excellence. I have let myself refer to this point, for I find in it an answer to the question that Mr. Cashel Hoey proposes, writing to Judge O'Hagan on the occasion of Dr. Russell's death. "Where on earth did he get that bearing and manner of his? Where did he get his perfect character?" By the grace of God he was what he was; but among the natural (and yet not merely natural) graces which went to the moulding of his fine character was the abiding influence of his Catholic home, the quietly happy abode of piety, affection, and refinement—true refinement, deep and earnest affection, solid and amiable piety. Homes, and especially country homes, had perhaps more of home about them then, were more completely segregated and self-centred then, than can be the case now-a-days when the ideas of distance and seclusion are considerably modified by railways and telegraphs and daily newspapers and the penny post. At all events our Maynooth student, like another a quarter of a century later, among the personal graces of his lot would certainly have reckoned

Chiefest, as first, that truest, best of mothers
 Whose kind, firm prudence never since hath slept;
 And those fair angels, saintly, wise, light-hearted,
 Whose smile made pure the very air I breathed
 And who at parting (for we all have parted)
 Sweet sanctifying memories bequeathed.

The first break in this family circle was the death of the father. He died on the 30th of October, 1828. The next week, November 7th, his widow received the following letter of consolation from her second youngest son, then sixteen years of age:—

MY DEAREST MOTHER—

I have at last taken up my pen to write you a few lines. God knows I should have done it much sooner, but my feelings were in such a state, I would have written what I should not, and I thought it better to wait until I became more collected than to increase your grief by hearing the effusions of my own. We have met with an irreparable loss, and the pain and grief which it occasioned were sharpened by its suddenness and unexpectedness. But we have the consolation of reflecting that our dear Father has been removed from a world of wickedness and misery to partake of the happiness which his Saviour and his God has prepared for him, from a pilgrimage through a land beset with snares and difficulties to the haven where "the weary rest from labour and are at rest." Our lives, I may say,

till this sad misfortune were one unbroken chain of happiness. We never knew what it is to be wretched; and God in His unsearchable providence has sent us this trial to prove our fidelity. Let us resign ourselves to the will of God. We have drunk deep of the cup of adversity, but God who protecteth the widow and the orphan will have compassion on us. He will sweeten the bitter chalice and enable us to support the trial with fortitude. Let us not look on our dear Father in the light of a departed friend, but as a plant removed to the soil in which nature intended it should grow, as a spirit fled to its kindred element. Let us remember that he looks down on us this very moment with an eye of tenderness and love, and offers up his prayers in unison with the merits of the Redeemer for the temporal and still more the eternal welfare of his children. It is possible that the feelings of nature may overcome us. Saint Augustine says "If anyone thinks that I grieve over the dead body of my mother, let him not mock the weakness of my nature, but let him entreat the omnipotent and eternal God to forgive my infirmity and have mercy on my soul." God knows that our nature is weak. He does not tell us to restrain its feelings. No, that would be impossible; but He tells us that an excess of grief is culpable and He requires us to comfort ourselves with the religion which He gave us at the expense of His blood. This is what Mr. Callanan told myself. May God reward him, and He will, for he is a truly good and pious man. He desires me to remember him in most affectionate terms to you, and to say that he will have a High Mass and Office on the month's mind. You may be sure he remembers you in his prayers. Dearest Mother, we have now no one to guard over us but you and the Almighty God. That Father, who so well discharged his duties as a Christian and a parent, He has in His mercy taken to himself. He has called him off after "fighting the good fight" and leaving us a model which we shall be happy if we imitate. We know that not a leaf falleth to the ground without His especial providence. He feedeth the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. Surely then He will not desert those who fly to Him for protection. Let us "call upon Him and He will hear us;" let us "fly for shelter under the shadow of His wings."

Give my fondest and most affectionate love to all my brothers and sisters. Believe me, my dearest mother,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

C. W. RUSSELL.

After this long letter we must be very chary of our extracts. Many subsequent letters refer to Requiem offices that he and some of his student-friends recited for the repose of his father's soul.

His father retained through all the subsequent years his place in his son's thoughts and prayers. Thus on the 12th of April, 1830, he writes:—

There are two of the young priests particularly friendly to me, and have promised to say Masses for the repose of our dear father's soul. Dear Margaret, let us all unite with them, and let us hope that if there still remains any stain unexpiated, the mercy of God, and the greatness of the sacrifice will make up the defect. It is now a year and a-half since his departure, and the remembrance of it is still fresh in our hearts. It is a natural and a holy feeling, but we should not allow it to take possession of us too strongly.

Again, in November of the same year, he writes :—

I did not receive your letter in time to join with you all on the same day ; but the Sunday before we had an office, and some friends offered up the indulgence for the same intention. Let us hope in the mercy of God that these oblations have been accepted. If the prayers of children for a kind, indulgent and affectionate parent, such as God who knows the heart of man, well knows he was—surely they cannot be disregarded at the throne of mercy—we may firmly hope that ours, joined with those of our dear mother, and all who knew and loved him on this earth, have been accepted, and that he is now in the enjoyment of his God, and repaying our poor prayers by his intercessions in our behalf.

In his Christmas letter of 1831, he makes this reference to his father :—

We are “severed far and wide” now indeed—but our hearts are together. The last blessing of our poor father is on us, and I trust will long continue to keep us united as we ought to be. I have never been so much in spirit with you as within the last few days and weeks.

And on the previous 26th of October, four days before the third anniversary of their loss, he had written :—

I will not forget, dearest Margaret (God Almighty forbid I should), the anniversary of our dear father. The students of the diocese and a few other friends join me each year in an office for him, and I always have his eternal repose proposed to the prayers of the students on the anniversary of his death. I am not unmindful of his dying words, and the confidence we feel that his “works went before him to judgment,” should make us offer our prayers more earnestly at the feet of God’s throne. Several years have now passed dearest Margaret, since that melancholy event, but its memory is still fresh in our hearts. The sorrow we feel and ought to feel is chastened. It is changed from a natural and more earthly sorrow, to something more exalted. It has lost all its bitterness, or at least most of it, and there is a melancholy pleasure in recollecting the endearing qualities of him we have lost—the tender husband, the affectionate father, the cheerful companion of our happy fireside—when we remember that the very qualities which made him dear to us and which render his loss a subject of sorrow never to be forgotten, render also his death “precious in the sight of God,” and give no reason to hope that “his lot is with the saints.” Give my most affectionate love to our dear mother, to Anne, and all the rest of the family.

Just before Christmas, 1828, he entreats his sister Margaret (who seemed to have taken up the running as his home correspondent) to write soon, very soon. “You cannot conceive what a gratification it is to me to receive a letter from home. Shut out from the world and from everything I love, you cannot think what pleasure, what happiness in seeing everything that reminds me of home. I often make it my amusement to sit down and look over

the bundles of old letters which I have lying in my desk, and you will hardly believe me when I tell you that I have few more agreeable occupations."

On the first of June, 1829—was he yet emancipated at that time of emancipation year?—he mentions that he had risen at four o'clock almost every morning for a fortnight. "And indeed I required it all: I lost so much time during the year [by sickness] that I had a great deal of difficulty in pulling up for the examinations. I got them over, however, on Saturday. It was your friend Dr. Whitehead examined me, and I must do him the justice to say he gave me a very good place [this means probably a good test-passage, for position on the premium-list could not be decided so readily.] He stood an examination himself a few weeks ago for the Logic chair. He made a very fine appearance and was pronounced by the whole house 'an amazing clever man.'" Towards the end of the letter he says: "I feel very weak after all my hard study. I do not expect a premium." But probably this was only to secure the unscriptural beatitude, *Beati qui non expectant, quia non disappointabuntur*; and no doubt, at the end of the month, our young collegian carried home with him on vacation to Killough his usual cargo of laurels.

Somewhere in his letters he speaks of having been present at Drogheda at the Month's Mind of Dr. Curtis, the Primate. The funeral oration was spoken by Father Bartholomew Esmonde, S.J., uncle of Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, Bart. He thought it the finest sermon he had ever heard. But J. K. L. eclipsed him: for on September 8th, 1829, he writes to one of his brothers; "Our retreat was over this morning. It was conducted by Dr. Doyle. He is the finest speaker, without exception, I ever heard. He used no gesture, made no attempt to excite our passions, but he spoke, sitting in a chair at the foot of the altar, to our sober and unbiassed judgment, and you would be astonished to see the effect he produced. He explained the duties, the obligations, and the responsibilities of the priesthood, and God knows it is an awful responsibility. He made me tremble. I thought a great deal of Mr. Esmonde, but he quite surpassed him."

In November, 1829, he speaks of having learned Spanish, as he had previously learned Italian; and at this date, as a duty and not as a self-imposed task, he applied himself very earnestly to the study of Hebrew.

"I am, thank God, quite well, and have been kept so busy I have not had time to be unhappy. In fact I had no idea the study of Hebrew was so difficult. It takes from me all the leisure time I otherwise would have. If we happen to get an idle day, I must devote it to the Hebrew lesson, and although we have only one class in the week, I can assure you it takes nearly as much time as both my Scripture and Theology. However, the labour is fully compensated by the pleasure of the study, and if years have been spent in the study of Spanish for the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original, surely I should not grudge a small portion of my time to the study which will enable me to read the Sacred Scripture in that beautiful and sublime language. The fact is that, while I am studying, I am angry with myself for having begun it, but, when I know the lesson, I am quite delighted with it."

His diligence was rewarded the following summer when he writes from Drogheda on the first stage of his vacation journey home: "I got the Hebrew premium, but fortune would have it that I should lose the books. It was more vexatious as I cut a C whereas the books were won by a B. I was more fortunate in the Scripture premium, which I won. I would have sacrificed ten of them for the other books, but we must e'en put up with these disappointments."

It is a little amusing to note the reception given at first to the "Roman collar" now worn universally by priests in these countries. September 9, 1830, chronicles this momentous revolution. "I dare say you have not yet heard of a change we have been obliged to make in our dress. We don't wear white cravats any longer. Instead we wear a kind of stock, such as perhaps some of you may have seen on Dr. Murray's priests. They are of black silk, with a flap hanging down before so as to cover the breast of the shirt, and over the stock itself coming down nearly half way is a piece of white muslin. They are rather a curious thing and I think with all respect a little ridiculous. We should have gotten notice in time to provide them before we returned. The nuns in the convent make them, and charge for each of the stocks 3s. 6d., and for the little bits of muslin 7d. I am told they are so easily soiled that we will be obliged to change them nearly every day. The muslin things are called *rabbahs*"—for so he spells phonetically the French *rabat*, which word, by the way, only steals in Worcester's Dictionary under cover of the Italian *rabato*, as the latter occurs in Shakspeare. Exactly a month later the youthful theologian, who had not yet surmounted the "Irish Difficulty," announces: "We will be obliged to mount the stocks

to-morrow. In general they are greatly disliked. It is predicted we will have a crowded infirmary on account of them."

History repeats itself, and in the first half of the Fifties the snow caused the same hardships in the Maynooth refectory as are described in a letter dated February 15th, 1831 :--

"We were completely pent up here for several days by the snow. The milk could not come in and we were obliged to have several strange shifts. Imagine yourself seated at a repast of *cocoa*, your favorite beverage, without milk or sugar (I use none of the latter), a large lump of bread, with a proportionate quantity of horrid salt butter. This was our case for two or three mornings. Though the distance is only, I believe, a mile and a-half, the way, however, is by the wall of the Duke of Leinster's demesne, and the snow drifted some places to the height of eight or nine feet. I should not omit the conduct of His Grace towards the poor of Maynooth, and the neighbourhood particularly, as it is very different from what he is usually represented. He sent a fat cow for their use, contributed twenty pounds to the fund got up by some persons in the town, and visited many of them himself, sending blankets and firing to anyone who applied and was recommended. If all our landlords resided on their estates, they would see the poverty by which they are surrounded, and such as have hearts would feel and remove it. Such as have no hearts or bad ones may reside where they will : their absenteeism is not much to be regretted."

In my preliminary examination of the papers on which these notes are founded, I pinned to this passage a letter by a different hand, which I had found among Dr. Russell's correspondence. It was written by the present Duke of Leinster, and refers to the Duke who figures so favourably in the foregoing extract, and who used so often to be called "Ireland's only Duke"—for at that time *Lothair* had not been written, and Abercorn was only a Marquisate.

Carton, Maynooth,
11th October, 1874.

DEAR DR. RUSSELL—

I cannot say how grateful I am for your most kind letter. All you say of my dear Father is perfectly true ; and I only hope to be able to follow his example.

With kind regards from all here,

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

KILDARE.

Another passage from the same long letter has some interest :—

We have had a change in our fare, since you heard from me last. A few of us "agitated," got up a meeting, and appointed persons to write a memorial to the board, complaining of several points, which required redress. One of them was the cold beef for supper. We have gotten in its stead *cocoa*. It is a great improvement and was particularly acceptable just before the cold weather. We are

also to have new ball-courts, and a Lecturer in Elocution. He is to be a Mr. Stack, who, it appears, is very clever at this sort of thing. Each student is to pay a certain sum (5s. or 7s. 6d.), and the House as much more for each who attends them. It is a great acquisition to our course of study, as there is no one who will not acknowledge the deficiency of the Irish Catholic clergy in this particular. I expect considerable improvement from his lectures. I will attend to them anxiously. I conceive it, next to the studies required for the confessional, the most material point in a clergyman's education. After this year, it is said we will have a permanent Professor established for those who are in the last year of their course. I shall be heartily glad of it. To-morrow morning the Lent commences. We will have a most comfortable week of it. Ling, oil, vinegar, mustard, etc, all tumbled up together on the same dish constitute to-morrow's repast. The same on Spy Wednesday and Good Friday; on the other days we will have butter. I wish my mother were here during the Holy Week. The ceremonies are very solemnly performed. I should not say 'performed,' it is too like what one would say of a theatrical exhibition, but I have no other word just now, and have not time to consult a dictionary."

C. W. R. recurs several times to the subject of the lectures on elocution given chiefly, if not exclusively during the Christmas vacation by Mr. Moore Stack. "It happened that in his early days, though his education was excellent and his family highly respectable, he gave up in a foolish wild freak the profession for which he was intended and betook himself to the stage. He was succeeding well, but he took a dislike to the persons with whom this course of life obliged him to associate and relinquished all idea of continuing it. One would think this would entitle him to the esteem of every rational mind"—but it seems that some of the professors could not reconcile themselves to even this remote association with the theatre. Mr. Stack's connection with Maynooth, however, continued for more than twenty years, and he impressed us in the early fifties, as he impressed Russell of Down and Connor in the early thirties, as a perfect gentleman and a perfect master of elocution of a restrained and unaffected kind. We do not know in what year he died; but he had no successor till the year 1879, when Mr. Mottler was officially appointed Lecturer in Elocution—a position which Mr. Stack never held in the College.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Circumstances over which we have had full control have left very scanty space for our book-notes this month. Out of the pile lying on our table, whatever other book may be passed over for the present, we must in honour of the month of May and of Mary announce "The Birthday Book of the Madonna" compiled by Mr. Vincent O'Brien (Dublin: Mr. H. Gill and Son). Mr. O'Brien's "Birthday Book of the Sacred Heart" is already in its third edition, and promises to be a permanent favourite with the pious public. Its new companion-volume is fully equal to it in merit and attractiveness. The quotations assigned to each day have been chosen with great skill and care. The arrangement is very convenient, and the mechanical details of printing and binding seem to be perfect in their kind.

2. "Flute and Violin, and other Kentucky Tales" by James Lane Allen, have appeared in one of those exquisitely neat little volumes, through which Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, has introduced to European readers a great many of the best works of American authors—Howell, Aldrich, Stockton, Holmes, Burroughs, and Cable. We do not think Mr. Allen worthy of such company. His style is good, but he has not much to tell. He may know niggers and Kentucky parsons, but he is certainly not at home among Trappist monks. There is pathos and a certain amount of truth and power in the name-tale of the book, and in "King Solomon of Kentucky;" but "The White Cowl" is very cheap melodrama and implies a good deal of falsehood.

3. "Good English for Beginners," by Thomas J. Haslam (Eason and Son, Dublin and Belfast), is a very useful and interesting book, from which many who are not beginners but very near the end may derive pleasure and profit. It consists substantially in a novel selection of examples of style from some sixty of the greatest masters of English prose from Bacon and Jeremy Taylor to De Quincey and Cardinal Newman. Mr. Haslam's comments are acute, but their chief use is in making us pause over the originals; and pretty often one is amused at his proposed improvements.

4. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, have produced "Thoughts and Teachings of Lacordaire" in a handsome volume very well printed, and tastefully bound. The translator, who gives neither name nor initials, has arranged in the order of time a large variety of specimens from the writings and discourses of the eloquent Dominican. But, though the translation is good, we fear that real success is

impossible. The spell of Lacordaire's genius was lost to a great extent in passing from the spoken to the written word; when his French has been turned into English, how much remains?

5. "Mr. John Oldcastle"—whom we should prefer to call by his own name, but he insists on being called out of his name—has, with his usual promptness and tact, compiled "*The Sayings of Cardinal Manning*" (John Sinkins: 43 Essex Street, London). He gives chronologically the chief public utterances of the great convert since the time that he became a Catholic priest, generally describing the occasions on which the words were spoken. The frontispiece is not one of the usual portraits but an engraving of the fine bust by Harvard Thomas. We may call attention here to the fine edition (the fourth) just issued by Burns and Oates of Cardinal Manning's work on Reason and Revelation, entitled "*The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*."

6. Sundry pious publications need only to be named in order to be sufficiently recommended to their special public. A zealous "Missionary Priest" has published through James Duffy & Sons, an excellent little treatise on "*The Last Sacraments*." The Catholic Truth Society has published a translation of a French Layman's visits to the Blessed Sacrament, for which a more distinctive name might have been chosen than "*Before the Tabernacle*," as Burns and Oates published at Christmas "*Moments before the Tabernacle*." No. 1 of "*Historical Papers*, edited by the Rev. J. Morris, S.J." is "*The Spanish Inquisition*," by the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J.—a good pennyworth, as is the Rev. A. J. Saxton's "*St. Gregory the Great*." To the same Society we owe also "*Instructions on First Communion*," by the Rev. Henry Gibson, in a convenient little sixpenny book. With this we may join an excellent penny collection of "*Short Prayers for Mass and Holy Communion*" (Henry Potter & Co., 170 New Kent Road, London).

7. Benziger (of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago) have issued a new edition of the late Dr. Scheeben's excellent and solid treatise "*The Glories of Divine Grace*," translated by an American Benedictine. A new edition of a very different book is Maxwell's "*Wild Sports of the West*" (Simpkin and Marshall, London: Thomas D. Morison, Glasgow.) It belongs to a long past state of society and of feeling, and there is much in it that we dislike; but it is one of the cleverest books of its kind. Has its popularity survived so long that such a handsome volume, large type and good binding, can pay for itself at the moderate price of 4s. 6d.?

8 "Mariana" has a special right to be named this month, for it consists of "*Gleanings from the Journal of the Children of Mary* in

Cape Town." Its seventy octavo pages contain a great variety of essayings, verses, sketches, very interesting and edifying, and with a literary flavour which surprises us less when we learn that they passed through the editorial hands of the Rev. Frederick Kolbe, D.D., who has since established "The South African Catholic Magazine."

9. "The Sinless Conception of the Mother of God," by Frederick George Lee, D.D. (London: T. Fisher Unwin), is a learned and interesting work. Though not a Catholic, but the Protestant Vicar of a London Parish, Dr. Lee has stated this essentially Catholic Doctrine in a way that leaves very little to be desired. We think the book is likely to do much towards spreading a knowledge of Catholicity in quarters that can only be reached by Anglican literature, and for this reason alone we should welcome the book. But we do not see why it should not be put into the hands of Catholics also, as we do not know any book (except perhaps those of Archbishop Ullathorne and Father Harper in *Peace through the Truth*) which expresses more clearly and forcibly and in popular language the teaching of Catholic theologians on this dogma. It is for the learned author himself to discover how it is possible for him to reconcile his position as an Anglican clergyman with this most papal of doctrines: we intend to discuss the book rather than its author, and the book, from a Catholic point of view, is in pleasing contrast with most of those which proceed from Anglican authorities. There are, indeed, some statements used in the exposition of the doctrine to which exception might be taken; but they are statements which a Catholic theologian could very easily make, nor do they betray the least Protestant bias, but at most a want of familiarity with the scholastic sciences of philosophy or theology, and with the most approved methods of dealing with what is notoriously a subtle and difficult branch of those sciences. For instance (on p. 61) the writer, in treating of the infusion of the soul into the body, says it is quite certain that the body is transmitted and organised before this infusion takes place. Now, we believe, that so far from this being a quite certain doctrine, it is distinctly opposed to the view which prevails in the schools, at least in more recent times. We could point out other similar inaccuracies, but they would be of a rather minute nature, whereas we prefer to draw attention to the general defence on patristic and historical grounds of a doctrine to which all Catholics attach the very highest importance. The arguments adduced from the Liturgies, especially those of the Eastern Church, are most valuable, and the expression of English Divines before the Reformation, as well as some opinions of Anglican authorities in later times, are most interesting and instructive.

The style in which Dr. Lee has written his work is pleasing, and not unscholarly, though we remark a tendency to use rare or archaic terms, (as unerrancy, Anglicanist, explication, contrariant,) which we venture to think somewhat mars the general effect.

10. One of the most important of the immense services that Father Henry James Coleridge, S.J., has conferred on Catholic literature during more than thirty years of devoted and unwearied, but no doubt often weary labour, has been the establishment and maintenance of the Quarterly Series which has just reached its eightieth volume. The two latest volumes contain "Aquinas Ethicus: or, the Moral Teaching of St. Thomas," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., (London: Burns and Oates.) The titlepage further explains that the work is a translation of the principal portions of the second part of the *Summa Theologica*, with explanatory notes by the translator. Father Rickaby is an experienced professor of Ethics at Stonhurst College, and his popular Treatise on Moral Philosophy, published by Longmans (which has already reached a second edition) has proved his great ability as a writer on philosophical subjects, the fulness and accuracy of his knowledge, his clearness of exposition, and the freshness and terseness of his style. There is not the same scope for all these qualities in his present work, which may be regarded, as he says, as a companion to his own work *Ethics and Natural Law*. Though less original, no doubt the present volumes have cost their author far more study and labour. The result is admirable. The book will be a revelation for many to whom the *Secunda Secundae* might be supposed to be accessible in the original, but to whom in reality it is a sealed book; and intelligent laymen will pore with delight over these pages, into each of which so much of profound thought on the highest subjects is condensed. Few could glance over the admirable index at the end, or perhaps still more the table of contents prefixed to each volume, without being tempted to turn to certain pages where some peculiarly interesting question is answered. The type and paper and other mechanical accessories are exactly such as to make the volumes handy and readable and fit for use.

11. A large volume of six hundred octavo pages contains almost the first Catholic treatment in the English language of "Christian Anthropology" (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago). The author is the Rev. John Thein, a Catholic priest at Liverpool, not on the Mersey but in Ohio. Professor Herbermann, who contributes a brief introduction, states that Father Thein has based his work on such authorities as the Abbé Vigouroux, Dr. Hettinger, the Jesuits Pianciani, Brucker, Cornely, Knabenbauer, Hummelauer, and other contributors to the learned Catholic periodicals, *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, *La Controverse*, and the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*. No doubt many of the views put forward may be controverted; but Father Thein's weighty volume will stimulate thought and increase in Catholic circles the acquaintance with the religious bearings of science to which so much of contemporary literature is devoted. seldom alas under the guidance of Christian truth.

J U N E, 1892.

ABOUT ROSES.

A DUBLIN LETTER TO AN AUSTRALIAN COUSIN.

DEAR COUSIN—I had not been at a flower-show for a very long time, and was persuaded last week to go to the Show of Roses in one of those pretty gardens, which are locked up in the heart of our city. All such ought to be open to tired wayfarers or resting labourers, like the People's Garden in our Park, or the beautiful green place in the centre of Stephen's Green, where flowers and fountains may charm away bitterness from the thoughts of the poor man, and brush the dust of the day from his heart and his feet. This one, however, is the pleasure-ground of a private gentleman, and known as Guinness' grounds. It is the spot on which the Exhibition Building of glass stood some years ago. An effort to induce Government to help the country to buy the building as a permanent winter garden having failed, the glass-house was sent to England and sold, and the gates of this charming pleasure-ground remain closed upon the rich man's demesne.

Have you any kind of flower-shows in Australia? You have often told me of your wonderful growths of brilliant and beautiful flowers, but I never heard whether or not you cultivate them scientifically as we do here. Do you spend months of thought and care on producing a new "bloom?" and when you have produced it of abnormally large size and rare colour, do you cut off its head and stick it in a hole in a box, and label it, and win a prize with it? I confess that this is not my idea of the fitting worship of the "Rose in June," which has made poets sing in every clime, and through all the ages.

Oh, my love's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June.
 Oh, my love's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

And fare thee well, my only love,
 And fare thee well a while ;
 And I will come again, my love,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

I did not see that rose at the rose-show, though I looked for it everywhere, and I fancied Burns found it in an old-fashioned garden, half hid between draperies of honey-suckle and eglantine. It was not very big, and it was only half open, and the perfume of it was greater than the size. Yet these glorious creatures, fixed here in the gardeners' stocks to be gazed at, are very marvels of perfection, each in its kind. Here are four massive blooms, sisters, two and two, the close-packed, curled petals dead-white as curd, the whole flower round and solid as a frosted silver-cup. There again is the golden rose that seems to typify royalty, a true sacred royalty, with the sweetness of honey in its heart and the colour of amber in the spread of its wide, lower petals, like the flow of a queen's garments. Better still is this delicious flower-face whose beauty is made up of celestial carnation streaks, like little flames of dawn fires gathered from the sky and the sea. Such a flower, I admit, might inspire a poet, and I give it to Waller to send with his verse "Go, lovely Rose!" But Shakspeare's rose I do not find here—

For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

I saw it the other day hanging on a bush in an old garden. It would have been laughed out of the show by the gardeners, but it is the sweetest, tenderest, most fragrant, most home-loving rose in a world of roses. It is snow-white, with a delicate blush folded close in its breast, and its breath is like a benediction to the air, for its perfume is rare, delightful, ethereal, and far-reaching as the everlasting love in a faithful heart. The particular bush I am thinking of—have you any such in Australia?—hangs in an angle of an old lichened, red brick wall, between a lilac tree, swinging its dainty scented plumes against the sky and a hoary pear-tree, whose wide-spreading arms are still filled every spring with white and rosy blossoms, and on which, at this moment, the pears are

ripening. At its feet once stood a lavender bush, beloved by a troop of white butterflies, who used to wheel and flutter about the fine, blue-grey spikes of the lavender all the long summer afternoon. The lavender bush fell into old age and died, and is gone, and the butterflies took to flight, but the rose blooms on, and its clusters of snow-white, blush-hearted buds and blooms are among the goodliest things that our Irish summer brings forth.

I do not mean to say that the rose-show quite disappointed me, for each splendid rose was a joy in its own place, even though that place was a hole in a box, where the rival beauties stood in ordered lines, like soldiers on drill, or rows of buttons on a card. But when I walked out of the hot sunshine of the streets into the green pleasaunce between the dark, dense trees, a verse was running in my head from a poem I had read somewhere:—

Remember, love, the feast of roses.

And the words “feast of roses” suggested something very different from what I was actually going to see—a real *romaunt* of the rose—a pageant fit for June, the queen of months—a prodigal splendour of roses such as one might dream about but does not see. On looking out my verse I find that the rose-festival of Cashmere sung by Moore in “Lallah Rookh,” was probably the sort of thing I had been longing for; and no doubt one might as well wish to have one’s fireside lighted by stars as ask for pyramids, and mounds, and bowers of roses—a wide-spreading wilderness of roses, where even the children might be found

Among the tents that line the way,
Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other.

and all within the enclosure of Lord Iveagh’s grounds! It seems to me, by the way, that this story of the “Feast of Roses” is not as pretty as it might have been. However, here is one stanza I found like a diamond in tinsel:—

Alas, how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!

This is not so strong as Coleridge's verse telling how

To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain,

but it is good and true, and I am always glad to insist upon anything good of Moore's, because he is our poet, and the world is making too little of him.

I turned away from the show-tent, thankful for so much beauty in my year, if not quite satisfied, and dreaming of Mrs. Browning"

Rose that grew within
A garden April-green,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

That, I think, is my very love of a rose, who lays her cheek against the old pear-tree :—

A white rose delicate,
On a tall bough, and straight.

Only my rose has no envious fear of

The moss rose, and the musk rose,
Maiden blush, and royal dusk rose.*

* Elsewhere this exquisite artist in words has enshrined two of these quotations in a different setting of prose :—

"The flower shows are not so well attended as they used to be, perhaps because the cunning art of horticulture is followed in a manner which becomes every year more and more matter-of-fact, and the poetry of flowers is left behind in the old-fashioned garden among the hollyhocks, and the marigolds, and the gilli-flowers. There was a time when tents were stocked with all kinds of rare garden sweets in splendid profusion ; but now we find a certain number of wonderful and magnificent 'blooms,' each with its head severed from its bough, inserted in a hole in a box, and its face flatly upturned to the eye of the passing gazer. It has a label, and a frill of leaves round its throat, and you are to examine it as you would an antique china cup. Beautiful as they all are, from the frost-white bloom, large and round as a silver bowl, and apparently as massive, down through the various gradations of colour—the bloom that looks steeped in the lines of sunset, the golden rose fit to accompany a message from a Pope to a Queen, the rose that might have been watered with dissolved rubies—yet withal we hardly find the

Moss rose and the musk rose,
Maiden blush, and royal dusk rose,

which we were dreaming of ; and our heart wins away to that old garden of the sweet-brier hedge, where the

White rose delicate
On a tall bough and straight,

with the sunrise blush in her heart, hangs her head among the old fruit trees, and hears the bees humming round the lavender-bush, and sees the thrush making his evening meal on an over-ripe nectarine."—*Ed. I. M.*

Neither does she dread

Roses plenty, roses plenty ;
And one nightingale for twenty.

She stays where Providence has ordered her, and the blackbirds and thrushes sing to her, and the old-world garden is sweet with the breath of her contentment.

Now it is almost time to ask you if you have any roses at all in Australia? I may tell you that it was the Huguenots, from France, who first brought the culture of flowers into Dublin. Some time ago I related to you how I discovered the purple *fleur de lys* growing in a little garden by a quaint paved courtyard at the back of an old Huguenot poplin factory, now fallen to disuse, in the Coombe, in this city. Since then I have learned that many an old garden and bit of fruit-tree-hung wall in the neighbourhoods haunted by the old French refugees, bear witness to their love of this sweet and wholesome art, and their skill in practising it. The jargonelle pears, for instance, still growing in Dolphin's Barn, were planted by an exile's hand, and perhaps watered now and again with a tear or two, even as you (or some much more foolish person) may have watered the shamrocks I sent you. The Danes planted spears and arrows, and the Saxons sowed dragon's teeth, but the Huguenots brought us plums and roses.

Some time ago—a very short time—Dublin was described by some visitors as “the most flowerless city in the world.” The words had a dreary sound, and whether they affected our imagination to good purpose or not I cannot say, but within a few years a marked improvement is visible. An outbreak of wild flowers appears in our streets in the spring, and every little working-girl who goes for a walk on Sunday has now a knot of something sweet from field or garden in the bosom of her holiday frock. Hawkers of flowers are at our street corners, will take a seat, by a time, on the lowest steps of the old Parliament House (soon to be the new Parliament House), and the basket that once held only the Dublin Bay herring, or rows of pins, overflows with a golden foam of buttercups; large star-like daisies with hearts like little suns, and the daffodils like winged creatures made out of the sunshine. I have an old friend who comes to me every Saturday from Finglas, a streamy and grassy outlying district of Dublin, with a basket well filled in the daybreak and the dew.

Peter is the happy possessor of a couple of fields, and a little house which he built with his own horny hands, out of heaven knows what, and he is proud to tell you that he has brought up a family of nine children upon nothing but wild flowers! Out of his watery ditch he fetches the lustrous marsh marigold to light up my room, and breaks the silveriest bow of his hawthorn bush to make fragrance in my corners. Peter's jacket is rather out at elbows, but his heart is light, for his crop is hardy and his wants are few, and as sure as the daisies blow his bread is in his hand. There remains yet, I think, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, a wide field for mild enterprise in the strips of land here and there, which could easily be cultivated so as to produce a harvest of flowers for the market, our home market, which at present is supplied in too large a degree from across channel. I once heard of a person who made a hundred a-year out of a field of violets, and I believe that field was in Ireland. I wonder his success is not emulated. We are very poor in Ireland, and if I were one of a band of some three or four sisters, with capital too small for comfort and idle gentility, I should like to rent such a field, or even three or four fields, and double my income by means of a dairy and a rose garden. A pair of strong boots, a boy to dig, and a donkey cart would be the chief implements needful for the work, and we might even send our violets to London in the season, to arrive (by order) in neat little boxes for the breakfast table.

But most of the ladies who might be benefited, body and soul, by such wholesome labour, would, I fear, rather emigrate to Australia as governesses than so soil their delicate hands with Irish clay.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE ROSE AND THE WIND.

AN ALLEGORY.

WHAT a mystery of light, in the soft summer night,
 Enfolded the Rose's breast,
 As the stars shone bright on the beautiful sight
 Of the Rose's peaceful rest.
 Through the still, long hours, 'mid her sister flowers,
 She stirred not in her dreams;
 The moon rode high in the cloudless sky,
 And kissed the Rose with her beams.

The morning broke, and the birds awoke,
 Filled with song the garden bower;
 Through the whispering trees, the delicious breeze
 Spake thus to the slumbering flower:
 "Oh! awake, young Rose, the heaven glows
 With the dawn's resplendent ray;
 Bathe thy face anew in the freshening dew
 And gaze on the glorious day."

Joy lifts her head, and her petals spread
 A fragrance on the air;
 And the bee comes and sips from her honeyed lips
 The sweetness that lingers there.
 But alas, alas, for the joys that pass—
 Pass by, alas, too soon;
 In the morn no thought with sorrow fraught,
 But a tear dims the eye ere noon.

From out the East as from royal feast,
 The conquering King of day
 Exultant came, his face aflame
 With love's passion to steal away.
 The luscious bloom and the rich perfume
 From out the Rose's heart;
 And he smote her there, in the noon-tide air,
 He smote with his golden dart.

Oh! the poets sing, a beauteous thing
 Can never, never die;
 But ah! for the ruth of their untruth,
 Death is in the Rose's eye.
 As all things must that are born of dust,
 She droops, without a moan;
 Her heart's warm thrill is cold and still—
 Has Death claimed her for his own?

Oh! see in the West, in his glorious rest,
 What careth the King for the Rose?
 On that golden shore, cloud-canopied o'er,
 He laughs from his throne, ere he goes.
 So what cares the King for the beggars who sing
 For a pittance at his door?
 The poor may sigh, the poor may die,
 Not a coin from his treasured store.

Is hope then gone from the beauteous one?
 Is the Rose Death's faded bride?
 No, the flower but sleeps, and the poor man weeps:
 There is hope in the "*Pierced Side*."
 The evening star, on the horizon far,
 Cometh over the hills:
 And her soothing calm, with healing balm,
 The wounds of Nature fills.

And the wind, oh! the wind, so gladsome and kind,
 Comes sweeping over the sea;
 With dew on his wing, he hastens to sing.
 Sad Rose, sweet solace to thee.
 Ope thy petals again, and drink in the rain
 Of his blessings that round thee pour;
 Thy heart that breaks with sorrow he wakes
 To life and gladness once more.

From her dew-filled cup, the Rose looked up,
 With a smile that was radiant and kind;
 Revived by his grace, she longed to embrace
 With her fragrant arms the wind;
 She heard but his voice, softly whispering, "Rejoice,
 My beautiful, beautiful Rose!"
 Then singing he went, on his sweet errands bent,
 Scattering blessings wherever he goes.

He goes and he plays, in his own loving ways,
 With the young child's golden hair,
 While the sorrows of age he strives to assuage,
 Smoothing down the wrinkles of care.
 When his tasks are all done and the prize has been won,
 And happy are all beauteous things,
 He's content, for he knows that a grateful Rose
 Has scented his glorious wings.

Thus, O Master benign! Thy Mercy Divine
 Transcends Thy omnipotent power:
 Blesses him that receives, blesses him too that gives
 But a portion of God's bounteous dower.
 O merciful Lord! unfailing Thy word:
 "With you the poor shall ay be."
 Then give us a part with Thy own stricken Heart
 In Thy poor ones to succour Thee.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

All the long summer night Mary watched beside Captain Crosbie. A nurse came from the infirmary. Doctor Hayden returned late in the evening, and Mrs. Desmond helped everyone. They knew the wound was almost mortal, and might become so still if gangrene supervened.

The pale morning night stole in; a bird twittered drowsily in the ivy near the partially open window; another answered, and soon the woods were alive with the cawing of rooks on the swinging tree-tops, the cooing of wood pigeons, and the soft notes of the thrush. The muslin curtain swayed gently in the fitful breeze which sometimes entered laden with the scent of the hawthorn.

The Doctor had gone out with Mrs. Desmond. The nurse slept tranquilly in an arm chair. Mary felt oppressed by the silence. He had been dozing uneasily. She bent over him and leant her hand upon his cheek. He opened his eyes and fixed them steadily on her.

His lips moved.

"Is it for pity, Mary?" he asked in tones so faint she had to bend low to catch them.

"Oh, no, Arthur," she said, her tears falling upon his face; "I love you; I love you with all my heart." And she laid her cheek against his.

"Thank God!" he murmured; "I'll sleep now."

It was a desperate struggle for life—a struggle continued for weeks.

"We can only hope in God," said Doctor Hayden, "and while there's life there is hope."

Mary tended him, praying with passionate fervour. The touch of her hand soothed him. Sometimes he opened his eyes and gazed at her as she bathed his warm face, and his lips would move. When he was restless, she laid her cheek against his forehead, kissing him softly, and he would become tranquil and fall asleep.

The moment he was able to answer questions, he was examined by a magistrate and the police officer. He had nothing to tell. He saw no one, heard nothing, till he felt himself shot; and when he recovered momentary consciousness he found Miss Desmond and Peg Murphy staunching his wound.

Mary Desmond was examined. She told how she had been sitting by the hedge under the copper beech; how she had heard the rustling in the wood, and thinking it was caused by some animal, had sat perfectly still; how she heard Captain Crosbie's steps, which she recognised, coming near the corner; the next moment the shot, and when she sprang forward to reach him as he fell at the turn she saw a man run across the walk and disappear.

"Did she see his face?"

"No, his back was towards her as he fled. The collar of his coat was turned up. He had a gun in his hand."

"Did she see him distinctly?"

"Yes, his person. He was not many yards from her."

"Did she recognise his person?"

"She thought so."

"Would she swear to it?"

Mary hesitated. The gravity of the question struck her. She felt convinced the man she saw was Paddy Daly. Yet, still, might another of the same height and wearing the same clothes be mistaken for him in that one momentary glance?

"I could not swear it was he," she said slowly.

"Then you thought you recognised the person?"

"Yes, I thought so. The figure and clothes were like, but I did not see the face."

"Whom did you suppose it to be?"

"Is it right to tell," she asked, "when I am not able to swear to it?"

"Yes, it is right to tell."

"I thought it was Paddy Daly," she said.

Peg Murphy was taken to the courthouse, where the magistrates were holding petty sessions, and when the local business was transacted she was ushered in to be examined. She was in a state of miserable anxiety lest she should be forced into saying anything calculated to criminate Paddy Daly, but kept encouraging herself by thinking that, after all, she had nothing to tell. She never saw him in the wood. It might have been a man from the north, for all she knew.

She was asked what brought her to the wood-walk. It was a private one supposed to be used only by the residents at Fintona and The Farm.

"It was my shortest way, your honour, an' I wanted to go to The Farm to spake a word to the mistress, who often relieved me; may the Lord give her the benefit of it!"

"Did you see or hear the person who fired at Captain Crosbie?"

"I didn't see a hap'orth, your honour, till I came up and seen him lying on the ground and Miss Mary on her knees be him. God knows I thought the life'ud leave me."

"Did you hear the shot?"

"Not a wan of me did, sir, I was running too quick at the time to mind anythin'."

Peg perceived she had made a mistake, when the magistrate asked—

"Why were you running? What was the reason of such a hurry?"

Peg assumed her most virtuous expression as she replied—

"I never gev' myself the habit of night walkin', your honour; an' I was afeared it would be late be the time I got home; an' besides, dear knows the wood is very lonesome, an' I thought to be out of it as soon as I could."

"It seems strange you should have been there at all. Tell all you know and you will be rewarded."

"Shure, I'm tellin' it your worship an' 'tis little I have to tell at all. But 'twas lucky for the dear gentleman Miss Mary an' meself was on the spot. Shure I'd walk on my knees from this to Dublin to serve him, an' a good right I'd have."

"Well, if you can tell anything that would lead to the apprehension of his murderer, you would serve yourself also. There is five hundred pounds reward offered."

Peg Murphy's weather-beaten face turned red, to the roots of her grizzled hair. Five hundred pounds! Riches beyond all counting. Unutterable grandeur for her children. No more begging from door to door. No more harsh refusals, and advices to be off to the work-house, but warmth, eating, and drinking, and good clothes. It all flitted across her mind in a golden wave of thought; but it was no temptation; it was a brilliant existence that only be purchased by blood-money, and she would never, as long as she had breath in her, bring Paddy Daly or any other man to the gallows.

"'Tis a sight of money, your honour."

"And easily earned, Mrs. Murphy," said the magistrate. "It will be well for you if you have any information to give."

"I wouldn't have the luck, your worship. I didn't see anythin' but what I tould you no more than the babe unborn."

"Everything tends to the belief that you know more than you like to tell, Mrs. Murphy. If you do, it is a wicked thing for you to help

to screen a murderer; and think what five hundred pounds would do for your family."

"The devil a ha'penny of blood-money I'll ever earn for 'um," she replied. "Moreover, when I can't. I seen nor heard nothin'."

"Why were you waiting for Captain Crosbie at Fintona? The servant said when you learnt he had left the house, you looked alarmed, and ran after him like a mad woman. What did you want to tell him?"

"Did he say that? See how well I forgot it." She spoke speculatively, trying to shape her thoughts for an answer. "'Deed, then, he could tell you the rest as well. I made no sacret of me business. I wanted to see the Captain about a corner of bog he promised me."

"He told that also; but it doesn't account for your fright and eagerness to catch him. I tell you, woman, it looks as if you had something of importance to tell him. Perhaps you wanted to warn him about the attempt on his life."

"An' so I would, if I knew it, an' had the time. See would I."

"But you hadn't the time?" said the magistrate, carelessly trying to put her off her guard.

"I was in time to help Miss Mary," she answered, "thanks be to God an' His Blessed Mother."

"But you were too late to warn him?"

"Yerra. What, I warn him? I had no warnin' to give him. Don't be putting the words into my mouth, an' God bless you."

"Did you hear anything would lead you to suppose Captain Crosbie's life was in danger?"

"Shure, I often hear people sayin' half the agents ought to be shot, your honor. An' some of the landlords as well as 'um; but I don't be givin' hear to everythin'. He was a well liked gentleman, the Lord restore him to his health. But, inshure, wan can't please everybody."

"I can't make anything out of this woman," said the resident magistrate, irritably, "though I'm sure she knows more than she allows. Did you hear anyone speak badly of Captain Crosbie lately," he continued.

"Whethen, maybe I did; an' of yourself too, your honour. But I doesn't be mindin' half I hear."

"What did you hear of me?" he asked quickly.

"Wisha, nothin' of any account," she replied, "only that you are a bad pill, an' the like, puttin' fines on crathurs for takin' a drop too much, an' you well able to take it yourself. Inshure, no wan should mind what's said of 'um."

All the gentlemen laughed at this home thrust, for the magistrate's character was not above suspicion.

"Can you not tell the truth, Peg?" said one old gentleman, who had not spoken yet. "If you know anything, tell it honestly."

"Inshure, I would, an' welcome, your honour, if I knew anything for certain, an' thanks be to God, I doesn't. There's plenty of talk goin' but where's my use repatin' it? Wasn't I axed didn't I fire at him my own self? Shure ye may ram me into jail for it; but I wouldn't harm a hair of his head. I tould ye all I knew, an' let ye let me go, an' God bless ye."

She was dismissed, with a caution not to be out of the way. She told the policemen they would find her either at the quarry, Mrs. Walshe's, or Mrs. Kelly's, and went away rejoicing. She called at The Farm to inquire after the Captain, and Mary bade her mother see that she was entertained and had something to carry home to the children.

From that day forward Peg blossomed into a kind of minor heroine, and reaped the benefit of the comparatively exalted rôle. She was a welcome visitor at all the farmers' houses, where she made great capital out of her information, and was never weary of relating the sensation of the memorable night that had immortalised her.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FLIGHT.

After Paddy Daly had parted from Peg Murphy, he went rapidly up the hills, turned back again by a different route, shut his dogs into the shelter he had erected out of the ruins of his house, and passed into the wood. He knew Captain Crosbie would return that night, and thought it probable he would go to The Farm. If he did not go that evening, he would go the next. He had only to watch for him. Stealthily he pursued his way, avoiding the paths where he might meet the Fintona workmen. His poaching habits had taught him every track, and he continued on, making a little path among the bluebells, until he came within ten yards of the copper beech drooping over the hedge, beneath which Mary Desmond was sitting. He lay down in a thicket of sweet brier and wild roses, with his gun on full cock.

He had not very long to wait, perhaps not more than half-an-hour, when he heard footsteps of the doomed man approaching—nearer, nearer! He got on one knee, pointed his gun, and waited. "I'll spoil his coortin," he muttered.

If Mary heard the rustling of the young leaves as he thrust the muzzle of the gun between them, she did not notice it, for she, too, was listening with a beating heart to hear footsteps.

Captain Crosbie's light, active figure appeared on the walk. He came on whistling softly, stooped for a moment as if something caught his attention in the wood, and resumed his rapid pace, snapping off the head of an occasional wayside weed with his cane.

He came near the turn, Paddy Daly lifted his gun to his eyes, drew a long breath, and fired.

He heard the fall and the cry as Captain Crosbie fell to the earth. He sprang up, leaped out, and, with one backward glance at the bleeding body, broke into the lower wood and fled. If he could get back to his house, take out the dogs, and be off up the mountains it never could be brought home to him.

He came to a little stream, threw himself down, and took a deep draught, and continued his way until he reached his house. He unloosed the two dogs, and taking an unfrequented path turned his face towards the hills, and never slackened his pace until he was in a mountain ravine ten miles away from Fintona.

As yet the one prevailing thought was to get as far as possible from the scene of his guilt; away from that dark wood where a bloody corpse lay motionless beneath the shrouding trees. He had run the most of the way, and when he came to the glen he threw himself down breathless beside a rock, over which poured a silver little stream of water, in which he laved his heated face, while the two dogs drank thirstily at its base.

He looked curiously at his hands, and examined his gun—there was no blood on them. What was he to do next? There was a house in this glen in which he often stopped when on his dog-training expeditions. He would go there; no one would think he had anything to do with shooting Captain Crosbie that evening when he was here—ten miles away—in little more than an hour after the murder was committed. It would be a good thing to show himself, to put the police off the scent if they happened to suspect him. Many people saw him coming towards the hills early in the day, and no one saw him stealing back. It would look as if he had continued on his way. He would be able to baffle them. But how should he go to the house? It was hateful to meet anyone for the present. While he was trying to collect himself, the owner of the house appeared, driving his cows to drink. With an effort he steadied his nerves to answer his cordial greeting.

"You are very early this year, Paddy," said the man.

He knew Jim Smith meant it was early for training his dogs, but he wilfully misunderstood him.

"It isn't early now, Jim; I'm sure it must be after eight. I left home when it was about six."

"Faith, then, you made good haste. It's a good bit past eight though. Won't you come in and stop the night?"

"No, Jim, I'm thankful to you. I think I'll go on as far as Dan Casey's. He tould me at the fair that there is a power of birds there. I'd like to get a look at 'em."

"Yerra, what hurry are you in? Isn't to-morrow long? Can't you come back with me, an' tell us did you come on any settlement with the Captain."

"I can't stop, I tell you," answered Paddy. "An' I have nothin' good to tell you. He left me without house or home. My curse light on him, an' follow him to his grave."

"God help you, poor man. Shure 'tis no wondher you looks bad. 'Tis a hard thing to be put out on the world. I'm sorry to the heart you didn't take the hundred pounds; but maybe he'd stand to you yet; they say he's no ways hard."

"I won't ax him," said Paddy fiercely. "I wouldn't be be-houldin' to him for a mail's mate if I was dyin' be the ditch, the blasted villain!"

"Faith I wouldn't like to be in his shoes," said the man looking at Paddy Daly's terrible face. "I'd sooner have you for a friend than an enemy this minute, Paddy."

"Why so?" said Paddy, sulkily. "What do you see the matter with me, I'd like to know?"

"Begor you look as if you wouldn't mind sendin' a bullet through me," said the man; "but shure, God knows, 'tis no wonder you'd have a sore heart."

"Don't mind my looks," said Paddy, standing up. "'Tis nothing to you how I look."

"Well, an' won't you stop the night?" said the man.

"No, I won't. Maybe I'd call at my comin' back; 'tis time to be movin.' *Bannacht lath*. Come, pups."

"Well, God speed you in shure. Wan 'ud think it was on the run you was, you're in sich a hurry."

Paddy gave him permission to present himself in the lower regions, and proceeded on his way. The sun had sunk behind the western hills, leaving the bending sky flushed with crimson, which gradually changed into purple, violet, and sombre grey; and as the mystic hues of the sunset faded, a young moon came slowly forth in the quiet heavens and poured its tender radiance over the lonely mountain.

For several hours Paddy Daly pursued his course, intending to get to the Shannon and cross into Tipperary. It was late at night when

he sat down to rest. The dogs came whimpering to his side. He took out the bread Peg Murphy had given him, gave them the greater portion of it, and eat some of it himself.

What would he do? That was the question he vaguely asked. No more for him were the heathery hills, the lowland valleys, and green woods of his native Fintona. He could not go back, it would be too dangerous.

He had not the least remorse for shooting Captain Crosbie, nor any twinges of conscience for having done a damning deed. His only regret was that he had to fly the country; his only fear, that he would be captured.

He had had his revenge, and he found it sweet. He did not doubt that the wound was mortal, for he was a crack shot, and his thoughts wandered away to other days when he had distinguished himself among gentlemen, and was supposed to have the truest eye on the mountain. He had made good use of it for once in his life.

His thoughts reverted again to the wood-walk, and the bleeding body of his victim came before him. Was it found yet? Would the blood creep on to the wayside grasses and stain them? Miss Mary would not be so fond of that walk ever again.

An odd feeling of regret for having made it unpleasant to her mingled with his satisfaction for having avenged himself.

He rested his chin upon his hands, and the dogs slept at his feet. The stillness of the summer night tranquilised him, and he fell into a doze, in which broken fragments of his outer and waking life presented themselves in a kind of dreamy kaleidoscope; his tumbled-down house, the few articles of furniture thrown outside it; the body on the wood-walk; Peg Murphy finding him moulding the bullets; snaring rabbits in the cool green woods; Peter telling him he would come to no good; old times on the mountain; the dogs setting a covey of birds; policemen tracking him; Jim Smith looking curiously at him by the rock stream; card-playing at the publichouse; a shot; a death cry; a sudden sense of horror.

The freshness of the early morning made itself felt. He staggered to his feet and looked around him for a second with dazed eyes. The dogs leaped about him, waking the echoes with their joyous barking. He tried to repress their exuberant spirits; he threatened and cursed them without avail, and a new fear suddenly occurred to him—he could be tracked by them; what did he want with dogs? He walked on; he knew he was only half a dozen miles from the river; he would get a boat and cross over before anyone was up, but what was he to do with the dogs? He should get rid of them. He turned on them. They slunk away, looking back piteously. When he went on, they

timidly returned. He pelted them with stones, and they fled howling ; still, when he ceased, they followed at a little distance. He waited till they came up, crouching and fawning at his feet ; he beat and kicked them, and again they fled. He continued his way rapidly. The morning light was now strong, though the sun would not rise for another hour. He stood on a slight elevation and gazed about him, and not twenty yards behind him he saw the dogs again.

"They'll bring the peelers on me !" he cried in a sudden frenzy of terror. He lifted his gun and fired first at one dog and then at the other. He flung the gun down and ran back to them. Cora whimpered out her last breath as he approached, and she looked at him with fast glazing eyes. Ponto had life enough to crawl to his feet, and feebly licked them.

"My poor pups !" he cried, gazing at them with moistened eyes. "I wouldn't do it if I could. I can't lave 'um here," he continued ; "they'd discover on me." He tied a cord about their feet and dragged them to a deep ditch ; he flung them in and hid them away beneath the tall ferns and heather. Then he took up his gun and resumed his way.

The first beams of the morning sun were changing Lough Derg into a sheet of rippling silver when he stood on its lonely shore. He searched along until he discovered a little boat-house in which was a boat. He unfastened it, found the oars, stepped in, and with one wild glance at the Clare hills pulled out into the lake. He was a good oarsman and made rapid progress. He rowed towards the wildest looking part of the Tipperary shore, and the sun was rising higher into the azure sky when he sprang upon it. He took his gun, gave one violent shove to the little boat that sent it drifting with the tide, and turned his face towards the Galtee mountains.

CHAPTER XL.

FAINT TRAILS.

How cruelly long seem the golden hours of a summer day, watching by what may be the death-bed of one unutterably dear. The strange, beautiful soul animating that well-known body may slip away, and leave it to us—cold and ghastly, so mysteriously changed that we feel an involuntary horror, and scarcely dare to lay our hands on that marble brow, whose icy chilliness makes us shudder. Where, then, is what we loved—that spirit that looked out of those closed eyes with divine meaning, moved those cold lips with utterances that

thrilled our hearts, and impelled those rigid hands to clasp ours with touching tenderness ? That immortal soul which, clothed in its mortal vesture, made the personality whose mystic attractiveness drew us out of ourselves and bound us by the strong cords of human love ? Gone out of our lives, it may be—gone to its God ; and dark, desolate days open before us into the long waste of years ; a great infinite blank stretches around us, and feebly we put forth our empty hands “ to touch God’s right hand in the darkness, and be lifted up and strengthened ; ” and, when the strength is given, we take up again the broken woof and begin once more to weave, perchance after a holier and wiser design—to weave patiently day after day, through sun and shade, the great web of human existence to hold before the Lord God on that wondrous day, when each man must render an account of the use he has made of time.

For many days Captain Crosbie lay hovering between life and death. Dr. Hayden maintained that the wound was going on well, and would not be less sanguine because of Dr. Power’s gloomier anticipations. Time proved him a true prophet. By almost imperceptible degrees the patient regained strength, and became conscious of all around him.

“ My dear sir, I’ll dance at your wedding in no time,” said Dr. Hayden one morning. “ You’re going on like a house on fire. Eh. Mary, my dear. We shall have a great night, shan’t we ? But it won’t do to have such a pale bride, though,” and he pinched her cheek. “ Amy is coming over by-and-by, and you must take a drive with her.”

Mary shook her head.

“ Oh, yes, you’ll have to go. Crosbie will send you off. Assert your authority at once, Crosbie, or you’ll be henpecked all your life. It is very pleasant for a lover to be tyrannised over, but he doesn’t relish it so much when he develops into a husband. Mind yourself, my boy.”

Crosbie’s hold tightened on her hand.

“ Yes, I’ll make her go,” he said. “ She will be obedient.”

When the Doctor was gone, they sat silent for a while. At length he looked at her wistfully, and said :

“ It would be hard to die now, Mary. I sometimes fear my happiness is too great. I think you may be influenced by pity.”

She laid her face upon his hand.

“ I often awake miserable, dreaming you are gone from me,” he continued faintly.

“ I will never go from you—never,” she said.

“ My own Mary. How sweet the words are ! My own for ever.

My wife, my dear wife! Ours was a strange betrothal. When I opened my eyes and saw your dear face, I felt as if our souls met, and the joy overpowered the pain; your tender arms kept me from sinking into death. Oh! God is very good."

"Oh! God is adorably good," said Mary, the tears filling her eyes. "We can never love Him enough."

"We will love and serve Him together, my dearest. You will make me a better man. I'll try to prove my gratitude."

"Rest now, Arthur; you must not talk too much," she said.

"Yes, I'll be quiet. I'm satisfied when you are near me. I feel your presence in the room when my eyes are shut. I know your step, the rustle of your dress, your touch on the handle of the door. Ah! Mary, how jealous I was of you."

"You shall never be so again, Arthur; nothing shall ever come between us again."

Amy Hayden came in the afternoon to pay her daily visit. Captain Crosbie told Mary to follow the Doctor's directions and take a drive with her. She obeyed at once, and the two girls went out into the pleasant early summer, driving slowly along the shady roads and talking earnestly.

Amy wrote to Harry every day. He had been in a state of miserable anxiety about Captain Crosbie, and could not get a few days' leave to come to see him; but now that all danger was past he was his old buoyant self again. His delight was extreme when Amy made him aware of the state of things between Mary and the patient. It was the finishing touch to his happiness.

"Let us go to see Peg Murphy," said Mary to Amy, as they left the house.

They proceeded towards the quarry. When they arrived there, they found the children sitting on the wayside, one making a daisy chain, and the others supplying her with the pink-tipped blossoms. The little needlewoman was already decorated with a floral necklace, and raising a pretty, sad little face the girls recognised Paddy Daly's youngest daughter.

The children ceased their occupations and stared open-eyed at the trap.

"Nora, did your father come back yet?" asked Amy, though she was quite sure the answer would be in the negative.

The child stood up, dropping her flowers. "I don't know where Daddy is," she replied, "nor Ponto, nor Cora, nor anyone but Jamesey. Peg Murphy brought us away."

"Poor child! Where is Peg Murphy?" said Amy.

The old woman came to the door.

"She's at the bog, Miss, footin' a handful of turf for Mrs. Conway. Miss Mary, alannah, how are you? How is the poor Captain?"

"He is greatly better, Moll. He will soon be all right, please God."

"May the Lord grant it, avic; an' shure he has our prayers night an' day. There isn't a day I goes on my knees but I says a round of the bades for him. May the Lord restore him, the dear gentleman. But the fright isn't out of your heart yet, asthore, nor out of Peg. 'Tis a while till she will be the betther of it. An' shure no wondher. Nor tale nor tidin's we haven't since of the wan you know."

She looked significantly at the child, who knew quite well that the person to whom she alluded so mysteriously was her father.

"Did the peelers get any account, Miss?"

"No, Moll. There was no discovery yet."

"The Lord keep us from hurt an' harm," said the old woman. "Shure he gave himself guilty to go an' to fly the country."

"Are you best for making chains, Nora?" said Amy to the child, who had timidly drawn near. "That's a pretty one. Who is it for?"

"For Bidsy," said the child. "It was she stole the needle out of Aunty's needlecase."

"Ah, Nora, don't you know it is a sin to steal a pin, and stealing a needle is worse again?" said Amy. "Did you never hear that?"

"No, Miss."

"Do you like to live here?"

"I does, Miss, if I had Cora. I'd like to have Cora. I'd like to have Ponto, too; but he'd hurt the hins."

"And wouldn't you rather have the other little children to play with than the dogs, Nora?"

"Johnny beat me," she said, "an' called me names. Cora was fond of me."

"You pulled my hair," answered Johnny, who, with the other children, had collected near.

"He called me names first, Miss, an' said Daddy was bad; an' he took my 'rally-show' an' broke it."

"Oh, Johnny, you naughty boy, to tease a little girl," said Amy. "You'll never be a man."

"'Twas she began it, Miss. She hot me with a stone, an' pulled me hair."

"Oh, shame—little boys and girls fighting," said Amy. "That's very naughty. Will you promise not to touch her any more, Johnny?"

"I will if she let's me alone," replied Johnny.

"And will you let him alone, Norah?"

"I will if he doesn't break my chain," said Norah. "He said he'd break it surely."

Mary and the old woman had been talking about Paddy Daly's disappearance in a lower tone. She slipped a piece of silver into her hand. "The price of the tea, Moll," she said.

"'Deed, then, you needn't, Miss Mary, asthore. Shure 'tis lashins' an' lavins' we have this time back," she said. "The neighbours dhroppin' in to get the true story from Peg. An' they usen't to come empty-handed, the Lord gave them the benefit of it, an' to every one that relieves the poor; plenty we have agra; as much in the house as will do for the next week. Peg wouldn't give ear to sendin' the two crathers to the workhouse, though many's the wan advisin' her."

"Indeed, it is very good of her to keep them," said Mary, "and she having so many of her own."

"Wisha, that's it, mavourneen; their bit isn't felt among 'um, an' shure the Lord never sent a mouth into the world but He sent the bit to fill it, praises be to His holy name. We have a handful of chickens rearin' to make a sup of broth for the Captain, they're almost fit to kill, and five little cocks on 'um, lucky enough. Nansheen will be bringin' 'um down to him."

"He will be glad of your kind thought of him, Moll."

"Ah, then, a good right I have to think of him; he was a good head to me always. I'll engage he never met me but he'd put his hand in his pocket and rache me the price of the tobaccy. May the Lord rise him out of his bed this day!"

Before the girls returned home, they learned the fate of Paddy Daly's dogs. They met a respectable farmer, one of their neighbours, who was coming from a fair held in one of the mountain villages. He stopped them to inquire about Captain Crosbie, and then told them how a shepherd, looking for a stray sheep, had found the dogs in a ditch. The police at the next station were sent for, and the dogs were identified. The conclusion was that he had destroyed them to get them out of his way. There was also a rumour of a boat being taken away from the Clare side of Lough Derg, and found drifting by the opposite shore, and it was the general belief that Paddy Daly had fled into the Tipperary mountains.

(To be continued.)

A JUNE CHANSON.

THE roses red, and white, and pied,
 Are blooming once again ;
 The lilies by the river side
 List to the sky-lark's strain.
 The blackbirds swell their feathered throats
 And join in chorus high
 To tell with sudden, broken notes,
 How fair the earth and sky.

The banks are pale with cuckoo flowers,
 The clover is in bloom,
 The brown bees in the noontide hours
 Inhale its sweet perfume ;
 And travelled martins circling o'er
 The meadows wide and gay
 Forget the slumberous, southern shore
 Where they were wont to stray.

A purple mist of bluebells lies
 Along the sheltered vale,
 In leafage hid the culver cries,
 The bean-flowers scent the gale,
 The foamy pinks amid the grass
 Their tiny leaves unfold ;
 The sunbeams loiter as they pass
 On buttercups of gold.

The water violets love the shade
 Of fragrant meadow-sweet,
 And in their rustling robes arrayed
 The birch and osier meet.
 The brooklet sings a merry tune,
 The young birds try their wings, —
 Oh, radiant are the skies of June,
 And sweet the days she brings.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

IV.

Some of his Classfellows.

CONNECTED with the period of Dr. Russell's College course that we have now reached, there is a mysterious little memorandum which must have come into my hands immediately after his death: for he died on the 26th of February, 1880, and, if this question had arisen before that date, I should have proposed it to Dr. Russell himself and not to Monsignor Stephens, whose reply to my enquiries is dated in the following May. In an old-book shop on Wellington Quay, Dublin, I chanced to open a copy of the excellent brief commentary of the Jesuit Menochius on the Sacred Scriptures which was expressly reprinted in Dublin for the use of Maynooth students. On a blank leaf there was the following entry:—

Members of the Sacred Band, February 15th, 1831.

Charles O'Connell.
 James Stephens.
 Michael J. Limerick.
 Hugh Monaghan.
 James O'Beirne.
 John Maguire.
 Abraham Brownrigg.
 Charles Russell.
 Eugene O'Loughlin.
 John McHugh.
 Nicholas Leahy.
 Mortimer Murray.

It occurred to me that this "Sacred Band" might resemble an association organized in Maynooth about the year 1855, by a peculiarly holy student, Peter Timlin, of Killala, who afterwards became a Vincentian and died very young. He arranged privately with certain students of the senior classes that they would make a habit of receiving Holy Communion on other days besides the

occasions which were obligatory. But, recognizing the name of a well-known priest of the diocese of Raphoe, I consulted him on the subject, and received the following answer:—

Killybegs, Co. Donegal,
May 19th, 1880.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—I have known intimately nearly all the students you make mention of in your letter, several of them my classmates. Charles O'Connell was afterwards the respected P.P. of Balbriggan. Charles Russell and myself paced the corridors of Maynooth after supper during our entire course of six years. We entered Maynooth on the same day, 25th August, 1826—the Rhetoric Class under Dr. Donovan. The friendship then formed lasted till death. A short time before my dear friend's death I happened to be at a banquet in the College given by the Professors to Dr. Logue. The President joined us at dinner next day. When we were parting, he asked me when we were to meet again. "At all events (he said) I hope we shall meet in heaven." He always had a warm welcome for me when I visited the college.

Abraham Brownrigg entered College with us in 1826 from Wexford. He was afterwards P.P. of Ternacork. Dr. Russell held him in high estimation. He was at the end of his course singing-master in the College.

Mortimer Murrane (not Murray) was also a class-fellow of ours from the diocese of Limerick. John McHugh and Hugh Monaghan were both from the diocese of Derry, entering Maynooth in 1827. The latter was a highly distinguished student and made a great name for himself in Derry. Both of them had a very short missionary career. All these are long since dead. Among those now living who entered College with us are Monsignor McTucker, P.P., Boyle; Archdeacon O'Regan, of Mallow; Rev. John Cooney, P.P., Bansha; Rev. Patrick McEldowny, P.P., Dungiven; Archdeacon Lee, Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare; Rev. William Comerford, P.P. in that diocese; Rev. James Lacy, P.P., Enniscorthy, and Canon John Fitzpatrick, P.P., Middleton. All the others have long since disappeared from the scene.

I did not know the others you mention, nor am I in a position to give you any information about the Sacred Band, the circumstances have all passed away from my memory. On the death of Dr. Russell I felt more grief than for that of a dear brother. He always cherished a warm attachment for the associates of his College days. Though I was precluded from assisting at the funeral obsequies, I did not forget to offer the Holy Mass for his soul.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES STEPHENS.

I have given the good old Monsignor's letter in full, for the names may have an interest for some of our readers. In the twelve years that have since elapsed, very many of those whom he names as living have gone over to the majority, like the writer himself.

The combination of names "Abraham Brownrigg" was too peculiar not to prove kinship with the present Bishop of Ossory.

His Lordship had the great goodness to send, in reply to my enquiries, the following interesting and instructive letter which I cannot refrain from giving here at once in full, though it forestalls a good many subjects which belong to later portions of this biographical sketch.

March 4th, 1892.

DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—The priest, whose name you found in the old Menochius, was an uncle of mine and a very particular friend of Dr. Russell's. They were classfellows in Maynooth, and the friendship then begun lasted until Father Brownrigg died on 13th August, 1859. My uncle had not the advantage, like yours, of attaining anything like a very distinguished position in the Church or in literature. His life was passed, like that of most of our good Irish priests, in the unobtrusive but faithful discharge of the duties, first of Curate, and then of Parish Priest. He was Parish Priest of Cloughbawn, Co. Wexford, at the time of his death. Nature had gifted him with an exquisitely sweet voice, which was almost exclusively devoted during his long missionary career to the worship of God and the service of the Church.

From the parting of the ways, at the close of their College course, I do not think the two friends met afterwards during life more than twice; but I knew from both of them that their early affection for each other suffered not in the least by time or separation. They continued to speak of each other to the last in the most kindly and affectionate terms. When I entered Maynooth in the autumn of 1856, many days did not pass until Dr. Russell found me out and invited me to his rooms in the College, and there and then initiated a course of gentle kindness and courtesy which ended only with my college days. His winning gentleness and paternal manner did much, I well remember, to smooth my first steps in college and to remove that fear and awe with which most "freshmen" enter its walls for the first time. All this gracious condescension of Dr. Russell to me was the outcome of the friendship of the two friends of other days. Peace to their souls both! and may we, their nephews, walk faithfully in their footsteps.

What the "Sacred Band" (list of names which you found in the musty old tome) meant, I am quite at a loss to know. Could it have been a Society formed among the students of that time for

musical purposes? That such a body existed then in Maynooth, I remember distinctly to have heard from my uncle. He often became quite enthusiastic in describing for me the excellence of the College Choir of those days and the wonderful effects it was able to produce, both in the solemn functions gone through in the College Chapel as well as in what it catered, on less solemn occasions, for the students at their festive gatherings. I still remember well the names of some of the leading members of the Maynooth Choir of those times. There was a Barrett, who, if I mistake not, came from Cork. He, I think, became a priest, but died soon after his ordination. There was another named Starkey, who was from the North of Ireland, and who was gifted with a most wonderful bass voice. He never, if my memory serves me right, attained the dignity of the ecclesiastical state, but passed to secular pursuits. I am curious to know if these two names were found by you in the list of the "Sacred Band" in the old Menochius. If they be, it would go far to establish the correctness of my theory as to the composition of that body. There is, I know, against it the fact that Dr. Russell's name figures in the list, and I feel sure your esteem for your Very Rev. Uncle will not be wounded if I say that he was never regarded in Maynooth as gifted with a voice of striking excellence. How, therefore, his name found its way into the list remains to be accounted for. Possibly he loved music and song, and his refined and highly cultivated soul, even thus early in life, drew him towards those who were masters of the art, and who, in turn, gave him an honorary place in their ranks.

It has long been a subject of surprise to me that no one, during the past years since his lamented death, has put a hand to the work of writing a memoir of Dr. Russell. On all sides it seems to be admitted that he was one of the most erudite, refined, highly cultivated, and gentlemanly ecclesiastics this country has ever produced. And yet, as far as I am aware, nothing has ever been done to save his name, genius, and high character from being forgotten utterly, except the few complimentary, passing expressions of regret which appeared in the newspapers at the time of his lamented death. Ireland has not usually been unmindful of her gifted sons, but I am sorry to say in this case we seem to have slept. It will be a matter of very heartfelt joy and congratulation for Irishmen, but especially for Irish ecclesiastics, to hear that one so

well qualified as you are, by acquaintance with your subject, by literary ability, and by hearty zeal in the work, has at last determined to give to the world through the pages of the "*IRISH MONTHLY*," a true and an enduring picture of Dr. Russell's life and work. It will form a fitting counterpart to that other memorial of another great Irishman—the late Father O'Reilly, S.J.—which your industry has given lately to the public in the splendid volume containing his very valuable essays on the intricate subject of the Church's Relations to Civil Society.

Your revered uncle and Father O'Reilly had many traits of character in common, and it might well be questioned whether any two ecclesiastics have exercised a wider and more beneficent influence, within the present century, on the priesthood of the Irish Church, than they did.

Without at all derogating from the merits and attainments of Dr. Russell's predecessors in the office of President of Maynooth College, I think all who had the happiness of living there under him will admit that he gave a wonderful impetus to some departments of ecclesiastical training and culture which did not seem to have received the attention they deserved before his term of office. He it was who first conceived the idea and began the work of erecting the new College Chapel, which is now so near completion, and which is undoubtedly, by many degrees, the finest thing of its kind to be found in the world. It was Dr. Russell who replaced the crazy old building, where so many generations of sick students had to nurse themselves back to health as best they could, by the present fine and commodious Infirmary. The magnificent rows of limes, to the rear of St. Mary's, which now in the summertime afford such a grateful shade to the students and visitors, were planted by his directions. It was he who rescued the cemetery of the College from the neglected condition in which it lay so long, and which so often drew forth from visitors anything but complimentary remarks. Was it Sir Francis Head* or Thackeray who on visiting this said cemetery and finding no record of the names of those who lay buried there, exclaimed: "All that can be said of those who tenant these graves is, 'here lieth an ecclesiastical flower that never bloomed!'" Dr. Russell, too, it was who initiated that taste for, and cultivation of, ecclesiastical art, which

* Sir Francis Head in his "Fortnight in Ireland."—*Ed. I.M.*

during the first fifty years of the College's early struggles and history had been so sadly in abeyance, but which, under his inspiring example and the fostering stimulus of his successors in the Presidency, has now made the College of Maynooth the home and the highest exponent in our country, of all that is tasteful and beautiful and pure in Christian, Catholic, Irish art. Until Dr. Russell's presidency, over sixty years after the College had been founded, there was no Crucifix, no statue of the Blessed Virgin or of any of the Saints, no pious picture worth sixpence, to be found in any of the public halls, corridors, or cloisters of Maynooth. It was Dr. Russell who first seems to have realised the incongruity of such a state of things and who first applied himself to remedy it. He erected the Statue of our National Apostle in the hitherto untenanted niche in the front of the new College buildings; in the rear he set up a beautiful statue of Our Blessed Lady, thus giving that portion of the College buildings which were called St. Mary's its own proper patroness and guardian. In the cloisters which so many generations of Irish priests have paced day after day, he set up, in a well-selected point which everyone must pass, a very beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception. It was wonderful what an impulse this last work gave to what has always been a special characteristic of the Maynooth student, viz., his deep and filial devotion to the holy Mother of God. I would venture to hazard the opinion that if the many students, who have passed and re-passed, thousands of times, again and again, before that statue of Our Blessed Lady for the past forty years—many of them now grown old in the labours of the mission—examined their consciences closely, not one of them would have to upbraid himself with the neglect of what became at once a common practice in the College—to salute reverentially this statue each time one passed it.

There was another work, not unconnected with this subject of Dr. Russell's cultivation of religious art in the College, but still more connected with the maintenance of the memories and traditions of Maynooth, to which the great and good man also put his hand at this time. The priests of Ireland now alive who sat so often in the years from 1848 to 1859 in the large College Refectory will remember, notwithstanding the generous and plentiful supply of good wholesome food under which the tables bent, how cold, and bleak, and cheerless, its lofty, bare walls used

to look, especially in the winter season, when a Maynooth fog was on. Dr. Russell soon changed all this. He soon covered the inhospitable walls with portraits of the former presidents and professors of the College, which if they were not first-class as works of art, at least gave a cheerfulness, a look of life and animation to the scene which it badly needed. The students of that day will still gladly recall to mind the curiosity to see those quaint portraits of the "dons" of the past and the amusing criticisms of the "genius" as he passed them in review. Up to that time there was nothing but a few obsolete old volumes which the advance of modern science and theology had relegated to the topmost shelves of the old library, or perchance a stray story which had drifted down the stream of time, to preserve the names and memories and great accomplishments of the early founders of our great National College. Darrè was remembered only through his old treatise on Conic Sections and other such subjects. Delahogue, through his book, which filled a want in its day (*quando vigeat eheu! probabilismus*, as he says in one of his tracts), but which was now surpassed and superseded by the giant theologians introduced to the acquaintance of the students by O'Hanlon, Crolly, Murray, and Neville. These and many others of the "wits and worthies" of the early Maynooth—Hussey, Anglade, Everard, Crotty, Montague, etc., etc.—barely survived in the slenderest tradition. Dr. Russell rescued them from oblivion and gave them the conspicuous place which they eminently deserved before the eyes of all succeeding generations of Maynooth students. We all know what wonderful fruits the example set in this matter by Dr. Russell has since borne at Maynooth. The distinguished presidents who have since succeeded him, and more especially the present worthy President, Monsignor Browne, to whom the Irish priesthood must for ever feel indebted for his noble and successful exertions to complete the College Chapel, have now made Maynooth the shrine and home and the picture gallery of nearly all her distinguished ecclesiastics for the past half century.

I really begin to grow quite ashamed of the length to which this letter has run. It was intended to be merely a brief reply to the question you put me about the relation between your uncle and mine at Maynooth, but I have spun, indeed, a long yarn in satisfying you on that simple little point. It is said when we come to the decline of life and feel this world beginning to slip from

under our feet, that we live, all of us, in the far-off past rather than in the present. *Laudator temporis acti me puero.* Though I have not got as far as many others into the vale of years, yet I must confess to a growing desire to go back often to the days of eld and to revive pleasant recollections of those whom I admired as a boy and whose blessed example had so much to do in forming my character and saving me, perhaps, from wrong ways. That Dr. Russell was such a man, few who had the privilege like me of knowing and living under his rule will question. His grave and reverential manner at the altar of God, his ever faithful and punctual attendance on Sunday at the duties of choir at High Mass and Vespers, his deeply religious and meditative appearance during the College Retreats, his punctual and faithful and efficient discharge of his duties whether as Professor or as President, his uniform urbanity and calmness under all circumstances, his patience and gentleness in dealing even with the erring, his genial and gentlemanly bearing in treating with professors, students, and visitors—all these noble traits of character could not help but impress themselves on the many generations of students who lived under him in Maynooth, for forty years, whether as Professor or President. These lessons and examples from Superiors and Professors were constantly before the eyes of Maynooth students in the old time as they, thank God, are still, and they were not confined to any one, two, or three members of the governing or teaching staff of the College, but shone forth brightly in the lives of all—Crolly, Murray, Callan, O’Kane, M’Carthy, etc., etc. These good and great men, but notably amongst them, Dr. Russell, had more to do in forming the character of that generation of Irish priests who are now getting into the “sere and yellow leaf” of life, than these have perhaps known or admitted to themselves. And the work was accomplished not so much in the lecture or class hall as by the unvarying, uniform, blessed example of ecclesiastical virtue and character which was constantly held up before the eyes of the students in the daily lives of those saintly and learned men. It is this nameless and subtle influence of the virtues and noble endowments of its teachers and superiors that chiefly invests any college with the sacred, tender, and beneficent character of “Alma Mater.”

And now, in closing, I can scarcely tell you what a joy and pleasure it has been to me to knock at the cells of memory and to

call forth in review once again scenes and persons and events long since gone but never to be forgotten. My own dear class fellows, so many of whom have passed away to a better life, while many more still survive, doing noble battle for God and his Church in every corner of the land—my deeply loved and much respected teachers and guides, every single one of whom is now dead ;* the walks and games enjoyed with so much zest ; the long winter's evenings over the fire in the class-halls, during the hours of recreation ; the ebullitions of racy, Irish "genius," wit and humour ; the mysterious workings of the Infirmary and the sick list and the still more mysterious doings of the pharmacopeia and "old Sam ;" the various systems of "navigation" taught and practised by able professors of that science ; the jokes and pranks and humours of the "Physic hall" under the old Doctor ; the saintly and self-confident air of the "safe" man ; the terror and dismay of the "radical" on the eve of the order list ; all these and many other scenes "grave and gay" have flitted before my mind, like the revolutions of the kaleidoscope, while writing you this letter. As it has been pleasant to me to write, I hope it may be useful to you and your readers to embody some of the many incidents I have touched on in your memoir of your dear uncle and my much respected friend and teacher, Dr. Russell.

Believe me, dear Father Russell,

Very faithfully yours in Christ,

✠ A. BROWNRIFF, Bishop of Ossory.

The estimate which the Bishop of Ossory has here been good enough to furnish of Dr. Russell's later career will help those who are now, for the first time, making his acquaintance to receive with more indulgence some further details about his youth : for he wanted three months of being nineteen years old at the date of the memorandum that has occasioned this useful digression.

Earlier in that same month, February, 1831, he mentions another of his college contemporaries, his diocesan, George Crolly, who was exactly a year younger but entered Maynooth three years later in August 1829. "You will be sorry to hear that your

* His Lordship will thank me for recalling with affection and gratitude the name of the honoured Vice-President, Dr. Gargan. He will also let me give in full, a little further on, the playful name applied to the venerable Physician whose connection with the College dated back to the beginning of the century.

little favourite, George Crolly, has had a very severe attack of illness. He complained chiefly of his chest. He was blistered, and after a confinement of a fortnight he has nearly recovered. He is everything you could suppose him from his appearance—an innocent, good-natured, smart little fellow. I like him better than any of those from the diocese." On the following Good Friday he reports: "George Crolly is quite well again. He is a great favourite of mine, as indeed of everyone who knows him—he is so innocent and artless." And on the 25th of March in the next year he returns to the charge: "Crolly is just as well as you or I could wish him. The more I know of him the better I like him. He is so artless and affectionate, so perfectly free from guile—it is impossible not to admire everything he does."

And so it was to the end. When Dr. Russell thought that his own death was imminent, he employed me in a very delicate matter, which he thought would be for the consolation and advantage of his friend; and on the other hand, as a proof of the nature of Mr. Crolly's feelings, I will cite long before its time the letter he wrote on hearing of the death of Dr. Russell's youngest sister.

*Maynooth College,
June 20th, 1875.*

MY DEAR CHARLES—I say with all my heart with you · God grant we may all die such a death as dearest Kate has died. No one could have known dear Kate without loving her most devoted and affectionate nature. Poor Pat, to whom she was at once sister and daughter—may God comfort him! I do most truly believe that she is already in the bosom of her God and most loving Father in heaven. Although I am certain she had no need of it, I offered the Holy Sacrifice for her this morning on this most auspicious and appropriate day on which the church honours the Most Pure Heart of the Mother of God. Of course no other creature's heart can be compared to hers; but dear Kate had also a most pure heart. I did not forget to commemorate poor desolate Pat and all of you: for the loss of such a sister leaves a blank which never can be filled until you shall all be reunited for ever in heaven. I am certain that her pure spirit will be constantly about, and watching over, all those whom she loved so well on earth. For if even the rich glutton did not forget his brethren on earth, what must be the love with which their beloved ones are watched over by those who dwell in the infinite love of God!

Unless I shall hear something to the contrary, I will take for granted that the funeral will take place on Tuesday. Should this not be the case, perhaps you would get someone to send a telegram; but, if it will be on Tuesday, there will be no necessity.

I will offer the Holy Sacrifice again for the dead and the living—I mean, all of you—to-morrow. God comfort you all! And with affectionate remembrances to all,

remain, my dear Charles,

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE CROLLY.

Another proof that the friendship begun between George Crolly and Charles Russell continued in their after life may be found in the dedication which the former prefixed to the first work that he published, his *Life of Oliver Plunkett*, the martyred Archbishop of Armagh. "To the Rev. Charles W. Russell, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, this volume, illustrative of a brief but important period of the history of the Irish Church, is dedicated by his affectionate friend, the author. Maynooth College, July 12th, 1850."

It must have been at this first period of his college life that Dr. Russell formed another friendship which also lasted to the very end. In the brief account of Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., prefixed to his recently published "*Relations of the Church to Society*," there is a letter of Dr. Russell's in answer to a beautiful letter of consolation from Cardinal Newman, in which he says: "Father O'Reilly was my trusted and dearly loved friend since we were boys together." The youthful friends were separated by Father O'Reilly's sojourn in Rome, from which he returned to find his former comrade a professor already of some years' standing and to renew an intimate friendship which subsequent separations did not diminish in the least.*

In the same sketch of Father O'Reilly he is credited with the possession of "an honest, hearty laugh." His friend had it, too. A certain living master of spirituality is said to have laid down in one of his convent retreats the doctrine that a good laughter is a Godsend in a religious community, and surely no less in an ecclesiastical seminary. At this early stage of his career, and on

* A curious testimony to the union between these friends, when they were professors together, has survived among Father O'Reilly's papers. At that time we think that the assistance given to each professor in the Christmas and Summer Examinations was a private matter of friendly arrangement. In a certain year, which can easily be determined by the data we are about to furnish, Dr. O'Reilly, in recording the degree of merit attained by the members of his class not only at Christmas and Summer but also when questioned in class in the course of the year, marks after certain names, on the two more solemn occasions, "*interrogatus a D. Russell*." At the end of the note-book he gives a list of those who were *vocati ad primam classem*, and finally the nine "*premium-men*," three called to each premium, and the dozen *qui proximè accesserunt*. The first six that year were "Jacobus Campbell, Armachanus; Joannes Forrest, Cloyneensis; Jacobus Donnelly, Clogherensis; Daniel McCarthy, Kerriensis; Thomas Nulty, Midensis; Henricus Harbison, Armachanus." The subsequent career of the first two is unknown to us; but then come three bishops (Clogher, Kerry, and Meath), and the well known Redemptorist, Father Harbison. It is plain that that particular class has done its full share of work for the Irish Church, especially when it is added that another member of it, "Petrus Duff Midensis," became, after Dean Dowley, the second Superior General of the Vincentian Fathers in Ireland.

occasions till the end, Dr. Russell was a good laugh—though many who will turn to the present sketch on account of personal acquaintance with the subject would rather describe him as grave and silent. But *ab initio non fuit sic*. The troubles of life, which for him were chiefly the troubles of those in whose joys and sorrows he profoundly sympathised, made his habitual serenity more of a virtuous effort; but he was naturally cheerful and a promoter of cheerfulness. The friends of a later date that I have just referred to will hardly recognise him in the picture he draws of himself, trying in vain to coax his fellow-travellers into a pleasant gossip; but they will recognise the prominent feature that he alludes to in a letter written on the 8th September, 1829, the day he emerged from that Retreat conducted by Dr. Doyle, the Bishop of Kildare, and praised so enthusiastically in an extract previously printed at page 273. He is describing the progress he has made in the furnishing of his new room for the new collegiate year :—

I will get all to rights in a few days now. My looking-glass by some mishap was broken on vacation, so I must get another one. I cannot see whether my nose is anything straighter than formerly, but I continue to pursue the plan that was laid for me. I had a most unsocial lot of companions from Newry on the coach, down-right aristocrats. I made a great many efforts to get them into some sort of a conversational humour, but all my efforts could not extract a word of two syllables from their imperturbable taciturnity. I had nothing for it but to use the new recipe for straightening my nose; and, if my poor nose did not pay for their unsociableness, it is a wonder.

The Newry household that the young collegian had just quitted to join this less congenial company at the gate of Turner's Glen—which Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick's "Secret Service under Pitt" sixty years later has just associated with an informer's treachery before the Union—this half-way house between Killough and Maynooth, supplies us with two witnesses to the point that is before us just at present. One of these old faded letters* ventures on the prediction: "Take my word for it, Anne never will be a nun—" but in spite of the prediction the lady in question celebrated several years ago her golden jubilee as a Poor Clare. In writing recently

* This letter, dated "May 24th, 1835, Killough," fixes an important date which we must reach in the next instalment of these notes—Dr. Russell's ordination. "We have not had a letter from Charles since, except one by sea which was three weeks written. It ought to have come with a hamper of wine, a present for my mother. We had great wondering and guessing about it till the letter arrived. This day fortnight he will be a priest if he is spared."

about the subject of these notes—who preached at her profession his first sermon outside the college walls—she recalls particularly the good-natured zest with which the Maynooth student entered into their noisiest games, until as a priest he reluctantly felt himself bound to be content with the part of a spectator. Yet a younger member of the same household bears almost similar testimony when he was already a priest of two or three years' standing. "Uncle Charles came down for a day to see us all. We were delighted to see him, but disappointed that he could not stay longer with us." It is strange how this has happened to survive in the careful handwriting of a child on carefully ruled letter-paper, the faintly pencilled lines extant still after nearly sixty years—the writer being that "poor little Mary," who, when a fourth baby-sister joined a brotherless family circle, made a complaint with which the grave theologian amid his far-away college studies found time to sympathise. "I fully agree (he writes) with poor little Mary that there were quite enough of them." Poor little Mary's way of remedying this grievance of an undue preponderance of the feminine element was peculiar. She diminished the number of girls by dying soon after her First Communion, but not till she had welcomed to earth a little brother who was destined to be the first Catholic Attorney-General of England since the days of Blessed Thomas More. I am sure that the little eldest sister, who was never to grow old, has from her place in heaven approved and blessed the life, happily not yet over, which at its first breath she was inclined to resent as an intrusion, but which a good many of our readers will recognize with considerable satisfaction under its religious trade-mark of "Emmanuel." Long lives and short lives, dark lives and bright lives, successes and failures—how curiously do fates vary! And how shall it seem to us all in the end? God knows—and God is good.

These more domestic reminiscences have been introduced as helping to justify the statement which one of Dr. Russell's contemporaries, the Rev. John Cooney, P.P., of Bansha in Tipperary, was fond of making—that of all the men of his time he was most universally popular, beloved and esteemed by all, the most amiable and most obliging. This good priest has already been named in Monsignor Stephen's letter (page 304) as one of the few survivors of the Freshmen of 1826 and thereabouts. He died three years

since. He bore a curiously close resemblance to his friend in face and figure, at least such as they were some thirty years ago. He once tried to use his influence with his old college comrade, when the latter had become President of Maynooth, on behalf of a young friend who was preparing to stand the entrance examination. This candidate was very anxious to be admitted into the Rhetoric class, whereas his bishop, having a surplus crop of Levites on hands, wished all his freshmen to begin with the lowest class of Humanities, then profanely styled "Chubberty." "I'll make it all right for you with the President," said Father Cooney. "Be sure to go up the day before and send this letter in to him at once." The ecclesiastical Mr. Verdant Green obeyed these instructions, but the President merely sent out his servant to the hotel in the Maynooth village to say that he would see Mr. R. after the examination next day. In spite of the intervention of the Pastor of Banaha, the examination resulted in Chubberty. But the introduction from "his old friend Father Cooney" was not without effect: it was the beginning of paternal kindness, of which these samples have been put into our hands. There was some proviso about suppressing names, but there can be no great harm in connecting these documents with the first pastor of the first parish that St. Joseph has taken under his patronage in Dublin.

January 3rd, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. R.—I am very sorry to have to say that before his departure for Rome Dr. Cullen has written to F. Cainen (apparently forgetful of his promised rest for you) to say that he has appointed you to the curacy of Maynooth, Mr. O'Connor being transferred to Leixlip. I should be very glad of this, were it not that it appears intended to be carried out at once, so that you would be called on to come up without delay. I will write to the Vicar-General, to try what can be done for you in the way of further time; but meanwhile, by F. Cainen's desire, I write to let you know of the appointment. I shall try to get as long a time as I can; but I think you must be prepared to be here at furthest for the 29th.

With best remembrance to your father and mother,

I am, dear Francis,

Ever your sincere friend,

C. W. RUSSELL.

On some unspecified "Saturday evening" in 1868, the President writes to console the same priest, whose sister, a young Sister of Mercy, had just died.

MY DEAR FRANCIS—Your letter reached me just as I had heard from Dr. O'Hanlon at our table of the death of your dear sister. I need not say how sincerely I am grieved for it, although the change is so happy for her and although you have all been so fully prepared for it. Almighty God had clearly marked her

His own, and in calling her thus early, just as she had completed her sacrifice. He has but anticipated the time of her reward. If I can at all arrange to go to you on Monday, you may be assured that I shall go; but I very much fear that it will not be possible for me. I am exceedingly pressed for time in consequence of my late absence, which has left many things in arrear, and I am in daily expectation of being called away again on a business which I cannot postpone. I must ask you to say everything kind and consolatory for me to your father and mother and to the good Sisters.

Believe me, my dear Francis,

Your sincere friend,

C. W. RUSSELL.

This anxiety to travel so far (to Lismore, I think) in order to assist at the funeral obsequies of a young nun whom he had never seen, because her brother, a curate of two years' standing, had won his regard in College, is a sample of what he thought right to do for a friend; and for this reason these letters have been admitted long before their time. For the present section of these Notes is headed "some of his classfellows." We may date from this earlier time Dr. Russell's acquaintance with some gifted Irishmen who at first thought themselves called to the priesthood, but whom the long and careful probation of the Maynooth course of studies convinced that they were meant to serve God in some other vocation. The poet of Gougaune Barra, Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, had left Maynooth in this way some years earlier; but in Dr. Russell's time a similar discovery was made by the still sweeter and more accomplished poet who sang "Waiting for the May," and whose religious mind, which had made him look first towards the sanctuary, prompted him afterwards to become the enthusiastically sympathetic translator of the holiest eucharistic dramas of the poet-priest, Calderon. Among Denis Florence MacCarthy's papers his eldest son found the following newspaper scrap, preserved with a care which seemed to indicate that the lines were the poet's own. They are in his earliest manner, like "*Affghanistan*," or "*A Walk round the Bay of Dublin*," which are given as juvenile poems in his first beautiful quarto.

Yes! dear Maynooth, remembered and revered—
By absence hallowed, and by time endeared—
Illumed by fancy, lit by memory's hue,
Thy tranquil walls resplendent rise to view.
The friends, the feelings, that I there possess,
Flash on my brain, and flutter o'er my breast;
Would that these joys again for me could shine,
And not the memory alone were mine!

For me, dear friend, where'er my footsteps stray—
 How long the journey, or how rough the way—
 Whether kind Fortune bids me roam no more,
 Or Fate consigns me to a distant shore—
 Whatever sun above my head may shine,
 One fond regret for ever must be mine :
 That Heaven commands my future days to roll
 Apart from thee unto their destined goal !

These lines had of course never come under the notice of a younger Muse who, in 1864, claimed to be the first to name **Maynooth** in song, addressing thus, in the same metre, the subject of the present sketch :—

Whatsoe'er of good
 Thou canst—or others, moved by thee—thou dost,
 Hast done, wilt do, through lengthened years, I trust,
 For this dear land, for holy Faith and Truth,
 And Her, till now unnamed in song, Maynooth.
 Maynooth, unhallowed yet by hoary hair,
 Mother of myriad souls ! lo, by her care
 The faith of Peter and of Patrick sown
 In distant regions, fostered in her own.

But the rest of this poem will necessarily be referred to, at least it is sure to be referred to, later on. **Maynooth** has in the meantime advanced thirty years nearer to its centenary.

PHOEBUS.

THE waiting Orient blushed a rosy red
 When dawn drew near—red as the coral shell
 Where tritons play beneath the soft sea swell—
 And burning Phoebus starting from his bed
 Harnessed his steeds and through the heavens sped,
 While gleaming arrows from his quiver fell,
 Awaking Flora, slumbering in a dell,
 Who, rising, shook the dew-drops from her head. ,
 All nature joined to greet the god's return.
 All save fair Philomel who wooed the Moon,
 And, being enamoured of her silver horn,
 Dropped from the bough in an extatic swoon—
 As though transfixed by love's ambrosial thorn—
 And, like young Adonais, died too soon.

T H. W.

ANONYMITIES UNVEILED.

IX.—CONTRIBUTORS TO *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*.

THIS matter of revealing the persons concealed, especially in Irish periodicals, by initials and *noms-de-plume* (to use a convenient term which did not originate in France) was begun in 1889, in our seventeenth volume (page 501), in which place and in a subsequent paper in that volume we discussed the signatures in *The Nation*, *The Celt*, *The Irishman*, and *The Shamrock*, along with some miscellaneous Irish literary signatures. In our volume for 1890, beginning at page 43, were given the real names corresponding with sundry pen-names well known in current literature, in England chiefly, with a special section for American humourists.

We now proceed to operate in a similar manner on *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*, which may be found in some public libraries, the four annual volumes often bound in two bulky royal octavos or almost royal quartos. We were personally acquainted with some of the writers who only give initials, and even these sometimes transposed in very confusing fashion.

The Fireside Magazine began in November, 1850, and ended in September, 1854, its price being fourpence. James Duffy, of Wellington Quay, Dublin, tried every price for his various Magazines. The price of *The Catholic Guardian*, was a penny; of *The Fireside*, fourpence; of *The Hibernian Magazine*, ninepence at first, but it ended in being *Duffy's Hibernian Sixpenny Magazine*. *The Irish Catholic Magazine* cost a shilling. Duffy never tried a periodical at the half-crown, which was then very common, but which is now maintained by *Blackwood* alone among the magazines properly so called.

The first number began with the first instalment of a long story by Gerald Griffin,* without a word of explanation how it had got into the editor's or publisher's hands, or why its publication was so long delayed. Indeed I am not sure that there was an

* A pleasant interview in a recent number of "The Lady of the House," introduces us to a niece of the author of *The Collegians*. Miss Anna Griffin, daughter of Dr. Daniel Griffin of Limerick, is earning fame and fortune as an artist in London.

editor. One contribution at least was accepted in a letter written by James Duffy himself. In the opening number a very graphic account of a Catholic meeting in "Clarendon Street Chapel" in the pre-emancipation days bears neither name nor initial; and the first "anonymity" that presents itself to us to be "revealed" is W. N. S. This is Mr. William Nugent Skelly, a well-known Catholic gentleman who took part in all religious and charitable undertakings in Dublin, twice "twenty golden years ago," and contributed to the Irish Magazines of that period, many verses marked by correct taste and religious feeling rather than by vivid inspiration. His best known lines are addressed, to Clongowes College and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus—

"To whom I owe

(Not theirs the fault) the little that I know."

His brief "October Leaves" is followed by a long ballad "The Bride of Kildare," signed "H. E."—namely Heroules Ellis, a Dublin barrister who published many collections of "ballads and romances," original and selected—written and edited on somewhat fantastic principles. His ballads are more remarkable for quantity than for quality.

E. M. B., who narrates the "Experiences of a Gold-finder" in California, is unknown to us; but "S. N. E." who comes next is Mr. Stephen Nolan Elrington, barrister. "Junior" is appended to his signature in *The Fireside*, for his father bore the same name, having changed it from the "Stephen Nolan" of his birth, along with a more important change. This change of name and religion had some connection, I think, with that Protestant Bishop of Ferns, who published early in the century a well-printed edition of Euclid, now rendered obsolete by the labours of Professor Casey and others. Elrington's Euclid helped some of us over the Bridge of Asses long ago. The chief barristerial function of the younger S. N. E. was the Poet Laureateship of the now extinct Home Circuit. He died about two years ago in the position of Assistant Librarian at the King's Inns, Henrietta Street, Dublin, in which he had succeeded Martin Haverty, brother of the Irish painter, and himself a most worthy, genial man, author of a good History of Ireland, and editor of the next magazine that James Duffy was to publish after the one about which we are chatting at present.

"Chryses Cruiskeen," who has a classical squib at page 74 of the first volume, was Richard Dalton Williams, who tells very musically the story of Hero and Leander.

"What some one calls 'a thunderous smother'
Squelched the welkin left and right.
Ah, Leander, does your mother
Know you're out this shocking night?"

G. H. S. who tells a prose tale about "The Silver Vase," was probably Mr. G. H. Supple, who contributed many ballads to *The Nation* about this time, and afterwards went to Australia.

At page 91 "J. O'C.," who sends from Limerick some pious and melodious verses may have been James O'Carroll, who entered the Dominican Order and died young; but this conjecture rests solely on the date,* the initials, and the character of the gifted youth, who was one of a little intellectual coterie in Limerick, of whom perhaps the sole survivor is Father Isaac Moore, S. J., of Melbourne. They exercised themselves more in the spoken than in the written word; yet I chance to hold in memory some lines written by the youngest of the clique, never before published. Stephen O'Donnell was eighteen or nineteen years of age when he addressed the moon thus:—

Pale spectre of the day's departed sun!
Thus did I style thee, best beloved orb,
In days whose course is happily now run,
When thoughts Byronic did my soul absorb.

Life's pleasures then were as the passing smile
Reanimating ennui's listless eye,
Or sorrow's path illumining the while,
Both to look drearier when it had passed by.

But now my heart is tranquil as a sky
Through which the thunderbolt hath late been hurled,
And now thou seemest to mine altered eye
The Guardian Angel of a slumbering world—

An asterisk from Nature's page, referring
To the Great Author, standing before Whom
My soul, transported from its depth, is stirring,
As leaped the Baptist in his mother's womb.

Stephen O'Donnell entered the Society of Jesus in 1856, but died soon after his noviceship was completed. He sent these lines to a Maynooth student whom he had met at Kilkee, then nearing the end of his college course—Michael Mullins. I mention him, because he, too, figures in *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*, being

* Ought not this word to include, as it is intended here to include, place as well as time? *Datum Romae IV. Kal. Maias*. But Worcester limits it to time, and probably all the dictionaries. The above guess is confirmed later on.

the author of sundry versified "Legends of the Shannon," signed "M. C." How do these initials represent his name? Because according to college usage "Mullins of Clonfert" was his ordinary title—just as a clever contemporary of his, who died even earlier on the West Indian Mission, signed his contributions to *The Nation*, *Coleraine Chronicle*, and *Wexford People*, by the initials of his ordinary title, Charles Flanagan of Derry, therefore C. F. D. and often backwards D. F. C. I renew my promise of tracing as far as possible the literary work of this gifted priest, Father Mullins;* but for this purpose it will be necessary to consult a file of *The Nation* for a year or two before and after 1854.

The conjecture which I threw out earlier in this paper about "J. O'C.," of Limerick, is confirmed a good deal by the fact that the same initials without any address are appended to "A Week in Lisbon," at page 70 of the fourth and last volume of the *Magazine*. Now the Dominican College of Corpo Santo was probably the place of Father O'Carroll's novitiate and theological studies, as it was for Dr. Leahy, the Dominican Bishop of Dromore, of holy and amiable memory. This sketch abounds with allusions to Dominican Churches and Dominican Fathers, ancient and modern, from Bartholomew de Martyribus and Dominick de Rosario to Father P. B. Russell, the Rector of Corpo Santo. It is, therefore, more than probable that the "J. O'C." of *Duffy's Fireside Magazine* was the Rev. James O'Carroll, O.P., whose elder brother, also a Dominican, died Archbishop of Trinidad.

The chief novelist of this *Magazine* was E. L. A. Berwick. Gerald Griffin indeed leads off with "The Adventures of an Irish Giant," which runs (with a long interruption) through a great many months. Not a syllable of explanation, as I have said, is vouchsafed as to how the story is published so long after his death. If Dr. Daniel Griffin had not been alive to denounce the imposture, I should have suspected the genuineness of this tale. It was succeeded by "Maitland, or the Mystery. By a well-known Irish Novelist." So the storyteller is styled through the first volume; but his second venture, "The Fate and Fortunes of Castle de Burgo," is stated to be written by E. L. A. Berwick,

* So my friend spelled his name, I think—not Mullin or Mullen—though I am not sure that he did not tolerate a little variety, like Shakespeare.

author of "Maitland," "The Queen's Dwarf," "The Irish Adventurer," "Eveleen," "A Lesson for Wives," &c. Some of these previous works are indeed named only in connection with his third long story "The Woman of the World," which began in July, 1853. In this context I venture to print an extract from a letter received from my friend, Mr. Patrick O'Byrne.

With regard to *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*, it was published before my connection with this house began in 1861. I know nothing of it except that I got from Mr. Duffy £19 10s. for a series of translations from the French, which I was then trying to learn. I called these tales "Flowers from Foreign Fields," a name which (probably from the alliteration) took Mr. Duffy's fancy, and Father Meehan afterwards used it for a series of tales which he translated and which we still publish. I always understood that "E. L. A. Berwick" was one of the assumed names of the late Dr. James Reynolds, of Booterstown. "Brother James" was another of his names; "Sister Mary" and "Father Charles" were Father Meehan's.

These novels of Dr. Reynolds—if he indeed took the name of Berwick, about the time that Adelaide Procter disguised herself as Miss Berwick in sending Dickens her verses for *Household Words*—are clever and interesting enough, but with a good deal of the pseudo-aristocratic element, and without much Irish feeling or scenery or any of the serious purpose which animated "Brother James" in writing the history of "Moses Finegan the Irish Pervert." The last edition of *Men of the Tune* states that Professor James Emerson Reynolds, of Trinity College, Dublin, is the son of Dr. James Reynolds of Booterstown, Co. Dublin [misprinted "Bootentown"] who was for many years a medical practitioner there; but this authorised note makes no allusion to his father's writings.

The other stories that swarm in these four volumes do not seem of sufficient merit to make us regret our ignorance of the authors thereof. Some sketches, which are incidents rather than stories, are signed F. T. P.—manifestly the well-known police magistrate, Frank Thorpe Porter, who published a volume of *Reminiscences* when he had reached the age of anecdote. The most noteworthy incident in his own story is his conversion to the Catholic Faith.

I do not know or care whether Anabella Franks and Arthur L. O. Guinness were real names. Magazine padding is dreary stuff when forty years old. Nor can I identify A. N., or L. P., or J. S. S., or H. D., &c., &c. A rather clever prose sketch

"A Coroner's Note Book," is signed M. J. B. Would Michael Joseph Barry be likely to write for this Magazine in 1853? But let me pass on to a few other anonymities that I am able to unveil.

There are some thoughtful essays on literary subjects by "Leumas Derfla." This is merely Alfred Samuel spelled backwards. Mr. Samuel was engaged in the work of education in Dublin, and is probably dead many years. The very clever "Legal Pencillings" are said to be by a Four Courts Lounger. It has been suggested to me that this gentleman may have been a barrister, Mr. Nicholson Levinge, who certainly contributed to Mr. Duffy's periodicals. These sketches and "Dublin Daguerre-types" describe very vividly cases in which Whiteside, Brewster, Thomas O'Hagan, Keogh, MacDonagh, Rolleston, Judge Longfield, J. D. Fitzgerald, and other celebrities were engaged. I somehow fear that the liveliest Mr. Briefless could not find material for such graphic sketches down at the Four Courts now-a-days.

It matters very little who the H. J. M. was who wrote the song that is found at page 191 of the second volume; but manifestly these are the initials of Mr. Henry J. Monahan, whose novel, "O'Ruark, or Chronicles of the Balliquin Family," is praised very warmly on the next page, where the reviewer states that "in facility of language, variety of incident, humorous description, brilliant wit, and melting pathos, he is surpassed by none of those who have gone before him." The story, which began in the Famine Year and ended with the Special Commission at Clonmel, seems to be quite forgotten. Is there a copy extant at the publisher's?—the publisher, namely, of the magazine whose four volumes we are turning over. We think this Mr. Monahan was not a relative of the famous Chief Justice, but perhaps a clever London journalist of that day whom we knew at one remove.

The chief poet of this magazine was "The Kilkenny Man," well known to be Dr. John Thomas Campion, who has for many years practised his profession here in Rathmines. He was born in the High Street, Kilkenny. Besides his poems which he ought to collect, he is the author of "Traces of the Crusaders in Ireland," "Alice" (an historical romance of the same epoch,) "Dwyer of Wicklow," and "Last Struggles of the Irish Sea Smugglers." Another good poet is "J. C. W."—John Charles Waters, who afterwards practised the medical profession in the United States.

There are both poems and prose sketches, dealing chiefly with scenes on the Continent, signed "M"—namely, the Rev. Michael Molone, a native of Limerick, a man of very considerable gifts, who died lately. He had been P.P. of Glynn, in Co. Limerick. Another accomplished priest is represented (not very favourably) by a poem at page 159 of the third volume of *The Fireside*—Father Michael Bernard Buckley, of Cork, who had some of his townsman, Father Prout's gift of pleasant Latin rhyming. He published a Life of Father Arthur O'Leary, and after his death a volume of sermons, essays and verses was edited by Father Charles Davis, P.P., Baltimore, Co. Cork. But how do the letters "L. D. Y." represent Father Buckley's names? These are not his initials but his final letters. The same device explains how "S. E. Y." is signed in *The Irish Catholic Magazine* to Denis Florence MacCarthy's contributions.

It is hardly worth recording that a trifle signed F. L. O'R. was by Mr. Francis O'Reilly—"an ecclesiastical flower that never bloomed," in a sense different from that in which the phrase has been quoted by the Bishop of Ossory in an earlier page of this Number. A contributor of more merit was J. O'B. C.—John O'Beirne Crowe, who worked his way through many difficulties. After passing through the Queen's College, Belfast, he obtained the Professorship of Irish at the Queen's College, Galway. I think he did some good work for Celtic literature in connection with the Ossianic Society. He has once at least been confounded with a younger man, Professor O'Byrne Croke. During his early struggles he was tutor to four lively young ladies, who, lumping his initials, called him Job Crowe, and probably gave him ample opportunities of imitating the patience of his namesake.

In these big volumes which we are now going to put back on their proper shelf—for our Librarian adopts Shakespeare's epitaph, changing *bones* into *books*—"Eblana" is signed to several humorous pieces of verse and some interesting prose. This is Mr. William John Fitzpatrick, the biographer of Lord Cloncurry and of many another Irish Worthy (and unworthy). This *nom-de-plume* has recently been used by Miss M. L. O'Byrne, author of several Irish historical romances.

Finally, "Eulalie" is responsible for a single poem, "A Woodland Ramble," at page 48 of the fourth and last volume of

Duffy's Fireside Magazine. Who was "Eulalie?" The present writer is the only person able to give information on this subject; but he is forced to reserve it for a short paper in a future Number, which may bear some such title as "Buds of a Bygone Spring."

W. L.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

The following note by one of our own contributors—indeed our most constant contributor, who has not missed a single month or MONTHLY for twenty years—appears in *Notes and Queries* of April 2nd, 1892:—

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY: "SHALL" AND "WILL."—A series of articles on this subject has been begun by G. M. in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for February, 1892. G. M.—whose initials the readers of the *I. E. R.* can readily develop into his full dozen of letters—has gathered together and arranged clearly a large number of examples from Macaulay, Froude, Newman, Charles Lamb, and many other writers. The discussion may interest many who would never discover it in a clerical journal. In 1877 I was allowed to draw attention in this place to articles on the critical history of the sonnet, which had just appeared in such an unlikely quarter as the grave and theological *Dublin Review*. As the writer is dead many years, I may add now that he was the Rev. Dr. C. W. Russell, President of Maynooth. I have no doubt that it was in consequence of those two or three lines in "N. & Q." that Dr. Russell's sonnet articles are referred to with much appreciation by Mr. William Sharp, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. D. M. Main, in their collections of sonnets, and also by Dr. Karl Lentzner, of the Königsberg University, in his work "Ueber das Sonett und seine Gestaltung in der Englischen Dichtung bis Milton." With the same view I venture to call attention to G. M.'s treatment of "The Irish Difficulty: Shall and Will."

In *The Spectator* of April 23rd, another of our contributors—Miss Elinor Mary Sweetman—is represented by the following “Easter-day Sonnet,” surely very perfect both in thought and in expression :

Let us not dream our loved ones die alone ;
 We too are straitened in their winding-sheet,
 We wear their charnel weeds : our willing feet
 Were fain to follow theirs in ways unknown.
 We stand o'er graves where yet no grass hath grown,
 And on ourselves place funeral garlands sweet ;
 Something within our hearts hath ceased to beat,
 Something of us is laid beneath the stone !

And though, in time, with Christ we rise again,
 So changed are we, that those who loved us most,
 And early seek us in God's garden-plot,
 Did we not speak to them, would seek in vain :
 Like her who, searching for the Saviour lost,
 Wept at His pierced feet and knew Him not !

The Speaker of April 30, in its review of “*La Bella and Others*,” by Egerton Castle, has a special word of praise for a short story by his wife which is included in this volume. As our *Magazine* has made a specialty of the revelation of anonymous signatures and such like Irish literary personalities, we may whisper in this corner that the ladies named in these two paragraphs, and another who is happily familiar to our readers as “*M. E. Francis*,” are three sisters of one Irish household, happier than the Yorkshire curacy of the County Down Irishman, the Rev. Patrick Prunty, where the unhappiness was part of Charlotte Brontë's inspiration. The most important work of fiction yet given to the world by any of these gifted sisters will soon issue from a famous London Firm which dates back to Oliver Goldsmith.

* * *

It is extraordinary how men like Gladstone find something appropriate to say to every sort of audience. I have preserved this scrap for the sake of the words addressed to the students of Glenalmond, which prepares young men for the Anglican ministry. The admonitions, as far as they go, might be taken to heart by candidates for the priesthood :—“The one thought that comes to the mind of the old man when he speaks to the young is this :—Oh, that it were possible to make them know how precious are the hours, how fraught with consequences of incalculable importance, which now fill up each and every day of their com-

paratively easy lives. I would not ask you to relax your attention to the games that fill up your leisure hours. On the contrary, I should regard it as a great misfortune were there to prevail a laxity and an indifference in the pursuit of youthful and innocent sports; but, I say, let every one, with the same energy with which he plays cricket or football, with the same energy with which he applies himself to leaping or running, or to any exercise whatever of his corporeal powers—and he wants very little exhortation, so far as my experience goes, to be energetic with that portion of his duties—let him carry the very same spirit into the work which is intended to develop his mental faculties. The extension of Government employments has given an enormous enlargement to what may be called the official classes—in fact, there are a much larger number of professionals competing now than competed together in the days when I came into this world; but, depend upon it, the profession of the clergyman, if it be more arduous than it has ever been, is, on that account, nobler than it has ever been.”

* * *

It has not been from any desire to hide our light under a bushel that we have refrained from parading certain statistics collected by Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., regarding the circulation of home periodicals in India, by which it appears that *THE IRISH MONTHLY* leaves *Blackwood's Magazine* behind it in popularity in that distant empire, and several other London reviews. Mr. Caine could not of course know how many copies we send by post to individual patrons. He reckons according to “the order-books of the leading firms in India who make it their special business to supply weekly and monthly English literature in Calcutta, Madras, Delhi, Lahore, and Allahabad.” Some of these statistics are furnished in the next pigeonhole.

* * *

The monthly magazine ranking first in favour is *Harper's*, of which 133 copies are taken. Then follow in order the *Nineteenth Century*, 104 copies; *Cornhill*, 68; *Contemporary*, 37; *Longman's*, 37; *Fortnightly*, 35; *Macmillan's*, 29; *Temple Bar*, 21; *Review of Reviews*, 16; *Century*, 10; *IRISH MONTHLY*, 10; *Blackwood*, 7; *New*, 7; *Belgravia*, 6; *Argosy*, 6; *National*, 2; *Murray's*, 2; *Gentleman's*, 1; and *Westminster*, 1.

In what may be called weekly magazines Mr. Labouchere wins easily with 76 copies of *Truth*, more than double the *Saturday Review*, which follows with 35. The *World* sell 30, *Vanity Fair*, 26; *Figaro*, 14; *Athenæum*, 12; *Economist*, 3; *Academy* 3; while I am surprised to find the *Spectator* without a single customer.

In illustrated papers the *Graphic* wins the race, with a sale of 247 copies. The *Illustrated London News* comes next with 181, the *Pictorial World*, 62; the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic*, 28; *English Illustrated Magazine*, 23; *Cassell's Magazine of Art*, 5; *Art Journal*, 4.

The *Pall Mall Budget* heads the list of weekly newspapers with 148 copies; the weekly edition of the *Times*, 120 copies; *Overland Mail*, 45; *Home News*, 40; *St. James's Budget*, 32; *Public Opinion*, 24; *Weekly Freeman*, 12; *Mail*, 12; *Lloyd's*, 8; *Weekly Dispatch*, 3; *Weekly Scotsman*, 1.

In comic papers *Punch* is, of course, the prime favourite with 210 copies, *Tit-Bits* follows with 130, and then there comes a great drop to *Funny Folks*, 31; *Ally Sloper*, 13; *Judy*, 3; *Fun*, 2; *Rare Bits*, 2; *Scraps* 1.

What may be called general reading is very popular. The *Young Ladies' Journal* leads with 220, *Chambers' Journal*, 151; *Family Herald*, 125; *Cassell's Family Paper*, 125; *Leisure Hour*, 53; *Catholic Fireside*, 27; *Bow Bells*, 20; *Girls' Own Paper*, 17; *London Journal*, 12; *Boys' Own Paper*, 2; *Merry England*, 6; *Little Folks*, 4; and *St. Nicholas*, 2. The meagre circulation of children's papers shows up a pathetic side of Anglo-Indian life, children being all sent home to England about the time they are learning to read.

* * *

As the writer of the little book in question—" *Moments before the Tabernacle* "—was, in the passage about to be referred to, quoting a brother Irish priest, he feels less delicacy in recording a peculiar compliment paid to it by one of its readers in a letter:—

"When I read about the poor old man, oh! with such grand faith, who said to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, "God speed ye back to my soul!"—I closed my book and folded my hands, and felt I had a prayer for the rest of my life. In fancy I saw the poor man in his miserable cabin, with his ragged clean shirt, and his one luxury the "*dudeen*" hidden away near him, and his

soul good and simple with higher and greater thoughts than the most learned of men. I thought he had much to be happy for, even if poor and afflicted."

* * *

It was no cold homeless Protestant cathedral that inspired Longfellow to write this sonnet:—

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door,
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his "*Pater Noster*." o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here, from day to day,
And leave my burden at *this* minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the times, disconsolate,
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait..

* * *

We cannot refrain from again thanking the officials of Durrants's Press Cuttings Agency (57 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.) for their vigilance in pouncing on every bit of criticism that concerns us, cutting it out, and hurling it at our heads with the aid of a halfpenny wrapper. "Sairey Gamp, how do you manage to do it?" We quote the venerable Betsy only from a very dim memory of the conversation. But we are puzzled to know how Durrant's Press Cuttings Agency manages to do it. Their latest discovery is that *The Cork Examiner* paid "The Stake—a Queen," by Miss Mary T. Kelly, in our April number, the compliment of reprinting it in full, not failing to give Maga full credit for it. By the way our printer attributed that pleasant little tale incorrectly to "M. O. Kelly."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The best bit of literature in our larder this month is "Monsieur Henri: a Foot-note to French History," by Louise Imogen Guiney (New York: Harper and Brothers). Miss Guiney has secured for herself an acknowledged rank in the best periodical literature of the United States. Her present small work is brought out with great refinement by the well-known publishers in a manner which shows its importance in spite of its smallness. The Monsieur Henri in question is the hero of La Vendée, de la Rochejaquelein, who is introduced to us with all his historical surroundings in the fullest and most effective manner. His portrait comes first, and last comes a very useful map of the country where his brave deeds were done.

2. "Lectures on Slavery and Serfdom in Europe," by W. R. Brownlow, M.A., Canon of Plymouth (London: Burns and Oates) is a work of an originality and depth of research far beyond the common. Canon Brownlow—who is not an "Oxford convert," but, like Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., looks back to Cambridge as his Alma Mater—traces minutely and carefully the history of slavery in the Roman Empire, in the Middle Ages, in the British Isles, and its abolition in the various countries of Europe. The most interesting chapter for us is the fifth, where some of the items in the clear summary with which the volume opens (as it closes with a good index) are "sale of English and Irish into slavery by Cromwell," "thousands of Irish boys and women sold as slaves in the West Indies," "twenty-five thousand Irish slaves in St. Kitts," "Father Morison on the Sale of Irish young ladies," "Irish girls kidnapped and transported into Jamaica." In most of these cases the official documents are given, authorising the exportation of so many Irish boys, &c.

3. Here are two books which evidently intended to be in time for May but which were just in time to be late. One is "Mary Queen of May and other *Ave Maria* Essays," by Brother Azarias (*Ave Maria* Office: Notre Dame, Indiana). In this very graceful little book this American Christian Brother offers to our Blessed Lady the fruits of much reading and thinking set forth with the warmth of his Irish heart. I hope Brother Azarias may have an opportunity of changing the first line of the fourth stanza in the prologue, which seems to us very defective. The other is a much larger work: "Thirty-Two Instructions for the Month of May and for the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin. Translated from the French by the Rev. Thomas P. Ward." The translator, who is a priest of the diocese of Brooklyn, has executed his pious task well.

4. "The Sack of Sollier," by George Teeling (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker), narrates in very stately and finished verse certain romantic deeds of faith and chivalry which took place in the year 1561, at the little town of Sollier, in one of the most beautiful valleys of the Island of Majorca. Mr. Teeling visited a few years ago the scene of the story, and to this circumstance doubtless is due much of the vividness of the pictures that his muse has drawn for us. The ballad narrative marches on with a certain dignity and almost austerity of diction which sternly excludes mere ornament and digression, and so enhances the general effect. A good judge has discerned in this poem a resemblance to Sir Samuel Ferguson's manner of versification in some of the more lyrical of his Irish lays.

5. In praising very warmly in April the pretty volume of pretty legends which Burns and Oates recently published under the unsuitable name of "Churchyard Flowers" (a reviewer in *The Month* suggests "Flowers of Divine Mercy, or Legends of the Love of God"), we confessed our curiosity as to the poet's own name. The author is now known to be a young Irish lady, Miss Mary Hudson. Catholic literature expects good work from her pen.

6. We venture to quote a dainty piece of criticism passed on a little book of our own, called "Moments before the Tabernacle," recently published by Burns & Oates. Miss Eleanor Donnelly contributes to *The Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia the following stanzas on the subject, under the title of "Love's Vade Mecum." Extracts from more prosaic reviewers will be found on the sixth of our advertisement pages.

'Tis sweet to steal away, these Lenten hours,
And seek the Master in His cloister white;
'Mid incense-wreaths and scent of fading flowers,
To kneel beneath the swaying altar light,

And turn the pages of this precious booklet:
To hear, prayer-breathing, through the purple Spring,
A voice (like song of some celestial brooklet)
Murmur the praises of the Hidden King.

The Prisoner Divine and Eucharistic,
Shrined in the Rock, our dear, cleft-hidden Dove!
United are the poet and the mystic,
In this glad tribute to His deathless love.

Sweet *porte-bouquet* of lilies and of roses,
Dropp'd from the golden gates of Paradise!
Of violets, whose every bud encloses
The meek humility of Mary's eyes!

We hover, bee-like, o'er each honeyed blossom,
With wealth of heaven's dew and sunlight filled,
And draw the sweetness into mind and bosom,
From Meditation's holy hive distilled.

Credo et amo!—while earth's iron shackle
Falls from the captive soul, and leaves it free—
Moments are these before the Tabernacle,
Which rival heaven's best felicity!

And, when we thank our Lord and His Queen-Mother
For these blest echoes from seraphic bowers,
Softly we add the prayer: "God bless the author,
Whose heart hath caught and breathed them into ours!"

The Lyceum of April is kind enough to pass the following judgment on the same little book, which seems to be worth quoting for its own sake:—

"It is not enough to be devout in order to be able to contribute worthily to devotional literature. The multitude of indifferent pious books—indifferent as books though unimpeachable in piety—which issue from the Press suggests the thought that this distinction is ignored by many modern devotional writers. We hold the view that tawdriness of style and poverty of knowledge are specially out of place in religious literature—as much out of place as vulgar ornamentation or unsightly nudity would be in a house of worship. We welcome, therefore, with special warmth every devotional volume in which the graces of the literary art are employed to enhance and to enshrine a solid body of spiritual teaching. In Father Russell's little book this ideal is largely realised. The writer is endowed with many of the poet's gifts of temperament, and commands in large degree the poet's graces of expression. With these endowments he takes his place before the Christian Altar, to meditate on the transcendent mystery by which it is hallowed. The current of his thoughts is traced for us in this small book, and it will well repay the reader to whom his theme is dear to follow him in his reflections."

7. The most authoritative and at the same time the ablest judgment that has yet been pronounced on "The Relations of the Church to Society" by the Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J. (London: John Hodges) is the review in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of April. In the course of an extended notice the reviewer remarks that "Drs. Russell, Callan, O'Hanlon, Renehan, Kelly, Whitehead, Murray, Crolly, MacCarthy, Behan, Neville, etc., were men of no ordinary gifts and requirements, and yet, all these great 'masters in Israel' looked unanimously to Dr. O'Reilly as a man of singular prudence, deep research, and unostentatious piety. . . . The vast magnitude, importance, and complexity of most of the subjects dealt with, required all the acumen and grasp of a perfect master of theology like Father O'Reilly, while the simple grace and purity of his diction lend an attractive charm to these thoughtful and argumentative essays." The writer concludes by saying that "nothing has been left undone by printer or publisher to present the public with these 'Essays' in a type and binding suited to their immense intrinsic value." *The Month* begins a very full review of the same work with the statement that "the name of Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., lives in the memory of all who knew him as an acknowledged leader among modern theologians;" and it ends with the "hope that this volume may find many readers, particularly among our educated Catholic laity, for the confusion of thought which the author has in view is still largely prevalent,

whilst on the other hand it would be impossible to find anywhere a safer, more lucid, or more moderate guide than Father Edmund O'Reilly." "The Tablet" of May 7th, devotes a long article to this work, for which it has nothing but praise. "Few subjects," says the Reviewer, "are more difficult of competent and judicial treatment than the one here chosen; and few theological writers, we may venture to assert, were better equipped for so treating it than the late Father Edmund O'Reilly." A still more remarkable judgment is passed on the Irish Jesuit's posthumous volume, by a writer who evidently sympathises very little with his spirit or doctrine. The clever weekly journal which is for the Tories what *The Speaker* is for the Liberals—*The National Observer*—heads its review of Father O'Reilly's book with the general title "Useful Reading," just as it heads its notice of Professor Mahaffy's latest relash of his Greek studies with the title "Crambe Repetita." The reviewer urges the importance of this work. "Father O'Reilly knows his business. His style is simple, his manner courteous, his meaning unmistakable. He certainly does not mince matters, but he is neither arrogant nor aggressive." And then the writer proceeds to draw certain political conclusions which it would be very easy to refute if such interesting topics were not tabooed in these dull neutral pages.

8. It seems that the supply of stories written and published by Catholics, never very abundant, has been particularly scanty of late. Nothing of this sort has come in our way for a considerable time till the Art and Book Company, of Leamington and London, sent us "My Great-Aunt's Story," by Frances Noble, who is already well known by her "Gertrude Mannerling." Although the teller of the story—who is also the heroine of it or at least the one who gets happily married at the end—is an Irish girl, the great-aunt is a French Marquise, and most of the incidents regard French society and other times. Miss Noble has told an interesting story in a clear and lively style.

9. A fourth series of "True Wayside Tales," by Lady Herbert, has been issued by Burns and Oates, who ought not to wait for a new issue but at once insert a leaf giving the names of the dozen sketches included in this pretty volume. The book has a very blank, awkward, unfinished look, without a word of preface and without any table of contents.

10. Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, has published with his accustomed elegance a shilling volume entitled "Iona," by Miss Elizabeth McHardy. There could not be a more satisfactory guide to the famous island of St. Columba. No point of interest is omitted, Miss McHardy's style is very agreeable, and the number and excellence of the illustrations make her book a marvellous shilling's worth.

11. A very beautiful sketch of Frederick Ozanam, by Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, has been published by the Catholic Truth Society; also "St. Cuthbert" by Mrs. Francis Kerr, and "St. Margaret of Cortona" by an unnamed writer. The Benzigers have published a pamphlet on the Reasonableness of the Ceremonies of the Catholic Church, by the Rev. J. J. Burke, and a new edition of the translation of Scheeben's "Glories of Divine Grace," a very solid treatise of spiritual theology, founded on a work of Father Nieremberg, S.J., of "Temporal and Eternal" fame.

12. Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell has told in two volumes the story of "The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) This was Count Daniel O'Connell, a distinguished member of the clan whose greatest glory is the mighty tribune and leader who bore the same name. Great as was the variety of incidents in the Count's career, it would not furnish material for two thick volumes without the aid of the subject that is linked with him on the titlepage—"Old Irish Life at home and abroad 1745-1883." This gives Mrs. O'Connell "ample room and verge enough" for the introduction of all sorts of odd documents and discussions, which are not less interesting than the directly biographical portion of the book. Those who are acquainted with Mrs. O'Connell's style in her *Life of her father*, or her more recent sketch of Miss Attie O'Brien, will expect much curious entertainment from her new work, and they will not be disappointed.

13. We have allowed "*Lays of Country, Home, and Friends*," by Ellen O'Leary (Dublin: Sealey, Bryers, and Walker) to reach the second stage of its existence, a popular shilling edition, before bringing it under the notice of our readers. We had indeed introduced it in the most favourable manner beforehand by giving at full length Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's generous appreciation of this modest and unaffected Muse, which criticism the editor, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, has here again adopted as a very satisfactory introduction, confining himself to a sketch of Miss O'Leary, made easier by her death on the 16th of October, 1889, which enables him to add this personal judgment. "The sincerity and sweetness of her character, as well as her poetic gifts, had endeared her to a host of friends upon whom she exercised that uplifting influence so peculiarly the prerogative of high-minded women, which seems the effluence of perfectly serene yet ardent faith in truth and goodness. To this natural piety of feeling she added the convictions of a devout and earnest Catholic." The present writer recollects with pleasure a proof of her conscientious religious spirit which she gave a little before her death. Sundry ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance in Dublin were invited to meet an English lady, author of a famous novel, of which the undoubted literary merits would not have achieved such notoriety without the additional charm of heterodoxy. Many of those who were to be there were Miss O'Leary's close friends, but she thought it her duty to stay away through her well-founded dread of the irreligious tone that might prevail at the reception. This sincere spirit of piety animates many of these poems, which however are very well described on the titlepage as "*lays of country, home, and friends*." Her affectionate nature is seen all through. Many of the pieces are dated as far back as 1852, but perhaps the best bear a later date, 1870. They are all marked by a beautiful tenderness of feeling and a perfectly unaffected simplicity and sincerity of expression. The book begins with the exquisite little elegy that Rose Kavanagh addressed to the memory of her friend in our own pages; and it ends with a few poems by her brother, Arthur O'Leary, who died many years ago. Written before his twentieth year, they speak well for his talents and his dispositions. "*Lays of Country, Home, and Friends*," is admirably printed, and this popular edition costs only a shilling. Just half that sum is the modest price put upon "*Songs of Arcady*," by Robert

James Reilly (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker.) This daintily printed volume, with its aesthetic cover of brown and gold, comprises some fifty short lyrical pieces, the very names and themes of which are thoroughly and unmistakably poetical, and so is the treatment of the themes. Many will be surprised at the poet's trio of favourite poets, where Walt Whitman comes in between Heine and Shelley. Other proper names in the table of contents are John Henry Newman, Sir C. G. Duffy, Robert Browning, John Boyle O'Reilly, and William Yeats. Lecky has a sonnet; but, as it is remonstrance rather than eulogy, the historian is represented only by his initials. Dr. Reilly sings finely the praises of his own noble profession in "The Ballad of the Medical Services." His glimpses of scenery at home and abroad—Connemara, Rostrevor, Interlaken, &c.—have much vividness and picturesqueness, and probably it is in these that his Muse is at her best.

14. Our space is running out; but it is enough merely to announce that Mr. John Hodges, of 7 Agar Street, London, is bringing out in shilling parts, each containing several excellent illustrations, a fourth edition of Dr. Gasquet's most learned, original, and accurate work on "Henry VIII. and the Suppression of the English Monasteries." A solid brochure on "American Catholics and the Roman Question," by Monsignor Schroeder, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Catholic University of America, is published by Benziger Brothers. The same publishers send "The Reasonableness of the Practices of the Catholic Church," by the Rev. J. J. Burke, which will be found even more useful than the companion volume mentioned in the eleventh of these notes. Father Casey, P.P., Athleague, Roscommon, who has done so much good by his poems on religious subjects and on temperance, is about to publish by subscription, a third volume of Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects, which will cost to subscribers half-a-crown. Ascherberg and Co. (Berners St., London) have published Miss Ellinor Sweetman's "New Year's Bells," set to music by Prince Karadja. This graceful and very singable song appeared in our January Number this year.

15. And now finally a word about some of our contemporaries who honour us with a visit. We need not express again our admiration for *The American Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (the best of all religious magazines) nor the excellent *Nature Notes*, nor even for *The South African Catholic Magazine*, of Cape town, nor *The Austral Light*, of Melbourne, which now appears in a much improved form. *The English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan and Co.) with its excellent and abundant literary matter and its wealth of really artistic illustrations seems to us to be the most marvellous sixpenceworth of contemporary literature, which abounds in marvellous sixpenceworths. One hearty word of welcome to three newcomers. "Arcadia: a journal devoted to Music, Art, and Literature," is published at Montreal, by the Editor and Proprietor, Mr. Joseph Gould. It promises to be a high-class literary journal, and speaks well for Canadian culture. *The Catholic School and Home Magazine* (Worcester, Massachusetts) has just begun what we hope will be a long career of usefulness. So has *The Marygold*, which is intended for "the elder portion of our young Catholics." The publisher is R. Wasbourne of Paternoster Row, London—who, by the way, has sent us three sixpenny dramas for juvenile actors, of which "Dooley's Dog" seems to be the best.

J U L Y , 1 8 9 2 .

ABOUT GHOSTS.

A LETTER TO AN AUSTRALIAN COUSIN.

DEAR COUSIN—The other day I asked if you had any roses in Australia; now I want to know if you have any ghosts. If not, we can easily spare a few from Ireland if you desire them and have means of emigrating them. One of the scares of my childhood was the ghost of old General R——(only the idea of him, for I never actually saw him), who used to ride, and still rides, for all I know to the contrary, along the far wave-line, at low water mark, on the lonely sea-shore of Rostrevor, in the County of Down. There he rode, solitary, from dusk to cock-crow, on his grey horse, with his military cloak flying in the wind. He had in former days been used to gallop about the village, to the terror and chagrin of the inhabitants, but had been exorcised and driven out to low water mark, forbidden to encroach any further on the peace and convenience of the living who so inhospitably objected to his company. Curled up in my bed among the bowers and roses of Rostrevor under the hills, I never could shut my eyes so tight but what they could in imagination see that ghost. The wood doves, moaning from the wood close by, always seemed lamenting his hard fate, nor could I sleep before getting up several times to flatten my face against the window trying to catch a glimpse of horse and rider out against the gleam of the breaking wave-line, fleeing along the curved shore that sweeps from Rostrevor to Killowen and Greencastle.

“Wer reitel so spat durch Schnee und Wind?”

On the whole I think I was less miserable about that ghost than about some others I have known, because he had the companionship of his horse.

All this is by way of introducing you to another ghost, often seen on horseback, whom I interviewed for you a few days ago—the ghost of Lord Norbury.

A week ago I received an invitation, in which the attractions promised were oddly compounded of a ghost, ripe raspberries, bowers of scented syringa in bloom, and an interesting old house where remains of ancient family grandeur struggle with the beginnings of decay. Partly for my own pleasure, and a little for yours, I accepted the invitation, and if I did not see the ghost it was only because I came and went with the July sunshine, not being able to wait for midnight, and contenting myself with doing the interviewing by proxy.

Lord Norbury lived in a great many houses, but I believe this curious old house of “Cabra” was his latest dwelling. At this door alighted the simple pair, who, having accepted a pressing, oft-repeated general invitation to spend a week with a friend in the country, were met by the host in the doorway, rubbing his hands with delight, and declaring that they *must positively stay for dinner*. I need hardly tell you that Lord Norbury was the celebrated “hanging judge,” who is supposed to have had no conception of such a thing as a feeling of compunction, and who ordered an execution with as much satisfaction as he manufactured a pun. He was exceedingly witty, no doubt, yet his wit generally took the questionable form of punning, and some of his recorded jokes are as threadbare and miserable as those of his own imitators. One of the best things he ever said was his reply to the man who boasted that he had shot thirty hares before breakfast. “Why, my friend, you must have fired at a wig!” It is almost as good as Charles Lamb’s question of the person whom he met carrying some game: “Is that your own hare or a wig?” After these two memorable utterances, we cannot suppose that any one will ever again attempt any hair-splitting or hair-dressing *apropos* of these particular words. Punning has happily fallen into disfavour, and those who would be witty nowadays must look a little higher.

Cabra is but a short distance from Dublin, on one side of the Phoenix Park, and so retired and away from the beaten paths that, standing under the gigantic chestnut-trees of a couple of hundred years’ growth, it is easy to imagine oneself as many hundred miles from the smoke of a town. The house is not, at most, more than three hundred years old, and perhaps not so much. It was built by the

Segrave family, who were, as their name suggests, originally of the Danes in possession of Dublin before the days of the Norman invasion. The old place, as it stands, is still the property of this family, but it is very long since they cared to occupy it. After the days of Lord Norbury it was inhabited by a wealthy trader, who made it his home for a period of sixty years. At present its only inmates are a man and his wife, who live in the steward's quarters and act as caretakers, and who have turned the old high-walled vast garden into a market garden for their own maintenance.

We found the good wife, a pleasant, fresh-faced Irishwoman, at her washing tub, which she left cheerfully for our entertainment, putting off her wet apron and donning her Sunday attire of neat black and white while she talked to us across a passage, and we inspected some of the old low-ceiled chambers on the ground floor, into which she had gathered a good many articles of comfortable furniture, and some wonderful works of art in needlework, including the Flight into Egypt, in excellent cross-stitch. I don't know what your Australian houses are like, but I am going to describe this one for you.

The hall door is small in proportion to the house. Above it, is a series of windows; at either side of this centre a wing, with two windows across all the way up, small, high windows of the real old fashion, each having its window seat within, deep set in the curiously thick wall. This does not make a very magnificent front, but has a certain grey, grave stateliness of its own, looking out from among the clambering, bowering chestnut and elm trees, which build up their boughs, tier above tier, to the heavens, as if every half-century had added a story to their height, and a tinge of yet more sombre bloom to their original greenness. Three magnificent lime-trees stand in a row as you enter by the back way, and in the lawn, which sweeps away from the front, and across which the avenue is grass-grown almost to obliteration, the trees literally tower between sward and sky, making a gloom of boughs which throws a shadow of melancholy in through the old-fashioned casements. Next to a human creature and a dog, I do not think there is anything in nature that gives you as thorough a sense of its personality as a great tree. It impresses you as possessing experience, sentiment, strength, memory, and, in a case like this, where it stands close by a venerable homestead, you are

well aware that it has been the repository of confidences, of secrets which seem to be recorded in the hieroglyphics of its notched bark, and hidden in the foldings of its foliage. The giant chestnut, with his head against yon bit of aerial sailing gold in the blue, imposing as a knight in sombre panoply, extending his mighty arms to right and left and waving his dusky green banners—what scenes has he not witnessed, overlooking for a couple of centuries this ancient suite of drawing-rooms, those many-cornered and cupboarded parlours, and the wide, low central hall, and its flagged floor and hearth, and its window seats for gossip and lingering? Up the old wood-panelled stairway the laughing children troop, or the coffin is carried down. On the hall hearth stands the returned wanderer; in the remotest and quaintest of the little drawing-rooms whisper the happy lovers. Up and down here successions of human beings have lived, and loved, and hated; and the aged old tree has borne reverent witness to all.

Over the large drawing-room fire-place, filling the space between the exquisitely carved mantle of brown wood, with its surmounting strip of solid looking-glass set into the wall in squares, and the wreathed ceiling are the arms of the Segrave family, carved in dark wood, giving dignity and a certain grandeur to the apartment. Over the four doors are paintings—classic landscapes—black with age, fitted in the panelling of the wall, which has here and there been stripped away. Nearly all the walls, which are entirely sheeted in wood panelling, have been at some time covered with paper, from a vulgar desire to modernise the interior. Time has undone such pretensions, and the paper hangs here and there in a despicable drapery, while the panelling re-asserts its simple original dignity. The plan of the house is a little inconsistent, for only one twist of narrow stairs leads to the bedroom floor, and the bedrooms are rather small, and run together in a string, like the beads of an necklace. Up a wide flight of steps from the hall is a room with peculiar windows, which was formerly the chapel, and above it is a priest's hiding-place, to be reached by a kind of ladder which has a hiding-place of its own. From the great dark cavernous kitchen and offices we passed into the sunshine of the garden, where we found the husband of our hostess at work among the roses and raspberry bushes. Three immense walnut trees stand at the entrance to the garden, and later in the year are considered very interesting by the little boys of the neighbourhood,

who climb the high wall to clear the ground of the fallen fruit, or even adventure among the out-lying branches for plunder.

Laden with garden spoils we return to the house, and make acquaintance with our hostess' home in the steward's house. Over the comfortable kitchen is a room with a pretty cottage window in three, embowered in greenery, but catching a long vista of waving boughs, and cloudland in the distance. The stone walls are coloured a warm red, and the room is very habitably furnished. It has an over-shadowed, castaway, and yet home-like look, and our hostess has no objection to receive a lodger into it occasionally. If ever you should wish to hide yourself—blot yourself out—for a time, for joy, or for sorrow, or for work, you could not do better than get into that red-walled and green-embowered room, and play at being dead as far as the world is concerned. But I forget that you might have too long a journey from Australia in order to reach it. And then you might be afraid of the ghost. I am a little afraid of him myself, though I do not believe in him.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE RONDEAU.

FIRST find your refrain—then build as you go
With delicate touch, neither heavy nor slow,
But dainty and light as a gossamer thread,
Or the fleecy white cloud that is breaking o'erhead,
Or the sea-foam that curls in the soft evening glow ;
And your rhyme must be swinging—not all in a row,
But as waves on the sands in fine ebb and thick flow ;
Yet of rules for a rondeau I hold this the head,
First find your refrain.

For the subject—there's nothing above or below
That a poet can learn or a critic may know
But a rondeau will hold a rhyme-ring that will wed
The thought to the thing ; yet whatever is said
Will ne'er be a rondeau till you with one blow
First find your refrain.

E. B. BROWNLOW.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XLI.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PETER.

Mary returned from her drive, looking nothing the better for it. The news she heard troubled her. The possibility of Paddy Daly's being at large lay like a nightmare on her heart. When he found his shot had not been effective, he was just the man to watch his opportunity and make a second and surer attempt on Captain Crosbie's life; and the probability of his being captured also weighed heavily on her, it was so awful a thing to be instrumental in getting a man hanged.

After telling her mother what she had heard, she went in and took her own place by her lover's side.

"You look troubled, dear," he said, after the first look. "What is it?"

"What should be the matter?" she asked. "I'm not troubled."

"I have watched your face too well not to know every flitting expression. You have heard something. Perhaps Paddy Daly has been arrested."

"No; but the dogs were found, shot in Knockree."

He closed his eyes and remained silent for a time.

"Mary," he said at length, "I never doubted it was he attempted my life. I knew when I ejected him I was running a risk; but I would not be doing my duty if I left him on the property. He thought he was aggrieved, even when I offered to buy him out. Circumstantial evidence is conclusive against him."

"What will be done to him if he's caught?"

"Transportation for life is the penalty."

"He wouldn't be hanged, then. Oh! thank God for that; and these poor children!"

"It is well there are so many of them gone. He was a bad guide. The country will have a good riddance of him."

"Oh! Arthur dear, 'tis all dreadful," she said. "I would shrink from swearing against him, wicked as he is."

"It won't be necessary, darling. You did not recognise him."

"Oh, it was he; I'm sure it was he."

"Well, if he tried to take my life, Mary, perhaps he is the cause of my present happiness. I am not in the mood to be hard, even on him, so don't fret."

There was a letter from Digby Huntingdon, supplementing the reward offered by the Government by an additional sum of two hundred pounds; but no information relative to the person or persons concerned in the shooting of the agent could be obtained, and the search for Paddy Daly was unavailing.

Day succeeded day, each bringing strength to Captain Crosbie and colour to his pale face. His wound assumed a healthy appearance, and at length he was able to sit up. Mary also gradually recovered her old gay manner, sometimes becoming a little shy of her lover, and blushing at the wild way in which she had disclosed her feelings. He put a diamond ring on her finger one day, saying: "Everyone must know you belong to me now, Mary, my promised wife."

At that moment Peter opened the door, and, seeing him bending over Mary's hand, with an unusual sense of discretion, was about to close it again.

"Oh, you may come in, Peter," said Captain Crosbie; "we don't mind you."

"Faith, I believe 'tis true for you," said Peter, "ye don't mind me, nor anyone else, for that matter. Shure 'tis nothin' uncommon ye're doin'. Those that cum before ye sarved at the same thrade. As the ould cock crows, the young cock larns."

"Look at this, Peter," said Crosbie, touching the ring on Mary's finger, "doesn't that look well?"

A very pleased expression flitted across Peter's face.

"Well, then, I can't say I mislike it," he said affably, "though dear knows the only ring I ever seen of much use was wan you'd put in the nose of a pig. An' I suppose you giv a sight o' money for that now? God give you sinse. Fools an' their money soon part, inshure."

"Did you ever put a ring on girl's finger yourself, Peter?"

Peter laughed long and noiselessly at the bare possibility of such an absurd action on his part.

"Yerra, then, the woman would want to rise early to come at the soft side o' me," he said. "Oh, Lord, wouldn't I like to have a picthur o' myself and me puttin' it on? My own mother wouldn't know me. But sure God doesn't give sinse to everywan."

"It is well for the girls every man hasn't your sense, Peter," said Mary.

"May be t'would be betther for 'um if they had; but sure the

crathurs aren't aisy wan way or another, dressin' themselves out like paycocks, smirkin' an' smilin', until they puts the combether on some wake minded gomel, an' then 'tis runnin' complainin' to the priest, an' millia murther when they're man an' wife. Don't I know?"

"It's a bad look out for us, Mary," said Crosbie, laughing.

"Faith I'll engage I won't frighten ye for all that," answered Peter. "Divil a frighten, then; ye'll follow ye'er own figary, my hand to ye. If I was to be talkin' till I'd talk the cross off an ass's back, ye wouldn't give ear to me. God help the foolish people of the world! Sure everyone that gives a sixpence for a ticket thinks they'll get a fine prize, but they'll draw a blank a good many of 'um, an' that's the way with the marriages. Peg Murphy's little girl is outside, Miss Mary, with a bouraun full of chickens for the Captain."

"Give her a few shillings, Mary, dear; have you my purse? Poor Peg is a faithful creature. I must do something for her when I am on my legs again."

"Not an account since of the runaway," said Peter. "I was inquirin' of the little girl. I wondher where the divil has him at all. Shure may be 'twas to take him body an' bones he did, the villian of the world."

"Don't be talking of him," said Mary, as she went out. "You oughtn't to judge a man till he be tried."

"I wish I had as good a house as he'd rob," answered Peter. "I often tould the same man he'd come to a bad end. He fired that shot as shure as I didn't, an' that it may be brought home to him, I pray God. I'd turn hangman for wanst in my life if there was no wan else to pull the rope, the murtherer of the world! The ould boy himself was no match for Paddy Daly; an' 'tisn't the first murther he done. He killed his wife, as shure as there's an eye in an ass."

"He was a bad man," said Crosbie.

"Iyeh, bad; you don't know that bird as long as I do," answered Peter. "I could read you a pedigree of his doin's; but there's no use throwing water on a drouned rat. What could you expect of him? That man didn't bend his knee to a priest for the last twenty year. Yerra, he didn't want God at all, he could live without Him, shure. May God mend him before He ends him! None of us ought to talk too stiff."

"That's true, Peter. God came between him and his design. There is no harm done."

"Ah, then, that wasn't Paddy Daly's fault," said Peter, "it was a close shave; only for the mercy of God you'd be in your grave to-day, an' no more about you; an' to think of the fright that poor child got! God knows I didn't know which of ye would die the first

that night, the death was in her two eyes when we came up to ye in the wood, an' for many a day after, my poor child."

"You only find fault with her to her face," said Crosbie smiling.

"The like of her isn't walkin' the world," he replied, "she's the double of her mother, only she has more spragh in her, in a way. Inshure she hadn't anything to trouble her like the poor mistress, who got her share of it, faith—the masther sportin' an' spendin', with his dogs an' horses, when he ought to be lookin' after somethin'. Many's the time I used to be bittier enough with him, bringin' in quality. Maybe if there was anything short, he wouldn't be overwell pleased, an' tis little throuble he'd get providin' it. Thanks be to God, Misther Harry isn't takin' after him."

"He's a fine steady young fellow," said Crosbie.

"'Deed, then, he is so; fine and steady. There is some men, Captain, an' some women too, faith, an' they have no more business gettin' married than I have to go makin' a watch, because they don't know how to provide for a wife or a family no more than the brute baste, only to let 'um judge for themselves while they runs their own rig, amusin' an' divartin' themselves, and maybe they thinkin' all the while they was doin' the world an' all, because they wor livin' in wan house; and sometimes they doesn't give them good example itself. I know one man—a gentleman, God save the mark—a great sporthier, always havin' race horses an' dogs, an' begor you think he was the worst treated man in the world because his son doesn't think of anything else either. I know another, and when he hears his son blastin' curses that he picked up from himself, 'This is a promisin' youth,' he says, 'this is a promisin' young man,' an' the boy only sayin' what he heard out of his own mouth. Wouldn't they sicken you? I suppose the sin we does ourselves never looks so ugly as when we see another wan committin' it. Often I'd like to tell 'um a piece of my mind, but where's my use? 'Twould be aisier for you draw in the tide than make 'um see they was in the wrong. No use of lightin' a candle for a blind man."

"Mr. Harry will make a good husband," said Crosbie.

"See will he," answered Peter, "I take my davy on it, for he has the thought in him, an' faith 'twas from his mother he took it, an' not from the Desmonds. He'll think first of the wife an' the childher, my hand to you, an' not of this horse an' that horse, for he has the lovin' an' the kind heart. Shure I like everything in reason—the huntin', and the coorsin'; but faith I'd like a man would look first to the cost, an' see could he afford it; but shure the more cost the more honour. I never'll forget one day the masther, God be merciful to him, was goin' off to race when he was a young man, his horse was

passin' by with his fine clothes on him, an' wan of his little brothers was sittin' in the window. 'Whethen,' says the child, 'isn't it a quare thing, Harry's horse has better clothes on him than I have? Faith, the father overheard him, and he got a new shute by it. An' 'twas true for him; there was a hunther for the eldest, and no matther about the rest. Oh! 'tisn't the world that's quare but the people that's in it; but, thanks be to God, those we have to dale with now has sinse; and 'tis all owin' to the misthress. Her children couldn't but be good and graceful, an' they're having the luck of it.'

"Who is good and graceful, Peter? Is it I?" asked Mary, re-entering.

"Iyeh, to be shure it is—who else?" he answered. "Didn't you tell me to be praisin' you to the Captain? 'Deed, then, I won't be tellin' lies for you or anyone else; 'tisn't a right thing. Little the Captain knows what's before him; but shure he'll find it out, as the man did when he fell into the bog-hole."

CHAPTER XLII.

RETRIBUTION.

Among the heathy mountains of Tipperary Mount Keeper lifts its tall head highest towards the bending heavens, sometimes finding its summit in softly rolling clouds or clothed in purple beauty in the golden hush of evening, when the summer sun is sinking behind the western hills.

To the observer on the distant plain it seems bleak and bare; a spot where one could spend a delightful day with a gun, wandering among its glens, its rugged rocks, and thundering waterfalls, but not a place where he would wish to spend the natural term of his life. Yet tiny infants come sobbing into existence on its lonely heights, and men and women love and hate, rejoice and weep, sin and suffer, live and die there, and pass from off its barren sides to Heaven or to Hell. The mysterious tragedy of human life is acted in its silent glens with the same vehement force, the same intensity of feeling and passionate clinging to each individual part, as though the actors trod the gorgeous theatres in the world's thoroughfares.

Demons tempt and angels prompt there. Souls are lost or saved. The holy One is loved or despised, and the everlasting hills look down with changeless brow on the new born babe, who plays for a little while his part, and watch him till, old and feeble, he creeps after years into a narrow hole within its side.

On a lovely evening in June, nearly three weeks after the attempt on Captain Crosbie's life, James Ryan, a dweller on Mount Keeper, and his little daughter, set out to look for a goat remarkable for vagabond propensities.

The cock grouse crowed and called to his mate and chicks. The skylark trilled the azure heavens with ecstatic song, which fell like rain of music on the earth; the cuckoos and corncrakes were heard in the hedges which enclosed cultivated patches of ground, reclaimed from the wild bog; the snipe made their existence evident by emitting their peculiar call, which acquired for them the unbirdlike name of sky-goat; furze and bog myrtle mingled their odour with the smell of burning peat; and far away in the lowlands wood and water lay green and golden in the sunlight.

As the mountaineer and his little daughter wended their way to higher levels, they came to a small ravine.

"Maybe 'twas the way the goat fell into Poule-a-Dommin," said the man; "an' shure if he did, 'tis little use for us to be lookin' for him."

Poul-a-Dommin, or Devil's Hole, was a kind of morass, lying beneath a little cliff, long, narrow, and well known to the hillmen for its fatal clasp upon anything that fell into it. It was covered with soft emerald verdure, and a little belt of bullrushes ran along the sides, a safe resting place for wild duck, bald cootes, dippers, and waterhens, who had peaceable possession of it, undisturbed by even the most daring hill child. Poul-a-Dommin was looked upon as the peculiar property of him after whom it was named, and was consequently approached with considerable awe, and not without necessity.

Katie Ryan ran on before her father, fearing nothing while he was near, lured by the the crowd of bilberries for which the bushes on the little cliff were famous.

As she went on some yards, she noticed a few carrion crows perched on a ledge of rock.

"Oh! poor Billy," she said, "maybe lies dead in the hole."

She crept cautiously down a little inoline, and, catching hold of the brambles, stooped over and gazed into the morass. The next moment her eyes dilated with terror, for she saw beneath her the face of a dead man, ghastly blue, and unspeakably loathsome, appearing above the cool green of the swamp, and two swollen and putrid hands grasping a gun which rested on each side of the hole. With wild cries the child scrambled up, and rushed back to her father.

"Oh! daddy, daddy," she cried, "the Divil. I seen the Divil in Poul-a-Dommin."

"Hould your tongue, you little ape," answered her father, "an' don't say such a thing; there's nothin' in it."

"Oh, there is, there is," she said, clinging to him in an ecstasy of terror. "There's somethin' terrible in it, houldin' a gun."

"Hould your tongue," again answered the man, startled by her fright. "Is it true for you? Is there somthin' there in earnest?"

"Oh! there is, daddy, an awful thing; and two hands and a gun."

"The Lord betune us an' harm," he said. "Maybe 'tis some one that fell into it. Come on, asthore. Let us shout. Hello!"

The hills gave back their mocking echoes, the birds took sudden wing, but a greater than its wonted silence seemed to settle solemnly on the scene.

"Shure it can't be anyone that fell into it?" said the man. "There isn't a child on the mountain but knows Poul-a-Dommin. Maybe 'tis Billy that's in it."

"Oh, 'tisn't Billy at all; oh, don't go near it, daddy; don't go near it!"

"Whisht, you little fool, maybe 'tis a poor baste, an' I might be able to save it. Shtop there until I look down."

He shouted again, waited, listened, but only the summer breeze swept by, rustling the bullrushes. He crept nearer to the edge and looked over.

"Praises an' glory be to God," he said, raising his hat off his head, "'tis thrue for you, Katie; there's a man dead in the hole."

"Oh, what will we do, daddy? What'll we do?"

"Whisht your cryin', asthore; he must be a long time in it. There's no sign of his track or struggle, only the grass green about his face. The Lord have mercy on his poor sowl! We must send word to the peelers; 'tis they must come to get him out. Oh, praise be to God, but it was the awful death he got—the awful, awful death."

The police at a hill station, some miles away, were communicated with, and in a few hours a crowd was gathered around Poul-a-Dommin to take the victim from its grasp. Planks and ropes and spades were procured, and with cautious care they proceeded to raise the body. Though it was evident some time had elapsed since the fearful accident had occurred, the well-known preservative properties of the boggy clay had prevented putrefaction. The face, though swollen and unutterably hideous, retained its distinctive personality, and wore the expression of over-mastering horror and despair. The eyes were strained, and stared blindly into the heavens; the mouth was open, in agony, as when his last mortal utterance went forth upon the solitude, and his soul followed, wrenched apart from the body in that appalling death struggle.

When the dead man was laid upon the stretcher, the police pro-

ceeded to search his pockets. There were a powder horn, a little canvas bag containing a few charges of shot and two bullets, three or four coppers, a crust of bread, and in the pocket of his waistcoat, between the lining and torn material, was discovered a dirty piece of paper, which proved to be a receipt for three brace of pheasants given in February to Paddy Daly. There was a murmur of awe among the crowd.

The police knew all about Paddy Daly. His name had been in the *Hus and Cry* for the past fortnight; and they had no doubt but that God had taken vengeance into his own hands, and that Captain Crosbie's would-be murderer lay before them.

The body was taken to the barracks to await identification and inquest. The telegraph wires were set in motion, and next morning a distant relative of the dead man and two policemen from Drumquin were present when the coroner arrived. They proved the body to be that of Paddy Daly, of Fintona. One of the policemen examined the two bullets found on his person, and said they had been cast in the same mould as the one fired at Captain Crosbie.

A woman on the Keeper mountain also identified the body. He had come into her house more than a fortnight ago. He asked for some bread and milk, which she gave him, and she offered him lodgings for the night as he looked very tired and wayworn. But he said "No;" that he would try to get to Cork. She asked him was he in hiding, and told him where the police-station was, and how they would question anyone whom they met with a gun. He left her, saying that no one should catch him alive.

And so Paddy Daly left her, and walked on and on in the transparent darkness of the blue June night—over the silent mountain, by falling waters and heathy dell, evil spirits in his heart, weeping angels by his side; on and on to his doom—thinking of his escape; planning for the future, building up for himself a new life in a new world—a life, not of better efforts, but of more fruitful results; a life that would give him the wherewithal to gratify his desires. The old one was past now; they would never catch him and make him suffer for his crime.

"Ah, Crosbie," he muttered, as he stood on the little cliff, "I'd go to the gates of hell to have satisfaction out of you."

He jumped down on the tender green verdure beneath. It gave way, and in an instant he had sunk up to his breast. He grasped the rushes on one side; they broke in his strong clasp. He clutched at the cliff; there was nothing to lay hold of. He laid his gun across from side to side, and with one mighty struggle, tried to lift himself, but he found his giant strength was powerless, and his limbs as bound,

as if clasped in bands of adamant. For a few moments he did not realise his danger. Death should come very close before he would regard it as a possibility; but when he found his fierce struggles ineffectual, and perceived the cruel morass with serpent-like stealth fastening its deadly fangs on him, rising slowly, surely, higher and higher about his breast, a cold sweat burst forth on his forehead, and a great cry of wildest agony broke the silence of the solitude. What was he leaving? Life! The only life he ever thought of—beautiful, human existence; where he gratified his passions and fed his appetite. Leaving it while full health and strength and passionate desire of living. Was he to sink down, down, into unfathomable darkness, while the world above remained cool and green in the moonlight, and the silver stars continued to smile on thousands of living human beings? Was the rush of running waters, the song of birds, the pleasant mountain breeze, to sound in the listening ears of his fellow-creatures, while he was bound in the sunless bowels of the earth?

What was coming on him? Death—strange mysterious death, that makes man shudder, the saint tremble, and turns living bodies to stone. Death! whose appalling touch on the fair flesh of men changes it into such corrupt deformity that it has to be hidden away beneath the earth, lest it poison the pure air of heaven. Death! that breaks up the foundations of Nature, that wrenches asunder the inexplicable union of soul and body, and thrills the creature with natural and supernatural anguish.

Where was he going? He was going before the face of the living God; the God who made him, loved him, and died for him; whose laws he had defied, whose name he had blasphemed, whose Sacraments he had laughed at, as only fit for women; the God before whom the angels tremble and the heavens are not pure. Had he to appear before Him, covered as he was, with the leprosy of sin? He who had led the life of an animal—savage, cruel, and selfish; who had no kind thought for any human being, or any desire but his own material gratification? The past lay clear before him illuminated by the rising light of eternity. His ungovernable youth—lawless, idle and self-willed. He had been a bad son and a worse companion; he mocked at those who tried to subdue their natures and lead a better life; he told the evil tale and sang the unclean song that corrupted the hearts of the young; he was a tale-bearer and a slanderer. He had been a bad husband and a bad father. Avenging spirits brought his married life before him. He came home sober and cursed and swore at his patient wife; he came home drunk and kicked and beat her. All things that affected his brutal temper abroad was avenged on one weak woman at home.

He taught his children to curse, and drink, and sing impure rhymes when he was in one mood; he struck and swore at them in another. His motto was "an eye for an eye." He would watch his opportunity for years to taste the sweetness of revenge, and laughed in the joy of his heart when his desire was accomplished.

Again the awful cry went forth upon the solitude.

How often had he heard the priest say "as a man lives, so shall he die," calling upon men to return to the Lord while time was theirs? Did he not jeer at priests and their sermons, and say they were well paid for threatening the devil on the people? Was hell and the devil a priestly myth now? Was God an abstraction? was heaven an illusion? was this not rather the illusion, this great shadowy world, slowly vanishing from his straining eyes? This was the phantom, and those things he laughed to scorn the awful and only realities.

Again the fearful cry went forth upon the solitude.

Had he been mad? Would God pardon because of that madness the insane use he had made of life? No, he could not blind God or himself now; he was not mad; he had the use of his senses; he knew he had a soul; he knew it would be lost or saved; he knew what God had done for him. He used to go to Mass sometimes for the sake of appearances, or to meet some one, and heard the truths of religion, the piteous passion of his Lord, the divine tenderness and beauty of that Man of Sorrow dwelt on Sunday after Sunday; but he listened indifferently, as if it were all something in which he was not personally concerned. He heard the priest imploring and threatening those who would not confess their sins and approach the table of the Lord; he heard the awful picture he drew of the sinner's end and the tortures of the damned. His parish priest had often spoken to him about the irreligious life he led, and the danger of falling into the hands of a just and angry God. But he did not care; he did not want to be religious; he would not go about crawthumming like an old woman; he would not give up his sins. He would drink, and be impure, and have his revenge as long as he was able, and if he should go to hell, why he would go there, and that was all about it.

He thought differently now when hell was no longer a word in a sermon, but an inconceivably awful reality, opening slowly beneath his spiritual vision; when tempting demons thronged around, thrilling him with despairing thoughts; when the clammy clay was fastening on his throat, and the serene, starry skies were fading from his glazing eyes.

The great cry of agony went forth again. Another moment: the heavens opened. Death! God! hell! and heaven! were before him. "Oh! God! oh! God!" he cried, "have mercy on me!"

The answer to that last human utterance no man knoweth but the Lord Jesus.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MARRIED AND A'.

July found Captain Crosbie almost quite recovered, and August was fixed on for his marriage. He was one of those pleasantly circumstanced individuals whose movements need not be retarded by any monetary considerations, so there was no reason for delay. He was getting plans for building a residence on his own estate, and held many debates of weighty moment with Mary on the subject of bow windows and terraces. A letter from Digby Huntingdon caused a most agreeable change in their plans.

Roseroe Manor, July 10th.

MY DEAR CROSBIE—Accept my heartiest congratulations on your engagement. You are a lucky dog! I always said it would come to that even in the days when you were so needlessly jealous of me, and I think I deserve some praise for my penetration. I am to be made the happiest man in the world, and so forth, by Blanche, in September, she couldn't have her dresses made sooner, and like myself, she takes life easily. Luckily for me, she does not resemble her impetuous parent, who has energy enough for two. The death of Paddy Daly was shockingly tragic, tragic enough to put in a book, and this brings me to the point of my letter. Blanche has had her nerves quite shaken by this business, and considers it miraculous that I was not the victim of the man's murderous attack rather than you; he had much more reason to dislike me, since he was ejected by my express desire. She, Blanche, inclines to think shooting an Irish idiosyncrasy that would render residence at Fintona unsafe, or at best disagreeable. The place is not very large, and only for the fine house and grounds would not be of much value, separated, as it is, from the rest of my Irish estates. Now Blanche and I think why should not you have it. You speak of building, but there is a comfortable home ready to your hand. Building is expensive work, my dear fellow, and I promise to let you have Fintona on easy terms if you care to purchase. That fair little cousin of mine told me in her earnest way that she loved it, so I fancy this plan will please her, which is, no doubt, equivalent to pleasing you, too, in your present sad condition. Blanche suggests that we should buy an estate adjoining mine, near Dublin; it would suit us better than Fintona.

You might give the money you offered Daly for possession to his children, the poor little beggars must need it.

I had a letter lately from a young fellow, for whom I have a liking, Lieut. Robert Kingale, invalided from jungle fever. I was able, fortunately, to get him his company, and having found out (I'm not as stupid as people think) that it would please our good friends, the McMahons, have had his name put down for a resident magistracy. You did not enjoy that visit to the grange as much as I did. What a fool you were, my dear fellow! I could read you and my pretty cousin like a book, and should have made a famous fortune teller. I think my visit to Fintona did me good, though at the time I didn't know there was room for improvement. How are the excellent Doctor and Miss Amy? Mrs. Wiseman's peculiar talents are thrown away in a small country town. I am so glad her horsey favourite is out of

the running. I suppose you heard I got in for a borough here. The Election was confoundedly stupid, no one opposed me, a good thing too, no doubt, but I did enjoy Irish opposition. I must now bring this, an unconsciously long letter for me, to a conclusion; so with heartiest congratulations to yourself, and kindest regards to Mrs. and Miss Desmond,

Faithfully yours,

DIGBY HUNTINGDON.

Mr. Huntingdon's letter gave Captain Crosbie extreme satisfaction. It was just what he had desired, and Mary would be enchanted. He talked it over with the Doctor.

"That fellow has brains," said the Doctor "and he is finding it out. Rossroe found it out before, or he would not give him his daughter. A wise thing also to sell Fintona and purchase the other place. Fintona is too small to support an Irish residence for him, and he has no associations to make parting with it unpleasant."

"I will give more than anyone else would for it," said Crosbie. "Mary would rather live there than anywhere in the world, and so would I; building is very expensive; it would cost me a great deal before I had everything in as good order as it is at Fintona; and it is a pleasant thing that we can settle down into our own house at once."

"It is just the thing," said the Doctor, "I am personally grateful to Huntingdon; I don't know what I should do if I lost you as neighbours. And when Amy was gone from me I'd be in a state of desolation, I'd either get mad or get married myself, faith. So the decent fellow has saved me from either calamity."

The weddings commenced. Harry got leave of absence, and came home, wild with spirits. Amy was staying at the Farm, helping Mary in the ordering and arrangement of her trousseau. Captain Crosbie was reckless in his expenditure, bringing her presents of everything he fancied she would like. Harry occasionally expostulated with him.

"See here, Crosbie," he would say, "Amy will be getting into bad temper if I don't bring her all these fine things when we are getting married. Women are always comparing: and, if I do, I shall have to put her on low diet for years after. I wish you wouldn't give bad example. It will be the ruin of me."

"A woman has only to take advantage of man in his softest mood," said Amy, "and take everything she gets. His insanity is only temporary. She'll never get so many touching proofs of his affection again in one month."

"Perhaps the time will come," said Mary, laughing, "when Arthur will say to me, when I venture to mention a winter bonnet—'What! another bonnet? My goodness, woman, didn't I buy you a bonnet last summer?'"

"That's very likely—isn't it?" replied Crosbie, taking Mary's face between his hands—"likely that I shall ever grudge a frame for such a picture."

"Come out for a stroll, Amy?" said Harry, plaintively. "Of all things in the world I hate to see people spooning. How they can make such fools of themselves is past my comprehension."

"Oh, ho!" said the Doctor, entering. "How is the tender quartette getting on? Is the verb 'to love' conjugated in all its moods and tenses yet? Which does Harry or Crosbie make the finer speeches, girls? I'd keep a note-book if I were you. No doubt their remarks are original."

"It is the girls that makes the speeches, Doctor," replied Harry. "I don't know on earth how Amy thinks of all the soft things she says to me. I think she learns them out of novels."

"I never made a soft speech to you," said Amy. "Don't say such a thing."

"Oh, very nice," answered the Doctor. "Very nice, 'pon my word. You might as well both come and take a drive. I'm going up to Feremor. We'll be back in time for tea. If you give those girls too much of your company, they'll tire of you. How the deuce you can move about here puzzles me. I'd go out of my mind."

"'Deed, then, here's another," said Peter, coming in with a glass of beer to the Doctor. "If I was to be sittin' down idle, I'd go out of my mind, as shure as God made little apples; but faith as long as Misther Harry has a sofa an' nothin' to do but to be makin' nice talk for the ladies, he's the happiest man in the world."

"Would you not let me have a holiday, Peter," said Harry, "and I worked to death all the year?"

"Worked to death in the Constabulary!" answered Peter. "Ah, then, that's the likely story. The hardest work they does is to polish their boots; an' if them that's over 'um dies, 'tisin't be the dint of work, my hand to you."

"I wish they had my work for a month, Peter," said the Doctor; "that would smarten their pace and take them out of their vegetable existence."

"Yarra, half the parish would be dead before they'd have one leg out of the bed," replied Peter. "Three times I had to call Misther Harry this mornin'. Shure at last I axed him was he goin' to get up any more. I knew a woman, an' in with her to bed one day, an'

devil a rise she riz out of it for months after for man or mortal, an' not one haporth the matter with her, but a figary she took ; faith she runs in my head when I could not knock a stir out of him to-day."

"You don't leave me a shred of character, you old torment," said Harry, laughing. "Weren't we in the garden, Amy, before nine o'clock."

"We were," said Amy. "It would have been a sin to stay in bed, this morning was so lovely."

"Oh, folly, an' shure. What one of ye will say the other will swear to. I won't be losing my talk with ye," said Peter. "'Tis hard to get 'um up when they're well, Doctor; an' 'tis just as hard to keep 'um in bed when they're sick. You'd think it was lightnin' under Misther Harry when he was orderhed to stop in it. All rale contrariness."

"Wasn't I very quiet, Peter?" said Captain Crosbie.

"'Deed, then, no more than that; but you used to do what Miss Mary bid ye. I dunno will he do it always, Docthor? 'Tis nothin' but playin' with each other now; an' shure, 'tis a fine way if it lasts."

"The only sensible men I know are yourself and myself, Peter," said the Doctor. "We have something to do beside pleasing women. Come, boys, look sharp, the horse is waiting."

The wedding-day arrived, and very pretty the bride looked in her white satin and soft tulle. Smiles upon her red lips and her bright eyes full of tears; and no unfitting mate was the dark, handsome bridegroom by her side, who looked on her with unspeakable affection.

Amy Hayden and Annie M'Mahon were the bridesmaids, looking very lovely in blue and white. Harry gave the bride away, and the guests returned to The Farm to the *déjeuner*, which was a culinary success, achieved by the joint efforts of Mrs. Desmond and Mrs. Wiseman. The breakfast passed off very pleasantly. The Doctor proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in a speech that set them all laughing, and caused Peter much silent merriment.

When the happy pair departed, the guests took their leave. The M'Mahons returned to The Grange.

"I may call up in the evening," said the Doctor, as he and Mrs. Wiseman were driving away. "I think I shall be passing this way."

Amy was to remain for some time with Mrs. Desmond lest she should feel too lonely, for Harry had to leave next day.

The Doctor made his welcome appearance as they were going to tea.

"Dull care vanishes at the sight of you, Doctor," said Mrs. Desmond when they were seated round the table.

"It is never so pleasant without him," said Amy, "at home when people happen to be at tea, and he is out, we watch for him; every car we hear, we pause to listen; and feel so disappointed when it passes by."

"Harry, my boy, those women want to come round me about something," said the Doctor. "This flattery is suspicious; stand to your sex, sir."

"Oh, it is well for you, Doctor," said Harry. "Look at me, young and handsome, and no amiable being has any spare praise for me; they are far more inclined to dangle imaginary faults before my eyes."

"Dear knows, then," said Peter, who was attending. "I likes to hear the Doctor gettin' his merit, for 'pon my faith, 'tis oftener pleasanter when the man of the house goes out of it than when he comes into it. Many a wan of 'um I met—street angels and house divils; so very off-hand an' pleasant to the neighbours, an' the wife an' childher, an' those undher the roof with 'um, hardly able to draw their breath. I likes the man or the woman that makes pleasure be their own fire."

"What sort of a man of a house shall I make, Peter?" asked Harry, looking slyly at Amy. "Will my wife be afraid of me?"

"More fool she if she lets you get the upper hand of her," replied Peter. "Not, indeed, that you'll want it, I think; you aren't as bad as more that's goin'. The priests do be talking of soft answers; begor, I often thinks a good clout is better than a soft answer to turn away some people's wrath. Give in to a bully of a man or a bully of a woman in the beginning, an' you might as well hang yourself at wanst. Make a mouse of yourself, an' the cat will eat you."

"Oh, but Peter, if both the man and the woman were cross, there would be never-ending quarrels," said Mrs. Desmond.

"There is some wisdom in Peter's remarks," said the Doctor; "but temper is like madness—you tend to increase it by showing your fear; a soft answer to some brutal natures only maddens them still more. Cool resistance is about the wholesomest treatment—coaxing and blandishment ruin grown-up people just as well as they ruin children."

"I think people ought be punished for indulging in bad temper as well as for indulging in any other vice," said Amy. "It causes more unhappiness than anything else in the world; and there is something so despicable in persons getting into fits of passion about everything that crosses them, shouting and scolding like lunatics."

After tea Amy and Harry walked up and down outside the door, while the Doctor and Mrs. Desmond sat talking within.

"It will soon be their turn," said the Doctor, looking out at the young people, "and then all our birds will have left the nest; it is lonely after all, my dear lady, if we allow ourselves to think so; those gone to another home that brightened ours so long. I shall miss my girl. Isn't it true, Peter? You'll miss Miss Mary out of the house."

"Wisha have sense, Docthor, and God love you," replied Peter. "Lonesome indeed! 'Deed, then, proud I am she's gone on such a good occasion; an' proud I'll be to see Misther Harry an' Miss Amy gone too. Shure 'tisin't to keep 'um to make bacon of 'um we would. Little I'd mind the lonesomeness as long as I knew they was well off; an' 'tisin't out of the country any of 'um will be, where they will be backwards an' forwards to us. Maybe if they was left to us for the next ten years without any wan comin' afther 'um, we mightn't be over well pleased?"

"There isn't such a philosopher born as Peter," said the Doctor, laughing heartily.

"Oh, my talk has skin on it," answered Peter. "If I can't rhyme, I can raysin."

When Captain Crosbie and his bride returned from Paris, Fintona was ready to receive them. Having been done up preparatory to Mr. Huntingdon's visit, it only required some little decorations to make it a lovely home. Mary was enchanted with everything. Her mother was to live with her, but not until Harry was married. She wished to have his old home for him whenever he returned. Captain Crosbie, even when he became landlord of Fintona, kept to his old view about raising the rents, advocating the wisdom of the motto, "Live and let live."

The remains of Paddy Daly's cabin were cleared away, and a new plantation made in its stead. His children were taken care of and sent to school until in due time they joined their brothers in America, the money Mr. Huntingdon allowed them insuring them prosperity abroad.

Peg Murphy, to use her own phraseology, "never saw a poor day again." A comfortable little house was built for her; she had a cow and several pigs; her garden was tilled, and the turf brought home to her; her children was sent to school, and she was as contented and happy as was possible to any ordinary mortal.

In due time there was another wedding party assembled, and Harry Desmond and Amy Hayden cast their lots together for better or worse. There was one drop of bitterness in the bride's cup of happiness—the parting with her uncle. For many days she wept in secret over it. The Doctor was never so cheerful—laughing at and quizzing her and Harry, though in reality he dreaded the blank which her absence would leave in his life.

When she was going away, she clung to him in a passion of grief.

"My darling," he said, "you are going to bless another house as you have blessed mine. To the rescue, Harry," he continued, "I don't like to have any man's wife hanging about my neck; here take her away with you, and threaten not to kiss her till she stops crying."

They drove away, but it took some time before Harry succeeded in consoling her. He laughed, and scolded, and coaxed her, and drew such vivid pictures of the Doctor coming to them, and them coming to the Doctor, that parting seemed but an accidental means of intensifying the pleasure of meeting. So Amy was comforted by her young husband; and the Doctor tried to read the paper that evening and found it lonely work.

In after years baby voices echoed in Fintona, and a little Jack Desmond was led into mischief by a little Attie Crosbie, thereby bringing down on their youthful heads the wrath of Peter, who entirely resented the idea of anyone scolding them but himself.

"God love you, Miss Mary," he would say, "an' let the children alone; of course they're bould, and damn bould, not to do what they're bid; but they couldn't hould a candle to yourself when you wor the same age. What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh, in sure."

In after years Digby Huntingdon became a leader in the House of Commons, stroking his silken moustache while he listened nonchalantly to an opponent, then standing up to take his argument to pieces with a few trenchant words. He sent beautiful presents to Mary and Amy on their marriages, and always kept up his friendly relations with his Irish acquaintances.

The after years wrought no unlovely change in Dr. Hayden, but endeared him, if possible, still more to those who loved him. Amy's eldest little girl clung to him with the most touching affection. There was no one like "Uncle Don," in her baby estimation, and the Doctor said her extreme youth was his greatest comfort, since it assures him that at least for ten or twelve years no young man can come between them.

THE END.

A QUARTETTE OF QUATORZAINS.

BY FOUR SONNETEERS.

I.

A SONNET ON THE SONNET.

A SONNET should be like a dewdrop, round,
 Full-orbed, and lucid ; nestled in one flower,
 And, of the myriad blossoms of the hour,
 Reflecting but the beauty it has crown'd.
 It should have fallen from heaven, nor from the ground
 Have taken birth, although the sheltering bower
 Be decked and fair with Eden's long-lost dower
 Wherein its sphere of life be duly found.
 And, as the dew repeats the sky's grey dawn
 In tender monotone, or in the sun's full light
 Catches a-fire, and burns with prism'd ray,
 So should the Sonnet, thus divinely born,
 With many-coloured meaning still be bright,
 Changing, as man's mood changeth, day by day.

ALICE F. BARRY.

II.

ANOTHER.

I LOVE to be "cribbed, cabined and confined"
 Within the Sonnet's fourteen lines of space ;
 To me it seems the beau-ideal of grace,
 Into its limits to compress the mind.
 Though some assert its narrow boundaries bind
 And stop the flow of thought's untiring pace,
 I would not add a line, nor one erase—
 To mar a feature that the gods designed !
 "A thing of beauty" 'tis, wherein the soul
 Finds blest enchantment, glorious, divine,
 With all the witchery that enthralled the Nine ;
 No wonder, then, that *all* its charms extol—
 And that free praise is ever vented on it,
 Soft, soothing, sweet, stately, seductive Sonnet !

CHARLES F. FORSHAW.

III.

YET ANOTHER!

THE Sonnet is a diamond flashing round
 From every facet true rare-coloured lights;
 A gem of thought carved in poetic nights
 To grace the brow of art by fancy crowned;
 A miniature of soul, wherein are found
 Marvels of beauty and resplendent sights;
 A drop of blood with which a lover writes
 His heart's sad epitaph in its own bound:

A pearl gained from dark waters when the deep
 Rocked in its frenzied passion; the last note
 Heard from a heaven-saluting skylark's throat;
 A cascade small flung in a canyon steep
 With crystal music. At this shrine of song
 High priests of poesy have worshipped long.

E. B. BROWNLOW.

IV.

"SO EASY NOT TO WRITE."

"IT is so easy *not* to write a sonnet!"
 As Mr. Andrew Lang doth oft complain;
 And yet of men apparently quite sane
 How many seem to set their hearts upon it!
 This tiny foolscap, scores of rhymesters don it
 As eagerly as in Fourth William's reign
 Our grandmothers (then chits of girls) were fain
 To don their very newest Leghorn bonnet.

A sonnet is so easy not to write!
 Thus let them cry who ne'er have written one.
 But what about the wretched, wilful wight
 Who thinks his little head contains a ton
 Of teeming fancies yearning for the light?
 But this is line fourteen, and I have done.

W. L.

SOME EPISODES OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

THE "late unpleasantness," styled by way of eminence, "the War," was in some respects a blessing, though in a horrible guise. It afforded subjects for historians, poets, biographers, essayists, and will, doubtless, do so for a century to come. It broke up for a while a most unromantic prosperity. Peoples, like some rare spices of the east, do not give out their fullest fragrance until the heart is broken. The world has to thank tyranny, persecution, and strife, for some of the most brilliant pages of the historian, and the finest effusions of the orator and the poet.

"The War," then, being a subject of perennial interest, we will give some events hitherto unpublished, described to us at the time of their occurrence by one who took part in them. Others still living kindly supplied notes; and the writer visited the points mentioned, to secure the accuracy of detail so essential in writing of this kind.

I.

In 1860, Bishop Vérot secured a colony of Sisters of Mercy from Providence, Rhode Island, for his episcopal city, St. Augustine, Florida; the Mother Superior, Sister M. Liguori Major, a convert, was accompanied by three Sisters, soon re-inforced by two more, whom Mother Warde, hearing that their labours were ever on the increase, kindly sent to their aid. They were cordially welcomed to the ancient city, and were well pleased with the people of that land of *marana* (to-morrow) where it always seems to be evening. Their soft speech and gentle apathy of manner contrasted with the sharp tones and stirring ways of New England. The first convent was a house on St. George's Street, opposite the old cathedral. In Autumn, 1860, the foundations of a new convent were laid. The material used in its construction was coquina. It was built in the old Spanish style. On the lower floor were five rooms, and a large hall designed for a chapel. Another hall in the shape of an L projected from the rear, to which it was joined by an immense arch supported by three square

pillars. The parlours and domestic offices were on the ground floor; on the second floor were class rooms, dormitories, and community room. The official known in conventual parlance as *Vigilatrix* had quarters in a cell at the head of the stairs. Everything was well adapted to the duties of the Sisterhood. The schools were full. Children from the interior came to be prepared for the Sacraments. To the colored population special attention was given. Bishop Vérot, who was devoted to the blacks, appreciated the zeal of the Sisters in instructing them. The children learned to sing with spirit the hymns taught them: their favorite, rendered with great vigour and staccato movement, was:

“ I am a little Catholic,
And Christian is my name,
And I believe in the holy church,
In every age the same.”

II.

Little occurred to break the soothing monotony of Convent life in the old Spanish city. Once indeed the whole community was aroused in the witching hour by the cry: “Robbers! O good Mother, the house is full of robbers!” There was a general alarm. The corridors were soon alive with terrified creatures, in various stages of *deshabillé*. Two of the bravest, armed with poker and tongs, descended to search for the intruders. The rest remained on the staircase as guards. Nothing had been disturbed in the store-room. In the refectory they found a window open, and a basket of clothes half way through it. The children’s forks, spoons, and goblets had disappeared. Next morning to her great surprise the refectorian found the same window open, and under it on the floor a knife marked *Sanchez*.

This was shown to the Bishop, who took it to Mr. Sanchez, a neighbour. He said: “The knife is mine. A slave borrowed it of me yesterday.” This led to the arrest of the thief, a great, burly negro, who, when brought into court, acknowledged the theft. While at the Convent the day before with splinters, he saw the laundress take the clothes off the line, and watched where she put them. At 11 p.m., he carefully reconnoitred the Convent premises, opened the shutter with the knife, raised the sash, and entered. He lit his pitch-pine torch, took the basket to the yard, filled his

pockets with the silver, and was taking out another bundle when he slipped and fell back, knocking over a stool and quenching his light. This was the noise that disturbed the light slumbers of the Sisters. Not knowing the way out in the dark, he was actually in the room when they entered, and "dodged" behind a pillar, or hid in the shadows. "The ladies were frightened," said he, "so I wouldn't come out, for I didn't want to hurt them."

When they left, he groped his way to the open window, and stole off. But his trouble did not end here. Though he returned his booty, he was summoned to court, and his master had to pay the costs of his trial. To the great sorrow and annoyance of the Sisters, he was taken to the whipping post, and lashed to the full extent of the law. At the next recreation each related her experience of that eventful night. But that a poor slave should be flogged on their account was most painful to their feelings.

III.

Nothing occurred to mar the prosperity of the new establishment. The schools flourished beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. But the days of peace were numbered. The war going on between the North and South was coming nearer. In August, 1861, the community had removed with high hopes to the new convent. The opening school-year saw their pupils more than doubled in number. But in May, 1862, it was necessary to dismiss the day scholars and send the resident students to their homes. The children continued to come on Sundays for instruction, and the blacks were cared for as in the beginning. But in the excitement and uncertainty as to the fate of the city little could be done.

One Sunday in June, while the Sisters were at High Mass, and the priest, Father Aulance, was preaching, a gentleman came hurriedly into the church, and whispered something to a confederate officer who at once went out. Gradually a panic ensued. The commotion became general when some one whispered: "The Yankees are landing!" The children screamed wildly and clung to the Sisters. The Federals had really come, and were landing on the island opposite the old Fort.

The Confederate soldiers marched out of the city, and a flag of truce was unfurled. Next day the Northern soldiers, or, as they are universally called, "the Yanks," thronged the streets.

The schools were now permanently closed. The warriors were in excellent health. As many people as could get away had abandoned St. Augustine, and no work remained for the Sisters. This state of things of course could not last. But it alarmed the Bishop. No one knew anything for certain. The most sensational reports were on every lip. All feared the worst. Neither party could guess what was likely to happen to-morrow. It was said, but causelessly, that the Sisters' lives were in danger. Their Convent might be blown up any moment. The summer wore on tediously. Nothing occurred to allay their apprehensions. August 6, they went into retreat, and remained "in the desert" till August 15. Full of hope for better days, they wished to struggle on, but the Bishop had made up his mind that their lives depended on their seeking another home.

IV.

In July, 1861, Bishop Vérot was translated to Savannah, retaining the administration of the Vicariate of Florida. Two years previously Dr. Barry, Bishop of Savannah, a native of Wexford, died the death of a saint. Two Bishops, Dr. Barron, brother to Sir Henry Winston Barron, a Catholic celebrity of Waterford; and Dr. Gartlan, of Dublin, had died in Savannah, martyrs of charity, during yellow fever epidemics. Bishop Vérot now succeeded men who had shown themselves pre-eminently good shepherds, and in devoting themselves to the plague-stricken had literally laid down their lives for their flock.

The calamities of the South are matters of history. One small town in Georgia in its obscurity and distance from probable war centres seemed to offer the Sisters a safe refuge—Columbus, where their convent had been eagerly desired for years. The Bishop decided, and the Sisters reluctantly agreed, that they should leave the Catholic city of St. Augustine, where they had

" Loved to pray where saints have prayed,
And kneel where they have knelt."

Ever hopeful of a place they tenderly loved, they felt that the troubles of St. Augustine would be but temporary. The event proved the correctness of their judgment. But the Bishop wanted to preserve them in his new diocese as a good seed. He thought his charge over Florida at an end, and wished the Sisters to be where he was. Yet he died Bishop of St. Augustine, and Savannah passed to another prelate.

On August 17, the Sisters left the beautiful old Spanish city, and set out on a journey which they never forgot. There were no railroads, and stages were not allowed to leave or enter the city. As all the horses had been seized by the soldiers, mules were brought into requisition. To the Bishop a young mare just broken to the harness was given, and the antics of that sportive animal afforded much amusement along the route. Harnessed to her was the body of an old waggon, the Bishop's conveyance. On account of the ill-health of one of the number some Sisters were placed in an old tent-waggon, covered with a dilapidated carpet, to keep out the rain. The two other vehicles which made up the procession were sand carts, popularly called dump carts, propelled by mules, harnessed with ropes. The cortège ranged thus: the waggon with the frisky mare contained the Bishop, two trunks, a box of provisions, and Cooper, a white lad of 15, for driver. The tent-waggon had Rev. Father Dufau for driver, three Sisters, and a trunk of provisions. The two dump-carts had each two Sisters, one trunk on which they sat, and a white boy of 14, to drive.

Early on the 17th August, 1862, Mass, Holy Communion, and Benediction were offered in the Convent chapel for the success of the journey. After breakfast, the procession started. As the rain fell in torrents, some proposed to defer the journey, but the Bishop said: "Our pass-ports are signed for to-day, and, rain or shine, we must go." The priest got an extension of time from the Commander of the United States troops stationed at St. Augustine for himself and party. At eight the contingent moved on, the Bishop leading the way. As Father Aulance, the convent chaplain, gave his parting blessing and bade the Sisters good-bye, he said: "God bless you, my children—you will have many crosses now"—a prophecy amply verified.

V.

Before the procession, which passed through the gates of the old city, had gone a mile, the travellers were completely drenched. On reaching the Federal outposts the Bishop had to show his pass-ports. The officer whose duty it was to inspect them, being engaged, there was a long delay. The Bishop told the boy-driver, Lopez, to go on, as he professed to know the way. The other cart and its occupants remained with the Bishop—a more sagacious measure. When Lopez had gone some furlongs into the Twelve-Mile Swamp, he discovered he had taken the wrong road. The water covered the trunks of the wheels. In trying to turn, he broke the rope harness. The Sisters were obliged to get out and wade through water two feet high, holding on to the branches, and stepping from one palmetto root to another, praying meanwhile to St. Patrick to save them from snakes. As briskly as possible they retraced their steps, and were soon cheered by the Bishop's voice, calling to them through the forest, for he thought they were lost. They had no umbrellas, their shoes were filled with water, and their clothing saturated with swamp water, so heavy that they could hardly walk. When the harness was mended, the journey was resumed. Renovated by the brief rest, all made a burst of speed through the swampy path, but the mare got tired. Every few moments she would stop, and no coaxing, urging, or even whipping was of avail to make her push forward. The Bishop tied a rope about her neck and fastened the other end to the dump cart, and in this way pulled her on for a while.

Apart from the depressing rain, the country looked dreary and desolate. Small, unpainted huts here and there, all deserted; a narrow winding path amid stunted trees in the "everglade," a field of stubble, a lean bullock or two, an old cart tilted down—everything dark, dismal, dreary. But the scene changed when these commonplace objects were tipped by the glowing rays of the sun, and the soft delicious air grew fragrant with the breath of wild flowers.

When the procession had been on the road some four hours, a stentorian voice in the rear shouted, "Halt!" The travellers looked at each other, completely bewildered. The summons was repeated in a shout that reverberated through the forest. "What

is that?" they asked. A third tremendous roar was heard, with the added threat: "We will fire into you!" In a few moments they were hemmed in by United States cavalry, every man having his bayonet pointed towards them. That they were terribly frightened goes without saying, nor did the sequel re-assure them. The captain told the Bishop the report had reached head-quarters that he was taking to Georgia slaves dressed as Sisters of Mercy! Hence the rapid pursuit. The soldiers dismounted, looked into the faces of the Sisters, and examined their hands. The Rev. Mother was rather dark. So was a charming Cuban lady who had recently joined the Sisterhood. But even excited Northern men could see that the rich brown of their complexions was not due to any admixture of negro blood, and their hands, especially the nails, proved them to be of the Caucasian race. The examiners were soon satisfied on that point. The other Sisters were extremely fair.

But might not blacks be hidden in their boxes? The commander requested them to rise. The poor trunks were pulled in every direction, and vigorously shaken, but nothing counterband, dead or alive, was discovered. The officer said it was unsafe for the party to proceed, as the woods were full of *guerillas*. These "skulking fellows," he further informed them, were Southern men, harrassing the Federal army. "We are now," said he, "going to meet these rebels, and have a skirmish." The Bishop politely thanked the officer, but heeded not the warning.

VI.

At three o'clock the clouds began to break, and everything looked prettier in the sunny afternoon than in the bleak morning. The sun gilded the primeval forest, and its heat speedily dried the dripping garments of the travellers. The waggons were stopped and provisions unpacked. A wholesome dinner of bread and cold meat was very acceptable after their long fast. Scarcely had they finished their alfresco repast, when the officer came "thundering" back, the ground trembling under his horse's hoofs. Again he assured the Bishop it was not safe to proceed, but, alas! neither was it safe to return. On hearing this, a young lady who had lately joined the Sisters began to cry. The Bishop bade her be c

good cheer, for God always protects religious families. But his kind words failed to soothe her ; she continued uneasy during the whole journey. He asked if the others were afraid ; they declared they were not. The officer repeated his warning, but the Bishop was determined to proceed. The horseman turned his animal's head in the direction of St. Augustine, and started back followed by his aide-de-camp. A Sister was so glad to see them depart, that she said "The sound of receding horsés' feet was a sort of music in her ears."

They resumed their journey, and had not gone far when they saw a miserable, emaciated creature come out of the woods, his clothes hanging about him in rags. He wore old shoes, but no stockings, and looked perfectly wretched. He said he was an invalid, the Yankees had chased him, he was weak from his long run, and anxious to get to his brother's house, a mile distant. The Bishop kindly took him up, and said he wondered why Captain Westcot did not come out and give these cavalry battle. The Sisters gave the refugee bread and meat, and did all they could to make him comfortable. In an hour he alighted, thanked the party, and set off in the direction of the woods. Later, they learned to their cost that he was a spy.

They stopped before an old house which had evidently been deserted in a hurry, as the furniture had not been removed. The Bishop decided to stay there for the night, which made his companions glad, for they were in a sorry plight. One room had a large fire-place ; there were two sleeping apartments adjoining. The boys put the poor animals in a wretched shed used for stables, and gave them fodder they found in the loft. They then brought in pine and lit a fire. Refreshing tea was soon made, which the good Bishop enjoyed as much as any of the party. He talked and laughed over the events of the day, announced they had twenty miles further to go, and must start by day-break. After supper he helped to bring in wood to make a big fire, and everything in use was soon clean and dry. Conveniencies for the night were taken from the trunks.

In one room was a large bedstead with two mattresses. Boards placed on stools, a mattress spread over them, made a comfortable bed for the Bishop. The Sisters took turns keeping up the fire to dry the clothing, resting occasionally on the large bed. About midnight, the sleepers were aroused by a crash in the episcopal

chamber. The boards had given way, depositing his lordship on the floor, where he wisely remained the rest of the night. There was a slight titter at the mishap, in which the prelate joined. The boys slept in the fodder.

At day-break, the Bishop aroused the party with a hearty *Benedicamus Domino*. Little sleeping had been done, and all were glad to rise from their uneasy slumbers. The Bishop unpacked his portable altar. The Sisters procured fine altar linen from the recesses of their trunks. The deserted dwelling was transformed into a chapel, and Mass celebrated by the zealous prelate, to the great joy of all. They made coffee and partook of a frugal meal. When grace was said, the Bishop's first words were: "Did you hear me fall last night?" As no one answered, he said: "I know you did, for I heard you laughing." He described his sensation on his rough awakening. He thought a bombshell had exploded under the house, and was terribly frightened—to his own great amusement, for the old rookery that afforded them shelter was entirely out of the line of warfare.

VII.

The boys and the animals having satisfied their hunger as well as their betters, seven o'clock found all again on the trail. The sun was up betimes and his rays scorching. All day the wanderers suffered intensely from the heat, especially about the head and shoulders. The jaded mare amused all with her pranks. She always stopped short when they particularly wished her to go on. The rains had filled the hollows, and in many places the wheels were covered. It was a desolate region. But the rich and varied colors of a semi-tropical sky and a rank foliage, gave it interest.

A shallow stream which the rain had thickened to a puddle had to be crossed. The mules and their freight got safely over. But the episcopal equipage stopped short in the middle, and nothing could prevail on the mare to proceed. Finding it useless to urge her, the Bishop asked Cooper to get out, and stand bent over in the water, so that he could put his foot on the youth's back and jump to the opposite bank, somewhat after the manner of the game called leap-frog. The Bishop was in his 59th year, and rather stout

while poor Cooper though strong and wiry was lean as a ramrod. The episcopal foot had scarcely touched his back when there was a dull heavy sound, followed by a vigorous heavy splashing, and the elderly gentleman and the youth were floundering in the muddy bayou. The rest could not preserve their gravity. The Bishop was helped out, covered and almost blinded by the slush. That morning he had donned dry clothing, anxious to appear neat and tidy at the next stopping place. Yet he very good-naturedly joined in the peals of laughter his ludicrous appearance excited. As Cooper was barefooted, and had rolled his nether garments above the knee, his case was not so pitiful. The mare remained stuck in the mud, viciously "exulting apparently in the ruin she had made." Finally she was dragged out of the slush with a rope. The cortège then went forward. In the gathering twilight, short indeed in that latitude, the travellers soon caught glimpses of the blue, bright river, St. John. It was quite dark when they reached the ferry in which they crossed to Jacksonville. They dismissed their fleet of carts which had been as boats, and which the boys took back to St. Augustine. Their trunks were piled as a barricade in the middle of the boat. It was very dark, some stars, but no moon appeared. As she pushed off, they could see lights glimmering on the other side. Soon they were greeted with a volley of rifle balls. Huddling behind the trunks, they kept perfectly still. A second volley fell hissing into the water. They thanked God no one was hurt, but all were very much frightened. A boatman raised a lighted lantern on a pole to signify that friends were coming, and the firing ceased. At nine the weary travellers reached Jacksonville, where they tarried a night and a day, some pious Catholics giving them hospitality.

At Jacksonville, August 20, they took the train for Lake City, and began their northward progress on the only bit of rail-road left in Florida. When they had journeyed three hours, the train was stopped and boarded by Captain Westcott's *guerillas*, who swarmed on the platform and crowded the aisles of the compartment. They were wild-looking fellows in bandit costume, red shirts, black pantaloons, leathern belts with huge daggers and pistols stuck in them, and broad-brimmed straw hats. With them, we grieve to relate, was the wretched-looking man whom the Bishop had taken in his waggon, and with whom the Sisters had shared their scanty rations.

To the terror of all, Westcott, in a most arbitrary manner, ordered the Bishop to come out, and answer for some remarks he had made about himself and his troops. The conductor refused to let the Bishop from his custody until the captain had pledged his word that no harm should come to him. Turning to the Sisters, the gallant official (guard) said: "Do not fear; I will answer for the Bishop's life with my own." He then followed the Bishop to the platform, and confronted the irate officer. Loud words and angry threats followed. But the Sisters were re-assured when they saw the Bishop return, unmolested, about an hour afterwards. All this trouble came from the spy who had reported at head-quarters, the Bishop's remark: "Why does not Captain Westcott bring his men out and fight these Union soldiers?"

At Lake City they remained all night at the house of a Mr. Bigbu, who entertained them royally. At daybreak they took the stage and pushed on day and night, merely stopping for a meal wherever they could find one. Their dinner and supper consisted of sweet potatoes and buttermilk, but not enough of either. From 4 a.m. to 7 p.m. they stayed at the house of General Finnegan, an Irish gentleman, well known to the Bishop. The general put all he possessed at their disposal and showed to them a princely hospitality.

VIII.

After supper they began their night's drive. A stage with two strong mules and an experienced negro driver, made up their equipage. At the next stopping place they were to take the train for Savannah. Their baggage was to follow on a dray. The prospect of reaching their final resting place before winter, cheered them, and they started in good spirits from General Finnegan's hospitable ranch. The whole party got inside the stage which could hold comfortably five or six. The sky was brilliant with stars, and the weather cool and pleasant. When tired of gazing on such beauties of nature as could be seen in the star-light, they gradually dozed off, an occasional jolt of the stage, or an unusually loud snare being the only noises that disturbed the wakeful. Soon all fell asleep. They awoke in a deep ditch. The driver had slumbered with the rest. The mules left to their

selves stepped off the bridge, and a tremendous lurch awoke the sleepers, at what hour they knew not. The lanterns were crushed in the fall, the stage smashed, the harness ruined. The passengers, rubbing their bruises, crawled out of the shallow water as best they could. The Bishop, aided by the driver, pulled the mules and the remains of the stage out of the muddy brooklet.

Fortunately a large farm-house was near. Here they succeeded in borrowing an open waggon with three seats. Into this the whole party crowded, the Bishop sharing the driver's seat. Their drive for the rest of the night was anything but comfortable. In due time they reached the station, and were soon steaming off to Savannah which they reached about 8 p.m. To their dismay their baggage was nowhere to be found. They were kindly received at the Savannah Convent, but could not remove their travelling garb, as their wardrobe was in the missing trunks. The Mother asked all to join in a Novena to St. Joseph, promising to name the new Convent after him if he would get their trunks. Before the Novena ended, said trunks were landed on the corridor, and the prayers were continued in thanksgiving.

September 3rd, they left Savannah for Columbus, where they arrived on the morning of the 4th. They at once repaired to the church. The Bishop said Mass. They then went to the house of a widow, Mrs. Adams, which had been rented for them. October 1st, 1862, they opened St. Joseph's School, with a great crowd of pupils. The winter was exceedingly severe, and the Sisters coming from St. Augustine, where there is scarcely any winter, were ill prepared for its rigours. Scarcity of food and clothing were felt even in remote Columbus. It was very difficult to procure the common necessities of life. They were limited for breakfast to one slice of corn-bread and two spoonfuls of homing (corn meal) tea made of dried blackberry leaves, or coffee of parched corn, without milk or sugar. A Catholic lady lent them a cow. They saved cream to make a little butter for their two delicate members.

Some poor beef, a little rice or a few sweet potatoes, formed the bill of fare for dinner; corn-meal, gruel and buttermilk for supper; bread they never tasted. Sleeping conveniences were painfully scanty. Two Sisters slept on a quilt. One day the Mother remarked to some visiting ladies that it was rather cold for the Sisters to sleep on the floor. One said she had a friend in the country who could give soom mattresses. In a few days two nice

looking ones arrived and were gratefully accepted. But the Sisters who used them, after a restless night were covered with vermin in the morning. The mattresses were burned and the Sisters took to the floor again. In spring, a friend gave them some dry-goods boxes which answered for beds till "the cruel war was over."

The shoes they brought from St. Augustine were fast wearing out, and none could be procured in Columbus. They were obliged to save one pair each for going to Mass, the church being a square mile distant. For house use, they made slippers of any stuff they could get, with thick paper soles. This kept them busy cobbling. A gentleman who received a box of shoes from the country kindly offered it to them. It contained unlined cowhide shoes, made by slaves. But they were a treasure. The Sisters took any size they could get; as none fitted, there was little choice. One who wore twos was glad to get into sevens. But the noise she made walking, flip-flap, was intolerable.

Later, a Catholic gentleman smuggled a ship load of shoes from Nassau, and brought them in by the river. The Sisters were able to get a few pairs. Their habits were cotton, dyed black. For Sundays they managed to keep the remains of their serge habits. At that date there were scarcely any books printed in the South, and none could be got from the North. The scarcity of school materials made the school work difficult and unsatisfactory. At times they suffered the want of all things. Often they went to bed feeling the pangs of hunger so intensely that they could not sleep.

Sherman's army had driven the Southerners further into Georgia, and about Spring, 1865, the commissary stores became more accessible. Flour and bacon were procured for the Convent by a confederate officer for confederate money. In March, rumours were rife that the army would soon be down on Columbus. Those who had jewellery or plate took care to secret them, or gave them to the Sisters for safe keeping. General Lee surrendered April 9. The war was virtually at an end. But as there were no means of communication between the States, the news came only when General Wilson had destroyed the little city.

General Wilson was actually marching towards Columbus by way of Alabama with a large force. The Chattahoochee River on which Columbus is built form the boundary between Georgia and Alabama, but Georgia claims the whole river. At Columbus

it was spanned by two bridges, one of which was fired and destroyed when it was known for certain that the Federals were coming. The few men left in the city took up their position on the remaining bridge, determined to dispute every inch of Georgia ground with the invaders—a brave but fruitless resolve. They were borne down by an overwhelming force and completely routed. On Holy Saturday, intense excitement prevailed. A cannon fired three times was the signal for attack. Easter Sunday, April 16, after a sleepless night, the remaining men and every boy large enough to handle a musket were marched to the bridge, and awaited the signal in suspense. About 1 p.m. the first cannon boomed. Ladies and children who lived near the bridge rushed to the Convent for safety. The second and third boom brought the dread news that the unequal fight had begun.

When the first charge was made, the Sisters and their terrified guests were on the piazza. The Convent was near the bridge, and the shrieks and shots of the combatants fairly chilled the hearts of its inmates. The battle lasted four hours, when the Confederates broke lines, and their antagonists rushed into the city by thousands shouting "Rebels! Rebels!" A Confederate soldier whom the Sisters nursed later in the hospital, told them that when his lines broke, he threw down his gun and ran into the street, shouting "Rebels!" as loudly as any Federal. Under the cover of night his gray uniform was unnoticed. He ran three miles into the country without stopping, and thus escaped. Many citizens were captured and marched off as prisoners of war, but released when the news came that the war was over.

As the Federals rushed through the streets shooting every man they met, the refugees at the Convent were filled with terror. The night was dark; the street lamps were not lit. The Convent grounds were surrounded by a high fence; every gate and door were locked for fear of attracting the enemy; there were no light in the house save the sanctuary lamp. The Sisters remained all night in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, disturbed by the shots and yells of the victors, and the groans of the vanquished. They besought the God of armies to put a speedy end to the sufferings of their poor people.

About 2 a.m. a tremendous knock at the back gate was followed by heavy, hurried tramping on the piazza. The soldiers had come. A candle was lighted and two Sisters went to the door. As they

threw it open, five guns were pointed at their faces. The men started back when they saw that it was nuns they had disturbed. "Well, gentlemen," said one, "what do you wish? Can we do anything for you?" The leader touched his hat and said: "We did not know this was a Convent: we are searching for rebels." "There are none here, but you are welcome to search." "O, no, Sister, we take your word for it. But we are very hungry. Please give us something to eat." The best the pantry afforded was speedily placed before them. After doing justice to the humble fare they thanked their hostesses, and retired as they had entered by jumping over the fence.

X.

About an hour later a second knocking startled the community. On opening the door the portress found the intruders to be an officer and a private. The officer introduced himself as second in command to General Wilson, and said he had come to put a guard over the Convent. The portress thanked him, and gave the guard a chair. He established himself in the front garden, under the grape arbour. A lady who had seen the burning of the Columbian Convent, South Carolina, sent a note telling the Sisters to watch the guard, as it was that functionary who had set fire to the Convent at Columbia. This made the poor Sisters very uncomfortable. During the three days the guard remained they watched him constantly. The Convent was besieged by the daughters, wives, and mothers of the men who had gone to battle. "O," exclaimed one poor mother, searching for her only son, "if I could only find his body to bury it I should be content. "But this was well nigh impossible, for the bodies of the slain were flung into the Chattahoochee.

Easter Monday, at 9 a.m., a proclamation was issued by General Wilson, ordering all women to stay indoors, as the soldiers were given the freedom of the city. The work of demolition now began. Factories, machine shops, and all public works were utterly ruined. The flourishing oil-cloth factory, and the gun and pistol dépot have never been rebuilt. The shops were pillaged, and their heavier contents turned into the streets. Dusty roads became a conglomerate of molasses, salt preserves, pickles, hams, flour, mat

boxes, all kneaded together by the feet of the soldiery, who took care that nothing should be saved for the hungry people, and trampled all in a general amalgamation. The few pieces of cotton left in the stores after the long war were dragged out and burned. Monday and Tuesday this terrible work went on without the slightest intermission. The soldiers were like mad men. From the horrors of these awful days, the little Georgian City has never fully recovered.

Easter Monday evening the Sisters saw a citizen jump over their wall, and run into the back schoolroom. The poor fellow begged to be hidden somewhere, as the "Yanks" were after him. He was locked into a safe place, not a moment too soon. For five soldiers besieged the Convent, and made escape impossible. After reconnoitering some hours they concluded he was not there, and left. At night he escaped to more private quarters, and remained concealed during the Federal occupation of the city. Meanwhile, the Magazine was blown up, and the shock was so dreadful that it seemed as if the earth were being shattered to pieces. The soldiers visited every dwelling, and took possession of anything they desired to have—horses, mules; everything.

The Sisters had one cow given them in payment of a debt. Their barn was an old shanty of four rooms; near it was a lumber room. The laundress was hanging out clothes, when she saw a soldier jump the fence and enter the barn. She followed him up the rickety stairs and found him rummaging old trunks. "What do you want?" she said. "Nothing," returned the warrior. Then, rushing past her to the fodder loft, he seized as much as he could carry, and was running downstairs when she caught him by the coat and held him. He could not go up or down, and the steps were so shaky that both were in danger of falling. He pressed her to release him. "No," said she, "not till you throw down the fodder." Another Sister hearing her voice, called the guard, who made his brave comrade give up the booty, and leave the premises.

The Commander having heard of this little affray, stationed another guard in the rear of the Convent. Tuesday the soldiers who had been drinking freely were very lawless. One thrust his head inside the front gate, and demanded hospitality. The portress, who was saying her rosary in the garden, seeing his condition, refused to admit him. He swore he would enter, and made a forward movement, and a gesture as if to strike her. Just

then a second Sister appeared, and, seeing how things were, made a bound towards him, and in the twinkling of an eye planted her fists in his chest, and knocked him flat on the side walk. The heavy gate was then securely fastened. This catastrophe sobered the prostrate warrior. He knew the inmates of the Convent never acted on the offensive. But he learned that two at least were foes not to be despised when on the defensive. Till circumstances called it forth, no one suspected they had in them some of the stuff of which Amazons are made. The poor guard, who always appeared on the scene when danger was over, now removed his quarters to the front garden. But the word had gone abroad that there were some valiant and noted fencers among the Convent gentlewomen, and their premises were not again invaded.

On Wednesday the troops left the city, after having battered down every warehouse, brick-store, and building of any pretensions, and made the whole place a perfect wreck. All money had disappeared. Exchanges were affected by barter. Currency began to circulate towards winter. In May, the schools were re-opened. The children had much to relate about the events, sad and amusing, that had taken place during the terrible three days and nights. No one had any heart for school, and vacation was given early. The Sisters had other work trying to assuage the misery by which they were surrounded. Everyone was in trouble. Poverty, suffering, bereavement everywhere. Amid all this, the United States officials called on the Sisters to take the oath of allegiance.

"I solemnly swear allegiance, fealty, and obedience to all the laws of this Federal Government, as they are explained by the United States of America. So help me, God."

Each member of the community had to read this formula and sign it. "And thus," writes one to whose copious notes we are deeply indebted, "we who had never been rebels, were reconstructed."

As we crossed the Chattahoochee, from Georgia to Alabama, a generation later, the river was afire with the red rays of the setting sun. We thought of the sad Easter time when a handful of Georgians strove to keep the bridge against the victorious legions of the North, and how the brave boys found a grave beneath its waters, empurpled that day for miles of their course.

The gentle pen above mentioned writes—"Peace has spread her blessings over the land. For us, hunger, cold, anxiety, and

the terrors of war, have long since passed away. But sad remembrances of lost ones will remain until

“The silver cord is broken, and the golden bowl released.”

Of the ecclesiastics and religious who made the journey from Florida to Georgia as we have described, 1862 only one ancient religious remains to tell the tale. The rest have made the great journey. May they rest in peace.

M. A. C.

“IF I WERE A BILLIONAIRE!”

WHAT should I do if the world were mine?
Mine with its treasures of silver and gold;
Lands untrodden and wealth untold;
What should I do if the world were mine?

Before the fire in my old arm-chair,
I sit on silence and build alone,
Castles fairer than castles of stone,
Castles built in enchanted air.

Friends so many and poor have I,
Friends so many and wants so few;
George! there would be a wife for you,
Whom all the wealth of the world can't buy.

A house I would build for you and Kate,
A house as never before was seen;
And I would dance at the wedding, I ween,
If I came into my world-estate.

And you should be married to Mary, Jack !
Aye, lad, with the cares of a weary man !
And from the hour when my power began,
Trust me I'd never let *you* look back.

Husband hard-working, and plucky wife,
Frank and Alice ! 'tis little indeed
That love in a cottage as yours may need—
As you merrily sip the sweets of life.

But these should be store for a rainy day ;
And never a battle dull care should win,
Or settle a guest your home within,
For peace at your hearth should dwell away.

And you, friend Tom ! of them all the best,
Roughest of speech and softest of heart,
Whose kindliness poorly plays its part
In garb of worldly wisdom dressed.

For you nor place, nor power, not pelf
Avails to turn one thought aside ;
For you the world is not too wide,
For you there is no such thing as self.

Together we two should go forth and seek
What haply our new-born power might do,
To succour the many and the few,
To curb the strong and defend the weak.

Dreams we together have dreamt ere now ;
Dreams of a great and glorious name,
Plans to be sealed with the kiss of fame,
The parsley wreath for guerdon enow.

So draw close up to the fire your chair,
And again let us dream truth alone,
Castles that might be castles of stone,
If one of us were a Billionaire !

S. K.

CHILDREN'S GAME-SONGS.

IN the course of many years' study of folk-lore I have amassed a vast number of Game-songs, or Rimes, which are the *obligato* accompaniment of certain games. These extend over the whole of Europe (probably over the whole world.) The comparison of the variants from different countries and different districts of the same countrymen, forms a most instructive study.

My collection is very extensive, but there are certain countries whence I should like to make it more complete. Ireland is especially one of these. Several Irishmen, including the distinguished folklorist, Dr. Douglas Hyde, have been very kind and helpful, but in order to extend the chances of obtaining as representative a quorum as possible, I shall be very grateful if THE IRISH MONTHLY will put the subject under the notice of its numerous readers, and if any of them find a national interest in the matter I shall be very glad to hear from them, either direct to me or through these columns, if this can be allowed.

I will briefly address one or two specimens in order to convey a distinct understanding of the sort of thing sought for.

1. There is no game more widespread in England than one generally called "Jenny Jones"—one of the class of "Visiting Games." Half the children engaged stand on one side headed by a "Mother," the other half advances and sings a verse in which they say they have come to see Jenny Jones; how is she? They then retire and the other side advances and sings a verse to the effect that she is well but cannot be seen. The first side returns and repeats their verse and the second side makes some excuse. She is washing or ironing, or variously occupied; at last she is ill, and ultimately dead. Every item occupies a verse, and is alternated with the verse repeating the enquiry of the first side. When she is announced to be dead, the first side sings a verse to the effect of

"What shall we dress her in,
Dress her in, dress her in?
What shall we dress her in,
Dress her in, to-day?"

The second side advances and sings a verse suggesting one colour after another, to which the first side always finds an objection, such as

Blue is for sailors, etc.
And that would never do.

or

Green is forsaken, etc.
And that would never do.

At last they agree to dress her in white; but then they say she is a ghost, and they shriek and run away, the one side pursuing the other; a flight and pursuit being the common ending of many games.

Now, in many parts of England "Jenny Jones" is called Miss Jenny O'Jones, a distinct suggestion of an Irish connexion. But in the one version that I have so far received from Ireland (Co. Cork) she is *not* called "Jenny O'Jones," but "Jinny Joe." Also, after the announcement of her death, in place of the universal English (and American) adjunct of controversy over the colours to dress her in, comes the following verse:

"Mould candles for Downey Mole,
Candles for she,
Mould candles for Downey Mole
Who died for me.
O dear Downey! O dear she!
O dear Downey, who died for me.

The candles are possibly intended for the "Wake"?—but how comes "dear Downey" to be introduced *à propos* of nothing?—I shall be very glad of any suggestions concerning this, or of any other variants.

2. The game of "Oranges and Lemons," is another of very wide extension, and there are some variations in the way of playing it; the general outline, however, is that one pair of children form a gateway with their clasped hands raised, and the others try to pass through; before being allowed to do so, they have to say whether they will choose Oranges or Lemons, and according to their choice they are ranged on the side of one or other of the two gate-forming children, and in the end the winning side is decided by a kind of "Tug of War."

Now all over the continent of Europe the primary idea of the choice lies between Heaven and Hell. In one American version it

is between a Good Angel and a Bad Angel. It would be curious to know when the sublime ratio was exchanged for the trivial. I have no instance of this game as yet from Ireland (though many from Scotland) possibly there might here be found the missing link.

3. As an instance of the widespread ramifications of these games, I may mention that one sent me by Dr. Douglas Hyde, and which at first sight appears essentially Irish, is a counterpart as an indoor game, of an outdoor game I have from Italy.

I must not claim space for further specimens, but will conclude with the essential remark that I shall be most grateful, not only for any variants of these games, but any other games of any sort, however seemingly trivial or even fragmentary, as well as for any remarks or even suggestions bearing upon the subject.

R. H. BUSK.

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Portman Square, London.

DEUM VIDEBUNT.

[*Inscribed to the Inmates of St. Joseph's, Drumcondra.*]

IT matters little for a few years' space
('Tis hard for some to think so, but 'tis true)
To be denied the sight of heaven's bright blue
And the green grass and nature's varying grace—
Ne'er to behold the kind smile on the face
Of each dear friend, to grope uncertain through
A sunless labyrinth without a clue,
Hemmed round by darkness, fettered in life's race.

It matters little : life shall soon be o'er,
The veil shall be withdrawn, the shadows flee ;
Soon shall a crown replace the cross we bore—
Renewed, transfigured, soul and sense shall be.
We are content this earth to see no more,
If but our God in His own heaven we see.

M. R.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

V.

IN the closing paragraph of the letter with which the Bishop of Ossory enriched the preceding instalment of these notes, his Lordship refers to the various feelings of confidence or discouragement which are wont to animate or depress Maynooth students on the eve of "the order list"—that is, the catalogue, read publicly in the hearing of all, of the different orders, from tonsure to priesthood, of which the superiors of the College have judged each student to be worthy, according to his progress in the College course, both as regards the time spent and the proficiency acquired, but especially according to his progress in the formation of a true priestly character and the proof of a solid vocation to the sacerdotal state. The first of these steps is tonsure, for which students are eligible early in their course. But Charles Russell seems to have received it later along with the four minor orders, which are usually divided between two successive years. He writes to his sister Margaret on May 20th, 1831, when he was approaching the end of his second year of Theology:—

I did not wish to write, as I had nothing very particular to communicate, till I should be able to give you an account of the issue of this day's trial. To me it has been favourable enough. I will not be 21 for a long time yet [to a young fellow of 19 two years seems a long time], and consequently I cannot take sub-deaconship; but I have sent for my surplice to Elm Hall, and on Wednesday will have advanced into the Church as far as minor orders and the tonsure will allow me. These orders are merely a preparation for the higher degrees, and give me a right to serve at the altar in all the capacities of incense-bearer, acolyte, janitor, etc. I will have to make a serious preparation, perhaps as much so as if they imposed obligations on me. They do not—not even the obligation of reciting some part of the office of the Church.

In his letter he mentions that George Crolly was "called to Tonsure." The name "Elm Hall" occurs very often in these Maynooth letters, and it would be unjust to a spot associated in Dr. Russell's mind with many pleasant and sorrowful recollections to cut out all the allusions to it, though most of them are of a domestic and unprintable nature. In the early years of Dr Russell's Maynooth life, Elm Hall, which was some four or five miles from the College,

was the home of his uncle William's family. A home in the country, that seems homelike enough when brightened up by feminine taste and echoing with the light-hearted laughter of young people, often becomes dingy and dreary and broken-down looking after passing through many hands in the course of many years. I feared this might be the case with Elm Hall; but the Rev. Henry Murphy, P.P., of Celbridge, informs me that it still flourishes in a green old age, the comfortable homestead of Mr. Arthur O'Connor. It is quite close to the railway station of Celbridge on the side nearest to the town, and can be seen from the train. Here Dr. Russell's uncle had settled for some short time before. On a certain Good Friday, probably in his second year, 1828, the young student writes home that the good curate of Celbridge, Mr. Callanan (soon after removed to Clontarf), before he heard anything of it, had got leave for him to spend some of the Easter holidays with his cousins at Elm Hall, and wanted him to drive off with him at once. "But I waited to see Mr. Montague, and told him how it was. 'Certainly now (this is the way he always expresses himself) you are a very delicate boy this year, and I would advise you to go out for a few days at all events.' So off I go. We were nearly dead all week, scarcely any breakfast, and kneeling almost the whole day. I am heartily tired."

This is the Elm Hall to which he sends for his surplice when minor orders give him an official right to exercise the functions of acolyte in the May of 1831, towards the end of his second year of theology. A fourth year was not at that time devoted to theology, except for the chosen few who were elected to the Dunboyne Establishment. Many were obliged to forgo even a third year's divinity; and therefore in the October of that same year, in beginning the last year of the ordinary course, C. W. R. complains of the vacant places around him. "Some of my greatest friends are gone. This makes the thought of home and the desire to see it come more frequently to my mind than when I had these friends about me. If I am to be on the Dunboyne next year, I fear it will be a lonely place after all my classfellows are departed." But just after this he was to have a larger dose than he hoped for of that beloved home which with all his cheerfulness and studiousness his affectionate heart yearned after in the midst of his books. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and the terrible cholera which visited Ireland in 1832 enabled Charles Russell to spend the

14th of May, 1832, his twentieth birthday, in the bosom of his family—the only birthday he was ever to spend at home since he left his father's fireside for College in the beginning of his fourteenth year.

This cholera fills a prominent part in his correspondence at this period. On Wednesday, the 18th of April, 1832, he writes to his sister Margaret:—

MY DEAREST MARGARET—I received last week your letter of the 6th. It deserves a long answer from me. But at present you will not be displeased at receiving somewhat less than usual. The truth is I would wait a more favourable opportunity, but that I know not what day I may be leaving College. You have heard ere now of the cholera's having taken root in Dublin. You will have heard before this reaches you of its having found its way to Clondalkin and Naas. There is no saying what day we may have it. It is probable, too, I might say it is certain, that, if we be not dismissed on the return of the President from Dublin, we shall at least be permitted to go off. You would have been astonished had you witnessed the scene the corridors presented last night when the news of its being in Naas arrived. All was consternation, particularly among the junior classes. We succeeded, however, after some time in getting their fears quieted. To-day also has been the day of confession previous to our receiving our Easter Communion, and I never was more edified than by the conduct of the students. If it came among us, and the possibility is obvious enough, there will, I fear, be several victims. It might be too (though the supposition is so frightful, I can hardly allow myself to think of it) that we should be shut up here, and prevented from leaving the College. At all events, if a case should occur in the College, I will not go to Elm Hall, for I might bring the contagion with me, but make the best of my way to Killough; and before I get there, I think it will have evaporated. I caught up a little of the infection of alarm from the terrified faces I saw around me last night, but I slept it off, and to-day, thank God, I am "as cool as a cucumber." By-the-bye, tell George I am quite reconciled to his pronunciation of that word, now that it is sanctioned by the authority of my friend Stack. For we are friends, and among his other good qualities, he is one of the best pronouncers I have met this long time. It would be very unpleasant to quit the College so near the termination of the year. But God's will be done. Give my love to my dearest mother, and beg her blessing for me, and all my friends here. If we do not want it, at least we think we want it. Remember me most affectionately to Anne, Lil, Kate, and the boys. God bless you, my dear Margaret.

Believe me, yours for ever,

C. W. RUSSELL.

It is certain there will be no examinations, and, as I am not old enough to receive sub-deaconship, I shall have no material loss.

A little earlier he had written to the same faithful correspondent:—

I am glad to see you feel so easy under the probability of a visitation from the cholera. I have got rid of most of my fears. That is, I am prepared in a certain way to meet it. I do not mean to say I think we shall not have it, for I am sure

no human power can avert it. But I do not dread it as much as I did when I first heard of its approach. We have a report to-day that the board at its last session, appointed a "Board of Health" for the College, but there are so many reports flying after each of these sessions, that it is hard to know which of them to credit. They are making preparations, however, to build an addition to the new lay house. It goes to my heart to see them felling the beautiful row of lime trees in front of it, which I recollect Anne to have admired when she came to me in my first year. I do not like to see a fine tree cut down. It is a sad thought enough, and some way or other it always occurs to me that what it has taken years to build up is brought down in an hour, and will require years to replace it.

I will give the last lines of this letter, although, like the foregoing "woodman's spare that tree" passage, they do not regard the cholera about which we are just now concerned. "I see my mother wishes to keep me in leading strings still. She would like to have her own eye over me always. It would be well for me if I did nothing or said nothing which might not meet her eye, and I should be very ungrateful indeed if I felt the guidance of such a mother in the light of a restraint. Give her my most affectionate love, and tell her that if I am away from under her eye I trust I do not forget her kindness. No, *that* will always be before my eyes. 'When I forget her, let my right hand be forgotten.'"

The dreaded cholera placed her boy under that good mother's eyes sooner than she anticipated. It was near making him a priest long before his time, it seems. On the 25th of March, in that year, he writes:—

Would you be surprised to see me a priest before very long? I have been told it's not impossible. I am quite serious. In a case of very extreme necessity, such for instance as might be expected if the cholera got to a very great head in this country, one could be ordained at nineteen years of age. You know I shall be twenty in May. I trust, however, both for the sake of the country and my own, that there is no danger of such a necessity, though, perhaps, I should not be sorry to commence my priesthood under such circumstances, with a chance of terminating it before my first fervour had time to cool. I should be sorry to be called on just now that I have made so little preparation for it. There is an instance on record of a person being promoted to the Archbishopric of Toledo at the age of nineteen, but his election was grossly uncanonical. I was the other day entrusted with the keys of office. The steward was unwell, and Mr. Montague, meeting me on the corridor, gave me the keys to hold for that morning. It was no enviable elevation. The whole house came running to see the new steward! You know I have a small enough share of brass. That morning paid for the want. Every new face that appeared brought a new blush to my unfortunate cheek. I was stared completely out of countenance.

That allusion to the juvenile Archbishop of Toledo is characteristic of the future Professor of Ecclesiastical History. The cholera panic subsided somewhat in the College, when Surgeon

Ellis and other Dublin doctors gave it as their opinion that Maynooth was not likely to be visited by the plague. "You could hardly persuade yourself that the students are the same you saw last week. They were then all alarm. Nothing going about but the most absurd, the most monstrous reports, reports which I laugh now at myself for believing. Now they are in the other extreme, perhaps too much so, they will hardly believe anything. A good many are taking advantage of the time and getting away, but our class are all remaining. I heard from one of them this day a remark which struck me forcibly. He said it was ridiculous for persons who are preparing for a situation in life, which will bind them *professionally* to brave, and even to court dangers of every kind, to be frightened at the cholera, which is still twelve miles away from them, and which, in all probability, will never enter the College. Whatever may happen, God's will be done. 'Che sara, sara.' I was one of the deputation who waited on the President, and he *frightened* us out of all our fears. The business so fraught with evil to some (to whom may God show all his mercy) has brought some good to us. It has lightened the business for the examination, and it got leave for us to eat meat all last week, the same as any other week in Lent."

Towards the end of this letter (April 23rd, 1832) "your devotedly attached brother, C. W. Russell," laughs at himself for taking up so much of it with "this eternal cholera." The students had given up all idea of being disbanded *en masse*, though those who had any excuse were departing. On that one day Dr. O'Kelly, the resident physician, had given thirty-five certificates. "I will be with you before the usual time, but not so soon as I expected, or rather as my fright expected, for my sober sense has disclaimed such a preposterous expectation. I have attributed the change in my feelings to the consciousness of having my mother's special prayers. I know I had her general prayers before. I need not desire you to ask a continuation of them, for I am sure it is unnecessary to make the request. God be with you. Give my love to her and the girls."

The cholera, however, was after all kinder than he had made up his mind to expect. It broke up the College for the term so suddenly that there was no time in those pre-telegraph days to send warning to Killough, where the Maynooth student presented himself unannounced amid a wild uproar of welcome; and there was a lobster supper in honour of the glorious event.

Two years later, writing on the 10th of May, 1834, his heart looks back wistfully to this longest of Long Vacations. "This letter will be in time to return thanks for me on my birthday. Set it on its legs after dinner, and imagine you are listening to myself. I have not ceased since the first of May thinking of this month two years ago. It was on that morning I got up, with my fingers dropping off with cold and my head going mad with toothache, and still superlatively happy, seeing you all around me, and with the prospect of enjoying your society for four months. 'I ne'er shall look upon its like again.' I have endeavoured almost every day to recall what I was doing on the same day this time two years; and even the remembrance of it has given me pleasure."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "Conversations with Thomas Carlyle," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) is a very delightful and instructive work. It goes very far towards realising its chief purpose, which is to correct the sinister impression of Carlyle's disposition and manner left by Froude's many volumes that have been more profitable to the writer's bank account than to his friend's fame. It is a revelation also as far as regards the degree of familiar and abiding friendship to which the editor of *The Nation* was admitted by the stern philosopher of Chelsea and his gifted wife. These long letters (one or two of which our magazine had the privilege of publishing beforehand through Sir C. G. Duffy's great kindness) and these conversations reported with such manifest fidelity make us acquainted with Carlyle's opinions on a vast number of interesting persons and things, the estimates of persons being for the most part genial and kindly. But nothing is more striking in the book than the fact that it is given to the world in this attractive form, by the man who nearly fifty years ago wrote the epoch-making introduction to "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," which of all Young Ireland's contributions to Irish literature was by far the most influential and important item.

2. The transition is not so violent as it may seem, for "Sermons on the Blessed Virgin," by the Rev. D. I. McDermott (Philadelphia: William Carey) is a volume which belongs to literature also, as well

as the sparkling volume which we have placed before it. Father McDermott's discourses are far above the pulpit average. His style is very good, anything but dull or heavy, while by no means aiming at liveliness or ornament that with such themes would be flippancy and bad taste. His choice of language is free from those defects to which some American writers of name and importance are liable. One of the preacher's finest efforts is his sermon on "Mary Queen of Prophets," on the occasion of the blessing of the corner-stone of the church of the Nativity in Philadelphia. We are tempted to extract the brilliant illustration drawn from the cathedral of Milan; but it would seem incongruous among mere book-notes like these.

3. "Lucan Spa and Hydropathic as a modern Health Resort," by Dr. Thomas More Madden (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son) is a very interesting brochure, even for the non-professional reader and for the reader whose favorite variations on Adam's ale are not of a mineral character. Dr. More Madden, as the author of works on "The Spas of Germany, France, and Italy," and also on "The Health Resorts of Europe," is particularly well qualified to discuss the claims of Lucan. No one can read his opinion and the numerous authorities he adduces in support of it without being convinced that the ancient glories of Lucan Spa are sure to be revived.

4. Mr. Stead's "Index to Periodicals" is as lively and interesting as one expects every publication to be that is issued by the editor of *The Review of Reviews*. But we have noticed serious omissions in the two or three items to which we turned with special interest. *THE IRISH MONTHLY* itself fares very well; but, while the account of *The Edinburgh Review* goes back to the aboriginal names of Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey, and Horner, what is to be thought of even the most summary history of *The Dublin Review*, which begins by stating that it was edited by Dr. Ward, ignoring Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Russell, and those who had founded and maintained it vigorously for the first thirty years of its life? Again we read here that *The Month* was begun by Miss Taylor, and is edited by the Rev. Richard Clarke, S.J., not the slightest allusion being made to Father Coleridge, S.J., who was the real founder of the magazine, and who by his great gifts and wonderful perseverance maintained it at a high level, in spite of great difficulties, for twenty years—this being only a part of his vast contribution to Catholic literature. Mr. Henry Reeve is said to have begun to edit *The Edinburgh Review* in 1845. Almost the last item in the index of contents is "St. Francis Xavier of Assisi"—a blunder akin to that made by Miss Jane Barlow in her account of "Literary Dublin," published in the May Number of *The Bookman*, in which she states in a note that the editor of *The Irish Monthly* belongs to a Fran-

ciscan Convent in Dublin, evidently confounding (like Mr. Stead) Assisi and Xavier.

5. The Rev. J. R. Slattery, the Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary at Baltimore, has published a translation of the very edifying life of the Rev. Simon Just de Bretenieres under the title of "A Martyr of Our Own Times" (New York: Benziger). He was a missionary apostolic, martyred in Corea in the year 1866, when only 28 years of age. The incidents of his career are extremely interesting, and the skill with which they are narrated is guaranteed by the name of the biographer—the very distinguished Rector of the Catholic University at Paris, Mgr. d'Hulst, who has recently succeeded Père Monsabré in the pulpit of Notre Dame, and Monseigneur Freppel in the tribune of the French Parliament.

6. Our learned readers will need nothing more than the names of Fessler and Jungmann to have their attention sufficiently directed to a new instalment of the great work on Patristic Theology—*Josephi Fessler quondam Episcopi S. Hippolyti Institutiones Patrologiæ quas denuo recensuit, auxit, edidit Bernardus Jungmann, S.T.D., &c.* The publisher is Raunch of Innsbruck, with whom is associated the more accessible Firm of Pustet, of Ratisbon and New York. The new issue is only the first part of the second volume. We hope the second part will very soon complete the volume with a full and minute index. The Louvain Professor has added immensely to the value of the German Bishop's work from his own vast stores of accurate erudition.

7. Mr. Orby Shipley, who has already done so much for hymnology by his "Annus Sanctus" and other works, is about to publish by subscription under the title of "Carmina Mariana" a collection of all the tributes paid in English verse to the Blessed Virgin, which he has spent years in gathering up from various sources. The work will be a magnificent act of homage to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer. It will be furnished to subscribers for five shillings (payable on delivery)—half the price at which it will afterwards be issued to the public. The editor of this magazine will be glad to receive the names of subscribers.

8. The Rev. James Casey, P.P., Athleague, in Roscommon, has published a third volume of "Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects" (Dublin: James Duffy and Sons). Its two hundred pages, though the type is just of the right size to be read comfortably by the people, contain an immense variety of pieces on every subject of piety and practical religion. The longest and one of the best, "Our Daily Sacrifice," fills eight pages, but most of the hymns and poems do not go beyond a page or two. Father Casey's rhythmical facility is almost too great, and we think he has adopted too often the merry

lilt with which "Love and Valour wandered through Erin's Isle to sport awhile." But, living amongst the people, he knows best what will please best those for whose good chiefly he writes. In an appendix are a number of temperance songs which will not be less effective when it is remembered that Father Casey has kept his golden jubilee as a teetotaler, having taken the pledge from Father Theobald Mathew himself in 1840, and kept it ever since.

9. Messrs. Burns and Oates, 28 Orchard Street, London, report that a very large edition of "Moments before the Tabernacle," is already exhausted. There will be a short delay before the second edition is ready. We have received from Messrs. Benziger of New York, the nineteenth of the twenty-four finely printed and well bound volumes which form the centenary edition of the complete works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, translated into English. This is the second of the four volumes devoted to his correspondence. St. Alphonsus was pre-eminently a letter-writing Saint, like St. Theresa and two of the Francisces. The Catholic Truth Society (London, 18 West Square) publishes for sixpence "Theosophy, its Teaching, Marvels, and True Character," by the Rev. Richard Clarke, S.J., and for a penny each "The False Decretals," by the same and "Was St. Aidan an Anglican?" by the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J. We may include in this paragraph a new edition of "The Vesper-Book" (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons) which besides vespers and complines for all the Sundays and festivals, supplies prayers for many other public devotions, and also an excellent collection of English Hymns. A Secular Priest has published through Burns and Oates a translation of a little devotional treatise by Dom Guéranger on the Church as a Society of Divine Praise.

10. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, O'Connell Street, Dublin, have begun a reissue of "Irish Pleasantry and Fun," in seven sixpenny parts, to appear on the first of each month. The first sixpenceworth contains samples of the fun of Lover, Lever, Carleton, Lefanu, M. J. Barry, and two anonymous wags. We thoroughly approve of a good laugh; but opinions differ as to the proper way of producing that result. It seems a pity that Irishmen should be able to enjoy Irish scenes and character as represented on the stage and by comic writers and artists, even when these are Irishmen themselves.

11. We need not do more than name some serials that take the trouble to attend our monthly At Home day. We may place first, though it does not belong to this category, the second shilling part of the admirable edition of an admirable work—Dom Gasquet's "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries." The illustrations this month are Holbein's portrait of Blessed Thomas More and an excel-

lent engraving of Fountains Abbey. *The English Illustrated Magazine* still gives the best literary and artistic value for sixpence. Mr. Henry W. Lucy—who is “Toby M.P.” of *Punch*—furnishes a graphic sketch of Lord Rosebery to follow a life-like portrait. W. E. Norris continues his interesting novel, and Lady Lindsay crushes hers into a single number. Candlemaking and also Dunsters Castle and then the Derby at Epsom and locomotive works at Derby (this antithesis is unintentional) are admirably described by pen and pencil. And there is a fine piece of verse into the bargain. But nevertheless many will prefer our Melbourne Magazine, *The Austral Light*, or *The South African Catholic Magazine* of Cape Town, or *The Catholic School and Home Magazine* of Worcester, Massachusetts, or at home *The Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate* with its interesting account of Father Robert Cooke, O.M.I. We hope *The Marygold* (Washbourne, London) will improve greatly on its first two numbers. How well they do these things in the United States. We have several times expressed our admiration for the American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (114 South Third Street, Philadelphia), and we have done so the more freely because it moves in quite a different sphere from the *Irish Messenger*. *The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* (Watertown, New York) is very attractively produced, and is in its sixteenth volume. With all this praise let a meek word of reproof be mingled. The *Salve Regina* of New Orleans arrays its May Number in a pretty dress of white and gold. But, why, ah! why should even the youngest and most feminine of journalists describe anybody's style as “researchative?” and how can the writings of Brother Azarias be ranked among the most finished of American literateurs? We cannot wait till next month to announce what we have only heard at the last moment, that Messrs. Charles Eason, of Dublin, have just published “Spiritual Counsels for the Young” by Rosa Mulholland. Convents and other holy homes will welcome eagerly this book of original meditations by the author of “Holy Childhood.”

AUGUST, 1892.

SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

No. 23.—JOHN THOMAS GILBERT, F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

BY a curious oversight, in the opening sentence of the preceding paper of this series, the printer was allowed to make Mr. Sigerson call Sir Robert Kane "Director of the Museum of Irish Biography," meaning of course "Irish Industry." Our Magazine might have some pretensions to the title of Museum of Irish Biography; for, if Mr. Alfred Webb, M.P., gives us a new edition of his admirable "Compendium of Irish Biography," he will have (as he himself has been kind enough to remark) to draw largely upon the volumes of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. Nor is this museum of ours supposed to be confined to the dead. For instance, the sixteenth paper of the series was devoted to the Rev. Charles Patrick Meehan, while the author of "The Flight of the Earls" was living, and it was expressly promised that, though he was the first, he would not be the last who, while still working amongst us, would be enshrined in a niche of our temple. Let us keep this promise by introducing now to our readers one from whom Irish literature has still a great deal to expect.

Was it Swift or Burke who said that censure is the tax which a man pays to the public for being eminent? Another of the imposts to which eminence is liable is to get a column or half a column in "Men of the Time." Mr. Gilbert has paid this penalty. He cannot sing Mr. Andrew Lang's "Ballade of Neglected Merit":—

I've scribbled in verse and in prose,
I've painted "arrangements in greens,"
And my name is familiar to those
Who take in the high-class magazines;
I compose; I've invented machines;
I have written an Essay on Rhyme;
For my county I played, in my teens;
But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

Without having established any of the above claims to the distinction, Mr. Gilbert is in "*Men of the Time*;" and from the thirteenth (1891) edition of that *Dictionary of Contemporaries* we extract the following account of him :—

John Thomas Gilbert, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., was born in 1829, in Dublin, in which city his father was Consul for Portugal and Algrave. He was educated at Dublin and in England; was appointed Secretary to the Public Record Office in Ireland in 1867, and held that post till its abolition in 1875. He edited "*Fac-similes of National Manuscripts of Ireland*," by command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. He is a Governor of the National Gallery of Ireland, and a Trustee, on behalf of the Crown, of the National Library of Ireland, Dublin; Inspector of MSS. in Ireland for the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts; Member of the Council and Librarian of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin; Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London; Hon. Professor of Archaeology in the Royal Academy of Arts, Dublin; editor of a series of important publications entitled "*Historic Literature of Ireland*;" and also editor in the collection of "*Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland*." Mr. Gilbert has received the Gold Medal of the Royal Irish Academy. He has been thanked by the Municipal Corporation of Dublin for his archivistic work, and appointed to edit the ancient records of that city. As member of the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, and its honorary Librarian, he gave a vast impetus to Celtic studies by effecting the publication of some of the most important manuscripts in the ancient Irish language. Mr. Gilbert's principal published works are—"History of the City of Dublin," 3 vols., 8vo, 1854-59; "History of the Viceroy's of Ireland, 1172-1509," 1866; "Historical and Municipal Documents of Ireland, A.D. 1172-1320," 8vo, 1870; "National Manuscripts of Ireland," 5 vols., large folio, with coloured plates, 1874-84; "History of Affairs in Ireland, 1641-62," 6 parts, 1879-81; "History of the Irish Confederation and the War in Ireland, 1641-49," 7 vols., quarto, 1882-90; various Treatises on History and the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland, published by the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, London, 1870; the chartularies of St. Mary's Abbey at Dublin and Dunbrody, 1884; Register of the Abbey of St. Thomas, Dublin, 1889; Calendar of ancient records of Dublin, 1890.

This dry summary of a great literary career may be supplemented by a few notes and comments, and with the addition of one interesting fact, namely, that Mr. Gilbert is the husband of the gifted Irish lady who, under her own well-known name of Rosa Mulholland, has in lighter departments of literature done so much for the fame of Ireland.

There are in the history of letters few examples of perseverance in one branch of study, and that one exciting little general enthusiasm and enlisting few helpers, comparable to the life-long labours of Mr. Gilbert towards the elucidation of the true course of Irish affairs, especially for the last three hundred years. What De Maistre said of history in general during that period, that "it

was a conspiracy against truth, is particularly true of Irish history. The accounts hitherto accepted had been for the most part published in London, and practically under Government censorship. The Irish side had never had an impartial hearing.

Mr. Gilbert's taste for historical research developed itself from his boyhood. He devoted all his leisure and more than his leisure to the systematic study of Irish history and archæology and soon acquired a rare skill in deciphering mediæval Latin and Norman French documents. As early as 1851 he published an excellent essay on "The Historical Literature of Ireland," the purpose of which was to make known to the public the works of the Archæological and Celtic Societies of Ireland. This was followed in the next year by his essay on "The Celtic Records of Ireland," in which he gave an admirable analysis of Dr. O'Donovan's great work, "The Annals of the Four Masters," pointing out its immense value as historical material.

Mr. Gilbert next occupied himself with the history of his native city. He contributed an extremely interesting series of papers on "The Streets of Dublin" to *The Irish Quarterly Review*, under the editorship of Patrick Joseph Murray, who is more completely forgotten than he deserves to be. Many a book, large and small, and hundreds of newspaper articles written since then about Dublin and its past vicissitudes and the dwellers in its streets, have derived all their learning, generally without any acknowledgement, from these brilliant papers which at once attracted great attention. Even before they had been collected into a volume, they were made (in the *Nation* of November 12, 1853) the subject of an elaborate review, which is well enough written for John O'Hagan or Denis Florence MacCarthy, but the latter would, even in his prose, have betrayed more openly that he was a poet. "This remarkable series [says *The Nation* reviewer] is evidently only the accidental vehicle through which a mind warmed to enthusiasm by its subject and filled to overflowing with the traditional and written lore of Ireland has poured out of its opulence a portion of the spoils which its devotion and its industry have accumulated. In ordinary hands the subject would have been dry and meagre enough; it is perfectly wonderful all the mass of curious research and rare information the writer has contrived to hang upon this pivot. He has taken up our squalidest streets and dingiest alleys, filled them with life and movement, and

clothed them with the meaning and beauty of their prime; and he has peopled the fair and prosperous city with her men of rank, her men of substance, and her men of genius."

If Denis Florence MacCarthy was not the author of this article, he expressed in another form his admiration of his friend's earliest work. In our own Magazine, February, 1878, appeared the following sonnet "written after reading Gilbert's History of Dublin":—

Long have I loved the beauty of thy streets,
Fair Dublin: long, with unavailing vows,
Sighed to all guardian deities who rouse
The Spirits of dead Nations to new heats
Of life and triumph:—vain the fond conceits—
Nestling like eaves-warmed doves 'neath patriot brows—
Vain as the Hope, that from thy Custom House,
Looks o'er the vacant bay in vain for fleets.
Genius alone brings back the days of yore:
Look! look, what life is in these quaint old shops—
The loneliest lanes are rattling with the roar
Of coach and chair: fans, feathers, flambeaus, fops
Flutter and flicker through yon open door,
Where Handel's hand moves the great organ stops.

The allusion to Handel in the last line is explained by a reference to Mr. Gilbert's History of Dublin, vol. I., page 75, where it is narrated how the first performance of *The Messiah* took place in Dublin under the direction of the great Artist himself.

"The History of Dublin," which forms three octavo volumes, is now an acknowledged classic. The Royal Irish Academy in 1862 presented to its author its highest prize, the Cunningham Gold Medal. The presentation was made at a general meeting of the Academy on St. Patrick's Eve in that year. The President, Dr. Reeves, after dwelling on the vast difficulties of the work, proceeded, as we find him reported in "The Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy," (vol. viii., pp. 101-104) to specify some of the important points on which Mr. Gilbert's researches had thrown light, illustrating the wide range of subjects from the Tribe of Mac Gillamocholmog to the old Crow Street theatre. "Mr. Gilbert has also interwoven in his work numerous original biographies of eminent natives of Dublin. He has supplied notices of painters, engravers, and medallists, with catalogues of their works, never before collected, and not to be found even in books specially treating of these subjects. He has given us a history of

the Parliament of Ireland and the Parliament House; he has recorded the origin and progress of the Royal Dublin Society, the College of Physicians, and the Royal Irish Academy; he has also introduced notices of remarkable literary works published in Dublin, with information respecting their authors. A complete analysis of Mr. Gilbert's volumes would bring into view other interesting classes of subjects which I have left unmentioned; but my enumeration of the topics treated of in the work is sufficiently ample to show that it embraces a most extensive field. To combine such multifarious details into a narrative attractive to a general reader, and at the same time satisfactory to the historical inquirer, seeking precise and authentic information, was not an easy task. Mr. Gilbert is acknowledged to have succeeded eminently in attaining this twofold object. He has produced a work which has been, and will continue to be, read with interest, and referred to as an authority, not only by partial friends and brother Academicians, but by all who may, in our own time or in future generations, study the history and antiquities of the city of Dublin." And then, addressing Mr. Gilbert, the President said:—"I present to you the medal which the Council of the Royal Irish Academy has awarded to you as the author of a scholarlike work on the History of Dublin. You have removed from Ireland the national reproach of having no history of its Metropolis. The volumes which you have produced furnish accurate and copious information on the history of every part of the city of which they treat. Let me express the hope that the sympathy in your labours shown by this Academy will encourage to continue them. To the exertions made by you and our late President, Dr. J. H. Todd, as Honorary Secretaries of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, it is mainly owing that the latter body has been, for many years past, enabled to continue its labours in publishing various works of the utmost importance on the history of Ireland. You have proved your zeal in the cause of Irish history; you are acquainted with its sources and its materials. We have, therefore, good reason to indulge the hope that you will supply some of its many acknowledged wants."

Mr. Gilbert's next work of importance was "The History of the Viceroy's of Ireland, with notices of the Castle of Dublin, and its chief occupants in former times." As the "former times" are A.D. 1172-1509, it is evident that some additional octavos would be

required to complete the work ; but of this single volume, which is out of print, *The Athenæum* wrote :—" This work leads us to hope that the history of Ireland is about to be written anew—not rewritten from old books, bristling with old prejudices, but from new sources, and by comparison of old and new statements, and after due weighing of adverse testimony. . . . In illustrations of a past life, Mr. Gilbert's work is very rich ; it is one of the ablest and most useful books on Irish history that has hitherto come under our notice."

Of the same work *The Dublin Review* said :—" This goodly volume bears in every page the evidence of exact and laborious investigation of every source, whether printed or manuscript, of the general history of the country, as well as of the personal history of the individual Governors. It exhibits so much learning ; such a familiarity with original records, as well as with the historians, whether ancient or modern ; such a power of constructing an attractive story out of a mass of obscure and apparently uninteresting facts and authorities ; that it will go far to redeem even the earlier period of the post-invasion history of Ireland from its traditional character of dulness and monotony."

We must not cite so liberally the criticisms passed on other works of Mr. Gilbert ; but, as we have quoted a Protestant and a Catholic critic from the other side of the Irish sea, we may note that here at home also the historian's perfect impartiality and honesty are acknowledged by *The Dublin Evening Mail* as earnestly as by *The Freeman's Journal*. It is the former of these that passes the following judgment upon the second in the long series of Mr. Gilbert's historical works :—

"The author has gone about his task in the true historical spirit, gathering his data with conscientious care, examining original documents so as to set down nothing at random, taking a large and comprehensive view of character and events, and suffering no prejudices, even where sympathy with the right and hatred to the wrong might prompt them to interfere with the perfect impartiality of his pen. This quality which is the most striking novelty in Mr. Gilbert's book, is a perfect new thing in Irish historical writing. The merit of treating our history in this genuine and honest spirit is great, and entitles the author to the generous praise he is sure to receive from the most searching critics. Had he taken a different course, his work would have

had as short a career as that of others, that were forgotten, almost as soon as they became known. As it is, his *History of the Viceroy*s will have a permanent and recognised place among the imperial tomes which fix and preserve the memories of our national life. The style in which it is composed is sound and well sustained. It bears those marks of real labour which the practised eye sees in its completeness, and the ease with which it flows on without pretension, but yet pointed and vigorous."

The reputation gained for Mr. Gilbert by these works secured for him in the year 1867, the position of Secretary to the Public Record Office of Ireland, just then established. Lord Mayo, Irish Chief Secretary at that time, writing to the Master of the Rolls on the 11th of December, 1867, expresses thus the opinion of the Marquis of Abercorn, the Lord Lieutenant:—

"His Excellency is fully aware of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Gilbert, and the peculiar qualifications which he possesses for discharging the duties of his office. It was in consequence of the knowledge of his claims in this respect that His Excellency deviated in this case from the rule which was observed in most of the appointments in the Public Record Office, and selected him for the office of secretary, though he was not employed in any department of the public service at the time."

While occupying this office (which was afterwards abolished) Mr. Gilbert wrote a letter which we have found among the papers of his friend, Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth. I venture to print it without asking the writer's permission, as one of hundreds of preliminary letters which he had to write before beginning the preparation of another of his great works.

Public Record Office of Ireland,

Four Courts, Dublin,

28th September, 1871.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—Government has authorized the publication of a series of photozincographic fac-similes of National Manuscripts of Ireland under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and the editorship has been entrusted to me. It is proposed to include in the series copies of one or more pages of the "*Black Book of Limerick*," and I write to ask you to be good enough to lend the volume for this purpose—on the understanding that it shall be in Government custody till returned to you.

Perhaps you would kindly name the pages which you consider most desirable to have copied.

The Duke of Leinster will be asked to lend the Irish Deed on which you read so interesting a paper.

I should take it as a great favor if you would name any documents which occur to you as suitable for the photozincographic series—as it is possible that you may know of some with which I am not conversant.

I read the *entire* of your report on the Carte papers with the greatest interest and have to thank you for the copy I received.

Yours very faithfully,

J. T. GILBERT.

Very Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D.

Few of our readers are likely to add to their libraries the work referred to in the foregoing letter, for here are a few items from a recent list issued by M. H. Gill & Son, of "scarce and valuable works on Irish History":—Fac-similes of National Manuscripts of Ireland, by J. T. Gilbert, M.R.I.A., 5 Parts, folio, half roan, complete copy; scarce; £16 16s. Fac-similes of National Manuscripts of Ireland, by J. T. Gilbert, M.R.I.A.; part I. (out of print and very scarce), half roan, £5 5s., 1874. History of the Irish Confederation and War in Ireland, 1641 to 1649, containing a narrative of the Affairs of Ireland, by Richard Bellings, Sec. of the Council of the Irish Confederation, with correspondence and fac-simile documents of the Confederation, and of the administration of the Government in Ireland, by J. T. Gilbert, M.R.I.A., 7 vols., half morocco, £10 10s. Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin, in the possession of the Municipal Corporation of that City (illustrated with fac-similes), by J. T. Gilbert, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., 2 vols., 8vo., half roan, £1 15s. Leaving out Part First of the "Fac-similes," which by itself costs five guineas, you would require nearly thirty pounds to possess yourself of these three works of Mr. Gilbert; and to the last of them another volume has since been added. The frugal reader will probably be content to examine these magnificent tomes in some great public library, like that of the Royal Irish Academy itself; and even the most cursory inspection of these more than imperial folios will excite the utmost admiration and gratitude for the Irishman who, in these not very favourable times and circumstances, has persevered through so many years in rendering such eminent service to his country..

We think it is almost a pity that Mr. Gilbert, as far as we are aware, has never stooped to give fragments from his vast stores of

erudition in the shape of historical articles in the great magazines and quarterly reviews, though his most popular work grew out of his contributions to *The Irish Quarterly*. He has reserved his strength for substantive works. We have named only a few of these. Others are "Historical and Municipal Documents of Ireland, A.D. 1172-1320;" "Chartularies of St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin and Dunbrody"; "Register of the Abbey of St. Thomas, Dublin"; "Jacobite Narrative of Affairs in Ireland"; "Memoirs and Correspondence of the first Earl of Charlemont."

This list is by no means complete. It omits Mr. Gilbert's share in the various Reports of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts. One of these chances to lie before us—the report on the archives of the See of Ossory. Few would be capable even of reading the manuscripts of the Red Book of Ossory, with its archaic writing, its contractions, its old French and queer Latin. Mr. Gilbert analyses it most carefully and transcribes the most interesting portions with useful annotations in thirty-five long pages of the Tenth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, 1858; and this is only one of perhaps hundreds of such items which never appear in the lists of books, but which involve more labour and require more learning than many a pretentious volume.

In a literary lecture delivered recently at Cork by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.—who at the moment that we write his name has no claim to those two potent initials—he referred incidentally to "Mr. Gilbert's conscientious erudition." Still more recently a writer in *The Freeman's Journal* observed that "no living author has done more for native literature than Mr. Gilbert." We trust that enough has been said to enable the reader to adopt these expressions of opinion, and to apply to all of Mr. Gilbert's labours what *The Irish Times* said of one of them on the 5th of March, 1890:—"The manuscript records now printed, annotated, and illustrated with such painful care, have lain unregarded upon dusty shelves for many a year, vastly important as they are as contributing to our annals. By the publication and explanation of this remarkable history Mr. Gilbert has raised the veil of obscurity, and given a fresh impetus to historic research. The documents reproduced have a bearing upon general English history, and to a rare degree are informative respecting those underlying influences that moulded the minds of men of the time. For the present

scholars only can estimate at its true worth the value of the patriotic labours that Mr. Gilbert has devoted to the interests of Irish historic literature. These labours have been performed during a long series of years without ostentation, and in a spirit of earnestness that has never met with a sufficient recognition. The name of Mr. Gilbert stands in the first rank of Irish contemporary men of letters, and the time has come when the services that he has rendered ought to be rewarded by some signal act of public recognition. Mr. Gilbert has recovered for us very many records of the past which but for his intellect and industrious energy would have lain for an indefinite period buried in obscurity. It is high time that his life of labour should be acknowledged by some special honour which, though never self-sought, would, as a tribute to noble merit, be gratefully appreciated by all classes of his countrymen."

TO A YOUNG LADY FIVE HOURS OLD.

YOU'RE welcome, little Mary, but mind ! you've come to stay.
Your elder sister just peeped in, and stole at once away ;
But *you* must tarry with us and make our fireside gay,
First with your infant prattle, next with your childish play.

As girl and then as woman, you many a prayer will pray,
Do many a duteous deed of grace, and many a kind word say.
And so God's blessing, Mary, be round you night and day !

You've come, and you are welcome, but mind ! you've come to stay.

June 11, 1892.

THE BLUE CAP.

A TALE OF LEINSTER.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL, Author of "Odile," etc.

CHAPTER I.

EARL DERMOT'S DAUGHTER.

THE bleak wind is blowing from the sea, driving the mist up to the mountains, where it hangs over the treacherous bog and round the grey rocks. It is a cheerless November day, a day on which to sit in the light of home, and God grant there may be a bright fire, and smiling faces, and plentiful fare in that little cabin which stands so cold and desolate against the cold and desolate rocks.

Alas no! there is neither bright fire nor food nor smiling face in the cabin; there is only a starving, despairing old woman who sits with bony hands outstretched over a few miserable damp sticks. What painful labour has it not cost her to gather them together, and now they will not burn, they only smoulder and smoke, till the old woman's cough racks her hollow chest, and her poor shrivelled cheeks flush with fever and pain.

Was it yesterday that she ate her last crust, or the day before? She cannot remember; it seems weeks ago, but she keeps no count of time and the long dreary hours hold weeks of agony in their folded wings. She feels she is growing weaker and weaker; how much longer will it be before death comes to end this lingering misery? If only she could drag herself as far as Ferns, someone there would surely pity and help her—but already she has tried more than once—she would die on the roadside, and better, far better, to wait for death in the cabin to which all her memories cling. The cabin so happy once, so miserable now. The cabin where she spent the peaceful years of her married life, where her sons were born, where they and their father were brought home dead—all three dead—on that dreadful night when her happiness ended. But hark, what was that noise? There it is again—it sounds like the knock of a stick on the door—yet no one would wander so far on such a day, no one now ever knocks at the door of poor old Meg of the Hill.

While she listens the latch is lifted and the old woman, tottering forward, sees a squire with a surly disapproving face, a young, simpering, fair-haired page, and a lady enveloped in a long dark cloak.

"Are you Meg of the Hill," asks a clear, haughty voice, and, as soon as the old woman gives a bewildered assent, the page leaps from his horse to hold his lady's stirrup, the lady alights almost as quickly, flings the reins to the surly squire, and enters the cabin, shutting the door behind her.

"I am Earl Dermot's daughter," she says, throwing back the hood of her cloak, "and I am come to buy the Blue Cap."

How beautiful she is! what an exquisite face, with its flashing blue eyes, its dazzling fairness, its clear-cut features; and yet not a face to which sorrow or love would turn with hope, not a face that children and old people would gaze upon with pleasure.

Meg of the Hill is too weak to stand and has sunk back in her chair, her shrivelled hands grasping the arms for support, her haggard eyes staring at the intruder, her lips moving but making no sound.

"I have come to buy the Blue Cap," repeats Earl Dermot's daughter, with an imperious gesture.

Meg of the Hill shakes her head and mutters something which is clearly a refusal.

"But I tell you, old woman, I must have the Blue Cap," cries Earl Dermot's daughter, "here is gold, to pay for it," and she throws a purse upon the table.

Again Meg of the Hill shakes her head and murmurs her denials.

Earl Dermot's daughter makes a step forward and bends over her, with flashing eyes and hard set lips. "Give it me," she cries, "give it me at once, or my followers shall ransack your cabin till they find it; they shall pull down the walls rather than go without it," and she turns to the door as if to call them.

A moan escapes the poor old woman, then, pointing her trembling finger to the little cupboard in the corner:—"there," she whispers hoarsely, "there."

With eager hand the girl opens the cupboard, she does not notice that in it there is no food, not even a crust of bread—for what are the wants and sorrows of a wretched peasant to Earl Dermot's proud daughter?—she only sees that in the corner lies a little iron box and within it the coveted Blue Cap.

She grasps it and thrusts it hastily into her pocket. "There is the money," she says and hurries to the door.

Meg of the Hill calls after her. "Money! Of what use is money in these houseless solitudes. Oh, in pity send me food, send some one to help me," she cries.

But if Earl Dermot's daughter hears the weak pleading voice, she heeds it not, nor stops to ask what it wants, for now that the Blue Cap is hers, why should she tarry?

The old woman totters to the door to make another appeal, but she hears only the clatter of the horse's hoofs lessening in the distance, she sees the riders disappearing in the mist, and with a moan, she closes the cabin door and goes back to loneliness, and hunger, and despair.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAID OF THE MIST.

Another knock at the cabin door, another voice saying, "are you there?" A voice sweet and fresh as a bird's in spring; a little impatient figure, in white cloak and hood, standing at the threshold, a little hand lifting the latch, a little rosy face peeping in with smiles upon its lips; then, suddenly a cry of alarm, and the little figure is kneeling beside Meg of the Hill, who lies insensible on the ground.

"O nurse! nurse!, wake up and speak to me. It is Eileen, it is your child," cried the girl chaffing the old woman's cold hands, and kissing her shrivelled cheek, and crying again:—"wake up, nurse, it is your child, it is Eileen."

The loved voice, or perhaps the touch of the warm young lips at last aroused the old woman who opened her eyes and murmured: "Food—give me food—I am starving."

Eileen sprang to her feet. She had brought a basket with her, and, taking some wine from it, she poured it into a cup and gave a little to Meg of the Hill; then, lifting her into a chair, she broke some bread and made her eat it, then again a little wine, till her loving ministrations had revived the old woman, who smiled upon her and listened with delight to her chatter.

"I came to-day, spite of the weather," said Eileen, "because it is my birthday. Ah, naughty nurse, you had forgotten it was my birthday! Drink to me at once, for I am sixteen this morning. This is the queen's own wine, and the bread from the royal table, and nurse, my royal mistress is the sweetest, kindest lady in the whole world. She often talks to me, because she says I have no mother to talk to, and when I told her about you, she gave me permission to come to-day, and sent this basket full of good things."

"God bless you, my darling; but alone, did you come alone? You should not come alone so long a way, mavourneen," said Meg of the Hill.

Eileen laughed merrily in answer. "Who would hurt little Eileen?" she cried. Besides I met no one on the road, except three people on horseback, and they passed on so quickly I could not even

see their faces. And now, let me tell you the news—the great, great news. The mourning for the old king is to be put off to-day, and the young king comes back from France this week. There is to be a grand banquet and ball, at which, they say, he will choose his bride. And the marriage is to be before Lent, and there is to be nothing but joy and feasting—and the poor are not to be forgotten, the good queen says, so that is glorious news for all, is it not, dear nurse?"

For answer Meg of the Hill threw up her arms with a long wail of sorrow.

"Oh, wisha!" she cried, "to think that I have done it, after all these years; to think that Earl Dermot's proud, cruel daughter has the blue cap, and it might have been yours, mavourneen—it might have been yours!"

"Are you speaking of Sheelah?" said Eileen. "All the court says she is sure to be the king's bride. But what about a blue cap that is hers, and might have been mine? Why should I have a blue cap? I believe, nurse, you are dreaming awake."

"Oh, wisha! wisha!" repeated Meg, wringing her hands and looking sadly at her foster child. "Ah! the fool I was, the blind old fool; and this was what she wanted it for, and I let her have it, bad luck to me, and you might have been the king's bride after all!"

"I, the king's bride!" cried Eileen, with a merry laugh that started a little elf who sat cross-legged in a corner, enjoying the conversation. "Why, nurse, now I know you are dreaming. I, the king's bride, and all the beautiful court ladies waiting for him to look at them. I, the king's bride! Ha! Ha!"

The little elf, who was a merry creature, enjoyed the laugh immensely, for it was a long time since he had heard one in that cabin.

"Sure it's you that's the brightest and prettiest colleen in Leinster," he remarked to himself approvingly.

But Meg of the Hill shook her head and would not be consoled, though at last, with much coaxing, Eileen got from her the history of the Blue Cap and all its possession involved.

"One of the good people," said Meg, "gave it long ago to my mother, who was a young girleen at the time, and once in twenty years whoever wore the cap was sure to get for husband the man of her heart. My mother wore it, and married, and was happy. Twenty years later I wore it, and wasn't himself the best and handsomest of them all? and wasn't I the lucky woman, till that day when he and my boys were brought home dead? The day on which your father and his sons were killed, too. Ah, mavourneen, you were but a little creature; but you remember it, don't you?"

"I remember it," said Eileen, with a saddened voice.

"Ah, well, it's twice twenty years to-morrow since the cap was worn; but how could that proud girl have known?"

"Does no one know?" asked Eileen.

"My cousin, Maureen, knew; but she must be dead long ago."

"Earl Dermot's daughter has an old nurse of that name," said Eileen.

"Oh, wirrasthrue! wirrasthrue! cried Meg, with a new burst of sorrow; "and you might have worn it and married the king."

"I, marry the king!" repeated Eileen again, with her merry laugh. "Besides," she added more gravely, "why should I wish to marry the king? Queens are not so very happy, and the king has been so long in France that I have never even seen him. Kings, I suppose, may be hard, and ugly, and wicked like other men; I might not like him, nurse, and then what good would your wonderful cap be to me? No, no, let Sheelah wear the cap and win the king."

"Devil a bit she shall," chuckled the elf in his corner. "She's a proud, hard-hearted minx, and you're the kindest and sweetest little creature in the world. You shall marry the king. Faith of a fairy, you shall."

But neither Meg nor Eileen heard the elf's consoling words, and it was only with much difficulty and many kisses and caresses that Eileen managed to soothe her nurse and to persuade her that she had done no great harm.

"Well, mavourneen, if you say you wouldn't marry him," said Meg at last, "but it's a sweet queen you'd make, and the poor—ah, the poor, I'm thinking, would be the better for it."

"Yes," said Eileen. "It would be pleasant to be rich and help the poor; but see how thick the mist has grown. I must run all the way home, or the queen will be alarmed."

Then she kissed the nurse and arranged the sullen smouldering sticks, brightened at her touch; she had reached the door, but turned back to promise another visit, and again to arrange a footstool for the old woman's feet; but at last she stood on the road and turned her face homewards.

She had not walked many steps when she heard the clatter of galloping horses, and saw two horsemen hurrying down a bridle path which ran between the hills. They did not turn into the road but went straight on to where lay the bog, its treacherous blackness hidden by the mist.

In another moment it would be too late, already the horses' feet were sinking in the mud. Eileen sprang forward and seized the foremost rider's rein.

"For heaven's sake stop; the bog! the bog!" she cried, as she forced the horse back into the road.

The horseman stooped in his saddle to look at the young girl whose white figure he, for a moment, fancied might be one of the spirits who were said to guard the hills; but the eyes that met his were very human, and the sweet face which had paled with fear, now grew red with a maidenly blush.

"Foi de chevalier," cried the cavalier, who was young and handsome, "foi de chevalier, we were very near being swamped. What would our sweet mother have said?" Then, doffing his plumed hat, "We thank you, maiden, for your timely help—and brave help, too, for see, your own feet have sunk in the mud and are wet. This is no weather for damsels to be wandering among the hills; I pray you mount behind my squire, and we will conduct you in safety to your home."

Eileen hesitated a moment, but the squire was grey-haired and kind-looking, and the mist grew thicker and thicker. The young cavalier had alighted from his horse and stood ready to help her.

"Come, maiden, mount, I pray you," he said again, and in another instant they were all three on their way to Ferns.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL.

Eileen and the two horsemen ride quickly down the road and meet no one by the way, yet there is some one with them, unseen, unfelt by these dull-witted mortals, though his sharp eyes note everything and his sharp ears listen to all that is said. It is the little elf who had followed Eileen from Meg's cabin, bent on seeing her home in safety. He has perched himself at the back of the young man's saddle, and as they ride along he chuckles to himself over the scheme which he is maturing in his busy elfish brain.

And now they have arrived at the castle gate, Eileen has been lifted from the squire's horse, has proffered her shy thanks, and is hurrying along to the queen's apartments. But what is this sudden confusion and commotion! The guards have turned out in haste, courtiers are flocking from all sides into the courtyard, cheers are ringing, caps are waving, and the queen comes quickly out, followed by her ladies. The young cavalier hurries to meet her, with his plumed hat in his hand, and she, flinging her arms round his neck, cries in her joy:

"My son, oh, my dear son, welcome home."

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLUE CAP TRAVELS.

Sheelah hurried back to her father's castle with elated heart. The blue cap was hers, soon she would be queen and ah! how she would rule! How the courtiers should bow down before her and her will be law in Leinster! What jewels she would wear! what robes of state! All Ireland should ring with the sound of her splendour, all other queens eclipsed by her beauty and magnificence.

As she entered her room, her nurse came in haste to greet her.

"Yes, nurse, yes," cried the delighted girl, "I have the cap, though it was troublesome work getting it. The wretched old woman wanted to refuse it to me—do you hear, to refuse it! but I soon made her understand that I must have it, and here it is."

Old Maureen's grey eyes twinkled and her wrinkled lips smiled, as she muttered a blessing on her mistress.

"Shall I put it on now at once?" eagerly, asked Sheelah, raising the cap to her head.

"No, no, no," cried Maureen, arresting her arm; "to-morrow is the day. Whoever puts it on first to-morrow, were it but for a minute, will win the husband of her choice."

So the cap was carefully put away at the top of the great oaken chest.

All this time the little elf had been peering, and prying, and listening. He had found out where Sheelah lived, had made his way to her home, and had seen her place the Blue Cap in the oaken chest.

"Don't shut the lid," she said to her nurse, "let me see the cap as soon as I wake; and when day dawns bring it to me, that I may wear it as soon as possible."

The little elf chuckled when he heard this, for, wonderful as was his power, he would have found it difficult to lift the ponderous oaken lid. And, his mind being now at ease, he took a walk through the castle, listening here and looking there, and growing each moment more convinced that Earl Dermot's daughter was not the queen a good and wise fairy would choose.

Then he stole back to Sheelah's room, and, finding mistress and nurse fast asleep, he crept up to the chest, gently took out the little Blue Cap, and, tucking it under his arm, hurried away to the queen's apartments in the royal castle.

The maids-in-waiting were sleeping in the ante-chamber, and the little elf stole on tiptoe to Eileen's couch. Twelve o'clock had just struck, and the full moon was looking in at the window as he placed the Blue Cap on Eileen's pretty brown head

"Lie there, Blue Cap," said the elf, "while I count twenty."

"One—two—three."

Eileen stirred in her sleep. "The king," she murmured, "the king has come."

"Sure enough," chuckled the elf, "and the queen, *acushla*—the queen is coming. It's your own pretty self shall be that same—" and he counted on to twenty. Then he whisked the cap off Eileen's head and sped back to Earl Dermot's castle.

One o'clock was striking when the moon, looking in through the other window with round astonished face, saw the little Blue Cap lying in the oaken chest, axactly if it had never been touched since Sheelah placed it there.

CHAPTER V.

FIVE MINUTES.

The banquet was drawing to a close, and the royal bard, after many preliminary chords, began singing the long history of all the brave deeds of the king's father, and grandfather, and great grandfather, and of ancestors even more remote.

Often and often he had sung it all before, and everyone knew that he never wearied, never skipped, never hurried. The court ladies pretended to listen, and simpered and tried not to yawn, the old courtiers yawned behind their tankards, and even the king, though he had loved his father and was eager to emulate his ancestors, grew a little weary before the end.

Then Earl Dermot's bard rose in his turn and sang the glories of his master's house, and a third harper was rising when there stepped forward an old man, with ragged clothes and shabby harp. The young courtiers were eager for the dance and murmured at this intrusion. They knew they had to bear the prosing of the authorised bards, but they rebelled against the poor unknown harper.

"Such an old fogey," they said, "is sure to go on for ever, if once he begins," and the Master of the Ceremonies waved his hand to dismiss him, while the other bards pulled him by his ragged coat and rebuked his boldness.

But the old man took no heed, and, bowing low to the king, begged he might sing one single short song that night.

"Let the poor old bard have his will, say you not so, gracious mother?" said the king, and, on the queen's assent, he nodded to the harper, who at once began.

With a voice cracked and worn, yet still full of power, he sang of the day when the late king (King Brian's father) tired out with hunting had lain down to sleep in a cavern among the Wicklow hills. With him were his page, his faithful friend Roderick, Roderick's two sons, and three mountain kerne; and, while the king slept, the treacherous Meath men came creeping through the grass to murder him.

Then, sending the page for help, Roderick and his men fought at the cavern mouth, and the weary king slept on.

One by one the men fell; first the mountain kerne, then Roderick's sons; and Roderick, wounded to death, stood fighting alone at the cavern mouth.

Then the king's followers came rushing up and the enemy fled, and the king awoke to find that he had been in sore danger. And Roderick looking at the king gave a cheer of joy, and lay down beside his sons and died.

The song was simple and soon ended, but it had touched many hearts. The old warriors recalled, with a sigh, their companion in arms: the queen's eyes were full of tears, and the king, looking round with flushed cheeks, asked if so brave a man had left no children whom he might honour and reward.

"Only this little maiden," said the queen, turning to smile on Eileen, who stood behind her royal mistress, her heart beating high as the bard put into words the memories which were at once so dear and so sad.

All the court looked at Eileen, and so did the king, whose eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"A double debt," he whispered to the queen, "for this is the maiden of whom I told you, who saved me from the bog." Then, aloud, "Let the bard be well cared for, and let him not depart." And, so saying, the young king arose and led the way to the hall, where the ball was to be held.

His first partner was Sheelah, and as they glided down the room with stately grace, admiring whispers followed them, for all the court had settled that Sheelah would be queen. Was not her father the most powerful of the king's subjects, the one whose adherence would be most valuable? And was not Sheelah the best dowered and most beautiful girl in Leinster?

They might almost have said the most beautiful girl in the world, for she looked surpassingly lovely to-night, and the little Blue Cap that crowned her yellow hair was the most becoming head gear imaginable, but the hair was so thick and the cap so small that it scarcely fitted, so that the gold pin that held it falling out and a sudden

wind blowing through an open door, the cap fell off.

It lay at Eileen's feet, and she, picking it up, courteously handed it back to Sheelah.

Sheelah was strangely vexed at the accident, and still more when she saw the cap in the hands of Eileen, towards whom she felt a vague dislike and jealousy. Without a word of thanks she almost snatched the cap away, and the king, looking on, was struck by the contrast in the two girls' faces, both lovely, but the one so full, for an instant, of pride and ill-temper—the other so sweet and gentle.

The next moment Sheelah had replaced the cap, and had turned to the king with smiling face and graceful apology. But the king seemed scarcely to hear her; he was looking down, thoughtfully stroking his long beard, and the dance being over, he led his partner back to her place, with scarcely a word.

Another dance. Whom will the king choose for a partner this time? Perhaps he will again lead forward Earl Dermot's daughter, and so proclaim to the world the choice he has made! No; he hesitates for a moment, smiles to himself, and, going to the corner where Eileen sits, bows before her.

"What can the king be thinking of?" remark the courtiers, "to choose for his second partner a poor orphan, the queen's hand-maiden."

"She is very pretty," say the young knights.

"Do you think so? No style," and this answer of course is from the court beauties, who, even in those old days, had found out this easy mode of depreciating a rival.

But the king and his partner hear none of these remarks, and think only of each other.

Was there ever anyone so beautiful, so gracious, as this young king who stoops from his throne to honour a poor little maid like her, thinks Eileen.

Was there ever a maiden so bright and charming, so full of innocent gaiety and gentle maidenhood as this young girl, whose father saved his father's life, and who herself saved his own yesterday, thinks the king.

Thus their hearts fall into unison, as do their steps, for, though at first Eileen's shyness had made her nervous, she soon forgets to be frightened. Her eyes sparkle, her cheeks glow, and she dances and listens, and smiles with a simple enjoyment which are very sweet to the king, who, though so young, is already a little weary of artificial court beauties.

In the pauses of the dance they stand near one of the entrances, and the king, lifting the heavy curtain and taking Eileen's hand in

his, leads her out into the long hall. Even royal houses were but dimly lighted in those days, and the hall is almost dark, except where a great fire blazes in the centre. The guards ought to be sitting round it, but they are all at the doors, peering over each other's shoulders to watch the dancers; so the king leads little Eileen to a settee by the fire. They have only five minutes at most to call their own, for solitude is denied to crowned heads, but luckily this young king knows the value of time, and two minutes have scarcely passed ere he has poured forth his love, and has asked Eileen to be his queen—to share his heart, his throne, his life.

The little elf, who has followed them, steals nearer to hear her answer, but human maidens are strange creatures, thinks he, for Eileen, after one glance of amazement, bursts into tears.

The young king kneels at her feet in the good old-fashioned way, and, holding her trembling hand in his strong soldierly grasp, swears these shall be the last tears he will ever cause her to shed—swears to guard her from all ill, and, under God, to protect her from all sorrow—swears that her life shall be a path of roses, while there are roses to be had on earth—swears . . . ah, me! what will not lovers swear? And while he speaks, Eileen's beautiful brown eyes gain courage to look at him, and are only the softer and brighter, and happier for their passing tears.

The elf, seeing this, begins to rub his invisible hands and to caper about the floor, with many contortions of his invisible legs, and the king looks at Eileen, and Eileen looks at the fire, and all three are happy. Thus the last of the five minutes fly by, all too quickly, as such minutes will. Already, at the end of the corridor, there are hurrying footsteps and wondering voices that ask where the king can possibly be. In another moment the courtiers will be on them.

"Come," whispers the king, and they glide away to where a door at the other end leads back into the ballroom; then, like a fluttered dove that seeks her rest, Eileen hurries to hide herself behind her royal mistress.

Before he went to bed, the young king sought his mother, and told her what he had done, a little shyly perhaps, and expecting a rebuke even from this gentle monitress.

But the wise queen said none of the things that he expected; she did not talk of the need of politic alliances, or of the advantages of a rich and high-born bride, or of the necessity of securing powerful adherents. On the contrary, she fell on his breast, with a cry of joy and words of praise.

"You have wisely chosen, my son," she said, "for methinks the eagle and the dove are fitly mated. You shall hold the sword of

justice, as kings must, and she—she shall bring the balm of mercy.”

“Like you, my mother,” said the king, bowing low to kiss his mother’s hand. “Teach her to be like you, and her husband and her kingdom will indeed be happy.”

GOD’S POEM.

THIS is God’s poem speaking to our hearts,
A day in spring, a clear, soft-breathing day.
The skies are shining pearl, a lucent veil
Before the hidden sun; the vernal grass
Seemeth to hold the light within itself,
And in the meadows breaketh rapturously
Into gold flame of cowslips, starry gleam
Of clustering daisies. Underneath the trees
No shadow is, but only dimmer light
Than in the open; and the gentle wind
Whispereth softly lest perchance it break
The quiet dreams o’ the newly-budded leaves.
Then in the hush some little, fitting bird
Doth ripple out a silver song of joy,
Or wooing doves in shady chestnut trees
Most musically murmur of their love;
While far away the cuckoo’s note falls clear.
The undulating line of sombre hills
Is dark against the luminous, white sky.
My heart hath nigh turned traitor to the blue
For sake of this pale heaven, so wanly pure,
So purely white, so whitely beautiful.
I wonder was it spring in Paradise
When the first man and woman walked therein,
And lived and loved through long, sweet hours of bliss?
Perhaps in wintry after-hours of pain
The woman’s desolate heart might strain and ache
For just one glimpse of fair, lost Paradise.
Then, the spring coming, she would dream that God
Had sent an hour of Eden unto her.

ALICE FURLONG

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

VI.

THE reader may have noticed, in the midst of the terror about the cholera, an allusion to the famous Professor of Elocution, Mr. Stack. Since we extracted from Dr. Russell's letters sundry testimonies to the influence which this gifted man exercised in the College, we have come across an interesting obituary quoted from *The Cork Examiner* in *The Nation* the 26th of August, 1854. As the special vocation of our magazine is to preserve the memory of all sorts of persons and things creditable to Ireland, we set down here that Nicholas Moore Stack was born at Listowel, County Kerry, on the 19th of March, 1798, and was therefore fifty-six years of age when he died in August, 1854. Besides Maynooth, the students of Carlow, Oscott, and Old Hall were trained by him in elocution. The Cork writer speaks of "his splendid physique and his beautiful eye;" and one of his Maynooth disciples makes some remarks to the same effect in a passage which we ought to have quoted in an earlier page if it had caught our notice. In giving it now, we need not detach it from two other items which deserve a place in our sketch:—

"I suppose you have before this gotten the sermon which I sent home. I was very sorry that I was unable to write at the same time, but I was just going up to the president with two or three others to be introduced to our elocution master, who had arrived that day. He has been lecturing ever since. We are all delighted with him. I wish you could see him. He is one of the finest looking men I ever saw, nor do I ever recollect seeing a more prepossessing countenance. His manner, too, is everything his look bespeaks, particularly his manner of correcting a person. I think if Miss Keau were to set about teaching elocution she would be very like him. I need not say any more about him. We have not met much, but considering the circumstances, we are very intimate. I believe I have not yet mentioned his name. It is Stack—the worst thing about him. I need not tell you how very sorry I was for the loss of *The Westmoreland* and her crew. Poor fellows! I should not have regretted any men about Killough nearly so much. Was M'Connery married? If he were,

there could not be a more melancholy loss. It must have been a dreadful night when they struck on the Water Rock. I was up some-time ago with Dr. Crotty about some class business. He kept me after the deputation retired, and, amongst other conversation, told me I was to be on the Dunboyne Establishment, so that in that quarter all is right."

These last words, written on March 23, 1832, show that now towards the close of the third year of his divinity classes the President took for granted his election to the Dunboyne Establishment, which would give him three supplementary years of study. The beginning of this passage contains one of many references to his experiments in preaching, on which he evidently expended great care, thinking it would be one of the ways in which he would be called upon to serve God and to work for souls. Knowing that the dear ones at home would feel the keenest interest in less important concerns than his first sermons, he keeps them duly informed of the result, and even yields to their entreaties for the privilege of reading what they long to hear. Thus he writes on the 15th of February, 1831:—

"I will, as you are so anxious to see it, send my sermon by George. I must send a few remarks on it along with itself. I need not recommend you not to be too severe. It is not at all the same as what it was when I declaimed it. It is merely, not exactly the rough draft, but a second copy with comparatively few amendments. There is a good deal about the world in it; you do not belong to that world at all; so you need not take my abuse to yourselves. There are a few Latin quotations from Scripture. It is our fashion, and I will not insult Peter by subjoining a translation."

His home circle, as he assures them here, certainly did not belong to "that energetically bad portion of the world which in Scripture is called the world," as Father Faber says. None of these college sermons, which some of his comrades took the trouble to copy, have been found among the letters from which we are quoting; probably they were returned in vacation to the young preacher who did not preserve them as his sisters would have done. One faded sheet of foolscap has indeed survived, containing the first draft of a little discourse on St. Stephen's dying prayer: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." It is curiously significant that the first extant scrap of his composition, apart from home letter-

writing, should be on his characteristic virtue of Christian meekness—a link in that life-chain, which, as far as mortal eye can reach, ends with the *Beati Mites* on his tombstone, but which stretches on where mortal eyes reach not, to the throne of Him who said: “Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart.”

Another allusion to his apprenticeship in preaching occurs on the 10th of December, 1831:—

“I am sure when you were so accurate in your last year’s calculations, you do not forget that last Sunday was the day appointed for my preaching. I do not think, whatever else I may be, I am very *vain*; perhaps there is a little vanity in saying so much. But however that may be, it will not be considered such to tell you, who, I know, feel such an interest in it, that I succeeded as well as I could wish, and surpassed what I had expected. I would not state this on my own authority, for I know that one always sees the best side of these things, but I was complimented by three of the professors who were present. The President said I might go with courage to commence my missionary labours. My subject was human respect.”

God, however, was to take the will for the deed with regard to all this preparation for the pulpit. Dr. Russell seldom preached in after life. A charity sermon or two in Belfast, a profession sermon for the Poor Clare who had falsified a prediction that we have already quoted, an impressive little exhortation now and then when called upon to be the Church’s *testis auctorizatus* at the marriage of special friends or kinsfolk—this is nearly all the public speaking we have heard of. The profession sermon was in the first year of his priesthood. Twenty years later he was asked to do as much for another kinswoman who had entered another convent in the same town. At least we have before us here a letter of Dr. Leahy, then coadjutor to the venerable Bishop of Dromore, with this sentence in it: “As to the sermon, you ought to ask Dr. Russell of Maynooth, with Dr. Blake’s previous permission.” As a fact, Dr. Leahy himself preached on the occasion one of his admirable sermons, the first time (if we mistake not) that his strong, impressive, penetrating, effective, but unmusical voice was heard in the diocese which he was to sanctify through so many years.*

* The Bishop uses in this note the awkward expression, “a telegraphic dispatch,” showing that “telegram” was not yet invented. “From this circumstance fix approximately the date of the letter”—as an *Intermediate Examiner* might say.

Some wise man advises us not to reserve the marks of friendship for outsiders, but to be constantly bestowing kind attentions on those under the same roof. Dr. Russell through all his life took advantage of Christmas especially to send gifts to his friends and relatives. The earliest trace of this policy that we have noticed in his letters occurs long before he was a priest, in reference to that same "Poor little Mary" with whom he sympathised in a disappointment specified before. "Give Mary a kiss for me, and tell her I hope she will continue to make as much progress as Anne mentioned she was making, and that at my return she may be able to read the prayerbook I intend for her." Ten or twelve years later, when poor little Mary was already several years in heaven, the busy Professor did not forget at Christmas her younger sisters and brothers, though their new seaside home was not a half-way house between Killough and Maynooth, as Newry had been, and though he was for them only a venerable name. His gifts were not frivolous nor of foreign manufacture; for the two seniors copies of the Roman Missal published by Richard Coyne of Capel Street, for the three juniors the Pocket Missal just then printed by James Duffy.

But gifts and tokens of affection ought not to be only acts of patronage towards those below us, but also acts of homage to those above us. Children are not sufficiently exact in honouring with such little observances the birthdays of parents. Few sons make presents to their mothers. Dr. Russell was one of the few. Writing on the 23rd of April, 1833, he says:—

"I shall at last be able to get for my mother what I have so long and ardently desired—'The Lives of the Saints.' A new edition has been published, or will be published in July for less than a third of the original price. They were sold originally for £6. Coyne will give them to subscribers for £1 10s, and I have gladly given him my name. The present edition is in twelve volumes. Coyne's will be only two. The size is large, and the type and paper, of which I saw a specimen, are excellent. Altogether, it is a great treasure in the religious, and, indeed, in the literary way, for I know of few books displaying more research or more original talent, and it is now given at a price which will put it within the reach of many who could not have procured it in the former shape."

He returns to the subject in his postscript, where he says:—
 "What makes me love this new edition of Butler's *Lives of the*

Saints so much, is that in it there is a *Life of Alban Butler* himself, and I can never read it that it does not remind me of our dear mother. His was, from the account that is given of her, just such a mother to him, and her letter from her deathbed breathes more of Christian piety and maternal affection than I almost thought it possible for uninspired language to convey."

As Provost Husenbeth and other editors have been so ill-advised as to omit the *Life of Alban Butler*, we think it well to give this letter of his dying mother. It helps in its own way to explain how so many English families remained true to the Faith through all the dogged, cold-blooded persecution of the penal times. "What France wants is good mothers." Without Monica we should not have had Augustine; and though Alban Butler was only ten years old when his pious mother died, God knows how much of the merit of "*The Lives of the Saints*" belongs to the early influence of Anne Butler. Has any word dropped out from the end of the opening sentence of the following letter?

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Since it pleases Almighty God to take me out of this world, as no doubt wisely foreseeing I am no longer a useful parent to you (for no person ought to be thought necessary in this world, when God thinks proper to take them out of it); so, I hope, you will offer the loss of me, with a resignation suitable to the religion you are of, and offer yourselves. He who makes you orphans so young, without a parent to take care of you, will take you into his protection and fatherly care, if you do love and serve him, who is the Author of all goodness. Above all things, prepare yourselves, while you are young, to suffer patiently what afflictions he shall think proper to lay upon you; for it is by this he trieth his best servants. In the first place, give him thanks for your education in the true faith (which many thousands want); and then, I beg of you earnestly to petition his direction, what state of life you shall undertake, whether it be for religion, or to get your livings in the world. No doubt but you may be saved either way, if you do your duty to God, your neighbour, and yourselves. And I beg of you to make constant resolutions, rather to die a thousand times, if possible, than quit your faith; and always have in your thoughts, what you would think of, were you as nigh death as I now think myself. There is no preparation for a good death, but a good life. Do not omit your prayers, and to make an act of contrition and examen of conscience every night, and frequent the blessed sacraments of the Church. I am so weak I can say no more to you; but I pray God bless and direct you, and your friends to take

care of you. Lastly, I beg of you never to forget to pray for your poor father and mother, when they are not capable of helping themselves; so I take leave of you, hoping to meet you in heaven, to be happy for all eternity.

“Your affectionate mother,

“ANNE BUTLER.”

We have often heard Dr. Russell express his admiration for the extent and accuracy of Alban Butler's learning. Visiting Killough forty-five years later with the donor, we found this presentation copy with this inscription: “To Mrs. Russell, Killough, from a son who loves her.”

In the same letter that announces this intended present to his mother, he spoke of an approaching crisis in his life which was to bind him irrevocably to the ecclesiastical State:—

“MY DEAR MARGARET—The time is fast approaching when I shall have to take the first decisive step in the line of life which I have undertaken to lead. At Pentecost I shall be ordained subdeacon. This order, you know, requires the vow of celibacy. Hitherto I was accustomed to look at it as a thing far away from me. I was so much too young that the time appeared far off when I should be a subdeacon, that I seldom could think seriously of it till the very time of the retreats, when it is always made the special object of meditation for us all. But now I consider it in very different light, and I can assure you it is an awful consideration. To put yourself in a state of life in which nothing but the especial grace of God can support us, is to calculate on receiving from God that extraordinary assistance which is the gift of His own free choice, and which He can withhold at His pleasure. But it is a consolation that He who brings us into a particular state of life proportions His graces to our wants in that state, and that if the priest requires more assistance from God than the people, He is ready to communicate it “to the full, even unto overflowing.” I shall have to read the Office also when I am ordained, and I have sent to Paris for Breviaries. There is a small and convenient edition to be had there, and I thought it better than the large one which is to be gotten from Coyne. It appears to me very odd to think that next summer I shall be reading my Office at home, and I am sure to you all it will be equally extraordinary.”

In this same letter he betrays those linguistic tastes which were afterwards to qualify him to be the biographer of Cardinal Mezzofanti. “I have to thank you and Arthur Hamill for the

Italian Dictionary. I can now read almost any prose as well as I could French, and have not much difficulty in Tasso even, though it is infinitely more difficult. I had made a tolerable hand even of the conversation in Italian, but it was broken off by my being at Elm Hall. I will, however, resume it immediately. There was a Spanish Dictionary at the gate for sale some time ago. My eye was taken with it. I bought it and a grammar, and ere long I shall be at work with it. Now that I know something of Italian, there will not be much trouble with it."

This reference to his Italian studies reminds us of a curious confirmation of what, in the second instalment of these notes, we quoted from Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's article in *The Contemporary Review* of February 1892, about Cardinal Manning learning Italian at Balliol College, Oxford, while shaving—just as we ourselves had heard Dr. Russell state that he had learned Italian during the half hour that he would have devoted to shaving if the necessity for that operation had yet arisen. Our corroboratory testimony is furnished by Dr. Frederick Kolbe, editor of *The South African Catholic Magazine*. He describes a breakfast at Cardinal Manning's, where the third person present was a Catholic nobleman, who was to take the Cardinal's place that day at some public meeting. Father Kolbe, a young convert, had that morning received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of His Eminence.

"When I saw the pile of letters on the Cardinal's plate, and heard the business of the gentleman opposite, I prepared myself for an outside post. I have a fair share of capacity for hero-worship and should have been quite content with silent observation. To my surprise our host paid quite as much attention to me as to the other man. To each of us it seemed as if the other were a parenthesis, and meanwhile he read all his letters (with a slight apology, saying it was the only time he had for them) and ate his breakfast, and poured out the coffee as well. It was like playing three or four games of chess at once. First, he would give the politician a turn and put before him something to think about: then, he asked about my home and family, and about South Africa generally with apparently as much interest as if he were thinking of emigrating. And so alternately; meanwhile the pile of sealed letters on one side of his plate was steadily diminishing and that of open ones on the other side increasing. This habit of concen-

tration I afterwards had further opportunities of observing. If he were engaged in writing when you entered the room, he would write on until you were quite close, then put away his business and talk to you as if you were the only person in the world, and if when you went away you cast a look over your shoulder before you reached the door, you would find him as deeply engrossed in his writings as if you had never existed. He always used to make me feel very big while I was with him, and very small when I went away. It is well known that much of the serious study in his later days, resulting in philosophical articles in the *Nineteenth Century* for instance, was done in his carriage as he drove from one appointment to another. And that it was a life-long habit may be gathered from the fact (which he told me himself) that he learned Italian during his dressing operations while at Oxford; he had pinned up a table of irregular verbs opposite his washhandstand, and alternated splashes with Italian participles."

After his Christmas examination on the Dunboyne Establishment, he wrote on Feb. 15th, 1833 :—

"It has been one of the longest spells of work I have ever had; but it all arose from a mistaken notion of its difficulty. There is no such difficulty in it, as we always think till it is over: whether this feeling arises from the security we then enjoy, I cannot say. . . . We have gotten a very large addition to the library in the shape of 1,200 volumes which belonged to the late Mr. Boylan, and were bought from his relatives for £300. The arrangement of them will be a good job for us all (Dunboyne gents of course). . . . What do the Newry people think of Dr. Blake for a Bishop? There is a probability of our losing Dr. Crotty. He will probably be the Bishop of Cloyne, in the room of Dr. Collins. Should he be appointed, it will make a good many changes. Mr. McNally in all probability will be President. . . . I have heard a good deal about the preparations they are making for the opening of the Seminary. You will be able, perhaps, to make out the truth about what time it will probably open, but not as if you were enquiring from me. I hope I may get another year, though from what I have heard I am not led to expect it. God Almighty bless you all. Give my most affectionate love to my Mother, Anne, Lil, Kate and the Boys. Believe me for ever, my dearest Margaret, your most affectionately attached brother C. W. Russell."

Contrary to our usual custom we have given the full ending of this letter which does not crush the parting greetings into any slovenly abbreviation like *yours, etc.* The previous passage evidently regards the establishment of the Seminary at Vicinage, still flourishing in Belfast. The Dunboyne representative of the united dioceses of Down and Connor was evidently apprehensive of being called out to be one of the original staff of the young College of St. Malachy's; but it was not to be. His fear was as mistaken as his prophecy about Dr. M'Nally and the Presidency of Maynooth. The next President was Dr. Slattery (who became in two years Archbishop of Cashel), then Dr. Montague followed by Dr. Laurence Renahan—and then himself.

At the following Whitsuntide, 1833, towards the end of his first year as "a Dunboyne man," C. W. Russell received the first of the Holy Orders. The young subdeacon's letters for some months after are full of allusions to office and breviary. "E., S. and I. are to go into town to-morrow, and, as I shall have to be up very early to read my Office, you cannot expect more from me, as it is now near eleven." In this same letter (June 27, 1833), he says: "You will of course be anxious to know how I succeeded this year. I have been pretty successful; I have got a premium. Ours are given in money—three pounds. I have been appointed Librarian also, which, besides adding £10 (Irish) to my allowance, gives me the advantage of access to the library at all times. All this I have to attribute to Mr. M'Nally's kindness." This, of course, was the Rev. Charles M'Nally, whom we have just referred to—Dr. O'Hanlon's predecessor as Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment till he became Dr. Donnelly's predecessor as Bishop of Clogher.

Charles Russell's student-days were now drawing to a close. We suspect that the idea expressed in one of these letters about his being placed as a professor in the newly founded Belfast seminary was entertained by no one but himself; his superiors and professors had no doubt singled him out as singularly well fitted by his character and attainments to fill a chair in his Alma Mater. The first announcement of his own aspirations on the subject occurs in a letter to his usual home-correspondent, November 7th, 1833, at the beginning of his second year on the Dunboyne Establishment.

"I suppose you have heard ere this from George about the matter on which I was speaking to him about. I desired him when he was

coming home to mention that I wished to have my Homer, Xenophon, Classical Dictionary, Greek Grammar, Lexicon, Prosody, etc., sent up to me. I told him also, that I had been recommended by one of the Superiors to commence reading for the vacant professorship of Rhetoric, that I had even a prospect of success. My mother has had time to think of it since, and can say whether it meets her approbation. I have actually begun the preparation, and have marked out a plan of study which will enable me, besides attending *well* to my ordinary studies, to give two hours each day and an entire day every week to it. This for the five months, at all events, which must intervene and which may and, in all likelihood, will be ten months, should advance me very considerably. But it is not at all certain that Dr. Crolly can spare me, so that even should he allow me to stop, I shall be eventually successful. In either case, at all events I shall have the advantage of having read over again, and that attentively, the entire college course. This in any case will be a very great advantage, and unless my mother make any objection, and I think I heard her express herself on the subject before, I will pursue the plan which I have laid down for myself. I had not any notion, until I heard the final arrangement about the Seminary, of proposing at all because I thought that there was not the slightest chance of my getting leave to remain. But as it will be at least a year before I could be ordained, even from the time at which the chair will be disposed of, and as there is, as far as I could learn; a wish on the part of the Bishop to have a subject in the Establishment, I have been led to think it not unlikely that I will be allowed to remain here. In the uncertainty, however, I have determined to keep my intention a perfect secret, and wish it to be kept private from every person until I shall have ascertained Dr. Crolly's wishes, which I shall not attempt till the examination shall have been formally published and the day appointed. In the mean time I wish you would send up, besides the books I wrote for, Horace, Virgil and Cicero, also Livy, together with the Latin Dictionary, and if it be convenient a small trunk in which I could keep my books, as I do not wish them to be seen by anyone, that I may avoid suspicion which even already has fallen upon me. The preparation will give me a busy winter, but I will, you may rely on it, consult my health and not overwork myself. But I beg to enter a protest against the duty of writing letters longer than pleases myself and suits my convenience. It is not the labour, but the very idea that I object to. I have given you a pretty sample of egotism in this letter, but I am so full of the subject myself it is no wonder it should have usurped all my space."

He then goes on to show by affectionate enquiries that this engrossing project has not made him lose his full interest in the

minutest home concerns. One sentence in this letter explains the disappearance of his sermons on which we animadverted in a previous page. "I forgot to mention that I shall want my sermons at the same time that you send the books." Evidently he got back his journeyman sermons and carefully destroyed them in due season. In a postscript he adds:—"I have read ten cantos of Tasso, eleven of Dante, and three of Orlando Furioso, since I returned, by devoting an hour each day. This hour, except about fifteen or twenty minutes, I will now retrench."

A month later he reports:—

"I am getting on slowly, but pretty surely, with my preparation. There is a report that one of the professors of the Birchfield College* will come here to try his hand for the professorship. This will make some play for us. He would have a great advantage over us, and would in all likelihood succeed if he were to come here, but it would be no disgrace to be outdone by him, and the thing is worth risking a defeat for."

Some months later, April 6th, 1834, he returns to the subject:—

"George told you from time to time that I was well and working away gaily, and that is in a few words the whole history of my life since I commenced studying for the concursus. I have never, thank God, enjoyed better health, and I never studied half so closely. But my regular system took away all the bad effects of it, and I will never forget the advantages of which system, well kept up, is productive. I have now gotten through the heavy parts of my labour, and, if I am to proceed, what remains will be little more than amusement. If there should not be any examination, which though improbable is however quite possible, or if Dr. Crolly should not be able to let me stop, I shall, to be sure, be a little disappointed, but the benefit I have derived from the year's study, will amply compensate the labour I have bestowed on it."

The only other letter that seems to have survived from this period is dated May 10th, 1834; and it mentions that the aspiring

* This was the diocesan seminary of Ossory. It was near Kilkenny. Battersby's Irish Catholic Dictionary for 1838, appends to the notice of this Institution this N.B.:—"A splendid new College is building in Kilkenny;" and then Birchfield College, from which the Maynooth competitors expected a rival candidate, disappears from the list of Catholic Colleges, and St. Kieran's Kilkenny takes its place.

candidate could not refrain as long as he had intended from consulting his Bishop. Probably the progress of his preparation increased his confidence of being able to secure the prize as well as his anxiety to secure it.

"Before I have gone many steps into this letter, you will perceive that I am in perfect good humour with myself and all the rest of the world. I was this morning, and for the last fortnight or three weeks, groaning under the weight of an enormous mass of Theology, Canon Law, History, etc., etc., which I had to prepare for an examination on Monday; and contrary to the expectation of most of us, the judges who were here to-day on the triennial visitation dispensed with it altogether. My spirits, when the weight was taken off, bounded up with double elasticity, and there cannot be any time better for a silent conversation with those whom I have not seen even in this way for a considerable time. To begin with what I know will give you all pleasure, and what I would not mention with any other view—I wrote the other day to Dr. Crolly, as I had originally intended to do, when I should have made a sufficient preparation, mentioning my intention of becoming a candidate for the vacant professorship, and, at the same time, placing myself without the slightest reserve at his lordship's disposal. You will, I am sure, be glad (and my mother will be doubly so) to hear the first sentence of his answer, which was by return of post. 'Your conduct in every respect entitles you to my esteem and affection, and I shall feel happy in promoting your interest, even at any sacrifice which can be reasonably expected.' He told me, however, in answer to a question which I had asked him, that it was likely the examination would not be appointed at the next board, but, as he was not certain, that I should still continue to study, and in the interim he would see the Primate and ascertain his view of the matter. It is highly gratifying, whatever the result may be, to have received such a testimony from Dr. Crolly, and I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself on not having, as I originally intended, deferred the communication till summer. It will give a new spur to my exertions. But I see my mother putting on a long face. Let her not be alarmed. I am, thank God, strong and hearty, and, with the same blessings, will continue so."

After this he proceeds with his long letter about a great many other topics, and at the end he says: "I shall have an opportunity of having Masses said by the young priests now, and I will not forget you all, nor my poor father. I am not yet determined whether to take Deacon's Orders or not this Pentecost, nor shall I

determine till the Retreat. Pray for us all at this season that God may give us grace to fulfil the holy duties we shall now be charged with."

Charles Russell, therefore, who had said in one of his first Maynooth letters, "I like the place well enough so far," had now come to like it so well as to address to it the words of the Psalmist: *Hic habitabo, quoniam elegi eam*. He already felt a great deal more than Dr. Ward expressed to Cardinal Wiseman about his professorship at Old Hall:—"During these years I have been rescued from the dull and wearisome routine of secular life in the world, and allowed to bear a part, however indirect, in one of the very noblest works which can possibly occupy the intellect or engage the affections, the training of ecclesiastical students for the fulfilment of their high vocation."

His first professorial chair, however, was not the one for which we have seen him preparing to compete. The slight modification which took place in his plans is mentioned by Lord O'Hagan in the admirable and most sympathetic account of his friend which was published in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* after Dr. Russell's death. The story we have taken so long to tell is there summarised as follows:—

"From his boyhood, he had manifested a fixed inclination for the ecclesiastical state, and his mental development was so rapid that, when only fourteen years of age, he was judged fit to enter college, bringing with him a knowledge of Classics and English literature rarely attained at such a period of life. His course at Maynooth was uniformly successful and distinguished. He never relaxed in his efforts to master the special subjects with which he was required to deal; whilst he gave laborious attention to the cultivation of general letters, and the formation of that refined and accurate taste which was one of the remarkable endowments of his maturer manhood. He is described as utilising every hour and minute of his time. He rapidly attained a high position in the esteem of the collegiate authorities and his fellow-students, to whom he was endeared by the unceasing kindness and self-abnegation which continued always to beautify his life. He took a foremost place in all his classes, and found his favourite recreation in the study of modern languages and the literature of the modern world. High hopes were formed of his future eminence. He was elected to the Dunboyne Establishment in 1832; and when the Rhetoric chair became vacant in 1834, he proposed to compete for it; but he was induced to waive his claim,

and to give way to the Rev. Thomas Furlong, afterwards the pious Bishop of Ferns, who was thereupon promoted to the position from the chair of Humanity. Charles Russell was still too young to receive ordination as a priest, when he went through a public *concourse* for the latter chair and succeeded to it with universal approbation."

A SINGING BIRD IN THE CITY.

GOLDEN-THROATED, hath God sent thee for our comfort in the city?
 Sweet, sweet! singing, singing all the day.
 I said: Ah, the young spring she will lure him from his pity,
 And he'll seek the sunny distance in the May.

For all the other birds have left us lonely
 That sought us when the hungry Winter came;
 Quick they forgot, and he remembered only,
 But with the breath of spring he'll fly the same.

For the daffodil is nodding, just awaking,
 With a sunny ray imprisoned in its breast;
 Over purple violets the hawthorn buds are breaking—
 There a perfect Eden for a nest.

There, I said, the lazy cattle in the sunshine will be resting,
 Dreaming in the pasture lands where summer airs blow sweet,
 Or standing in the river to feel each slow wave cresting—
 In snowy pearl bracelets around their cloven feet.

But here they gasp and stumble, foot-sore and full of sorrow;
 No question "why these sufferings?" to the careless passer by
 In their patient weary eyes that shall see no fair to-morrow,
 And find no balm of tears as they stagger on to die.

I said, a feathered choir in the leafy heights are singing
 A farewell to the West where the evening sun dreams low,
 And the passion of their song sets their budding perch slow swinging,
 Till the moon with silver sail glides through the afterglow.

Here, crimeless prisoners caged, they sigh and dream for ever
 Of a lonely mate in some cool grove that droops beside her brood:
 They beat the cruel bars in a passionate endeavour
 To hush the little voices that call in vain for food.

They dream of autumn colours, the crimson of the cherries,
The breath of heaven's glory o'er the fields of yellow corn ;
They sigh for draughts delicious from juicy rowan berries,
The breath of heaven in the air, so fresh and fair the morn.

How they rested on the wind or pierced the low clouds flying
Across the storm-swept heaven, that barred the distant sky !
Men gave a plot of grass—all earth's wide range denying—
Scarce large enough to sod them when they die.

I said : of sight of kingcups and cowslips yellow gleaming
No avaricious eye will envious loose its hold,
Nor will a greedy hand, where the celandine lies dreaming,
Dart hungrily to rob her of her gold.

There is an end of passion—a joy reigns there for ever
That the storm's great exultation cannot conquer or displace ;
Here is an end of quiet, and weary hearts rest never,
Lest coming feet should crush them in the passion of life's race.

There amidst long fern and perfumed breath of heather
A laughing river wakes far up the mountain-side,
To meet a hundred streams and join their songs together
As they glance through mead and woodland to meet the restless tide.

But here the mourning river flows past in sullen sorrow—
In her shamed desecration she hurries to the sea ;
She hath heard full many cries that sought a great to-morrow,
Many a desperate soul that curst the laws that be.

Many griefs are covered by her dark mantle flowing,
Many a cold white face lies hidden on her breast ;
With her, men would escape the reaping of their sowing,
Sad women give their souls for her sweet rest.

I said : when he has heard how hollow is our laughing,
Seen crime and grey despair creep hand in hand with night,
How failure spills the cup ambition fills for quaffing,
How love is timid, coming to care's sight.

I said in discontentment : " Oh, who hath heart for singing ?
Go, seek some worthier spot for thy sweet lay."
But through the changing summer until bare boughs are swinging,
He goes singing, singing, singing all the day.

DORA SIGERSON.

OUR POETS.

No. 28—JOHN WALSH.

The latest issue of Mr. W. T. Stead's *Index to the Periodical Literature of the World* sets forth among the characteristic features of THE IRISH MONTHLY "biographies of Irish poets and others." Acting up to this character, we prefer to throw into this form the materials to which the Rev. M. P. Hickey had given the name of "A Disputed Question of Authorship." The Administrator of Birnieknowe (which parish has a literary flavour from its connection with Auchinleck and Johnson's Boswell) is an enthusiastic discoverer of unknown or forgotten Irish poets, those especially that share his filial allegiance to the valleys of the Suir and Blackwater. More than one journal on either side of the Irish Sea, and on either side of the Atlantic Ocean, are enriched from time to time with the fruits of his pious industry. In the paper, however, which Father Hickey kindly placed at our disposal, he supposed our readers to know something about John Walsh, whereas most of them hear of him now for the first time. He has therefore allowed us to supplement his paper by facts gleaned from other lucubrations of his diligent pen.

Although a native of the same part of Ireland, John Walsh does not seem to have been related to Edward Walsh, who was certainly one of the most gifted of the band whose fame is linked with *The Nation* newspaper. He was born at Belville Park, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cappoquin, April 1st, 1835. His father, William Walsh, was steward to Mr. Poer, the owner of that very beautiful place. He was educated in the Cappoquin National School, in which he became afterwards a monitor, and then an assistant teacher. In January, 1853, he entered the Marlborough Street Training School, where he spent two years. His intercourse at this time with Robert Dwyer Joyce, author of "Deirdre," brother of Dr. P. W. Joyce, may be supposed to have helped in giving him a bias towards Irish legends and Irish song. In October, 1854, he was entrusted with the charge of the National School in his native town. He held this office till the beginning of 1869, when he accepted a similar position at Whitechurch, between Cappoquin and Dungarvan. In 1872 he removed to

Cashel, and he had charge of the National School there till he died in the forty-sixth year of his age, February 27th, 1881. He is buried on the Rock of Cashel. One of the six children that he left behind him—Paul Walsh, who himself died in 1891—is the author of some ballads full of Irish feeling. Mrs. Walsh was by her maiden name a full namesake of another Tipperary lady, who holds a high place among the literary women of this century. Miss Julia Kavanagh, author of “Nathalie” and many other pure and high-minded romances and other literary works of high character, was born at Thurles, but lived most of her life on the Continent.

John Walsh began early to beguile the monotonous drudgery of a schoolmaster’s life by verse-making. He was J. J. W. and J. W. and “Boz” of *The Nation*. In *The Irishman* he signed himself chiefly “Lismore.” In *The Celt*, published at Kilkenny, and in *The Irish Harp*—a short-lived periodical edited in Dublin in 1863 by M. J. M’Cann, author of “O’Donnell Abu”—his signature was “Corner Stone*”; while he contributed to *The Waterford Citizen* as “A Cappelquin Girl,” and finally in *The Irish People* his *nom-de-plume* was “Kilmartin.”

Our first sample of John Walsh’s muse may be a poem, which, as we shall see, has been sometimes attributed to another. It is called “Longing” :—

I wish I was home in Ireland,
For the summer will soon be there,
And the fields of my darling sireland
To my heart will be fresh and fair.
Down where the deep Blackwater
Glides on to its ocean rest,
And the hills, with their green-clad bosoms,
Roll up from the river’s breast ;
To sit where the waters murmur
To the birds in the bending trees,
While the silver wavelets glitter,
Stirred by the evening breeze.
To watch while the silent fisher
Quivers his trembling line,

*There is probably a slight mistake here. The second series of *The Irish Harp* contains at page 181 “Wild Flowers from the Blackwater’s Side—the Legend of the ‘Corner Stone.’ By Lyrists.” This is certainly by our Cappelquin poet, who meant it to be the first of a series ; but the little magazine seems at that moment to have suddenly died. This is the end of the volume in our hands. If any further numbers had appeared, they would have been noticed in *The Irish People*, which took an interest in the periodical.

Where the trout from the golden river
 Bound to the red sunshine,
 While the song of the evening milkmaid
 Comes down from the distant cloud,
 And the mist from the lowland valleys
 Steals up like a snow-white shroud ;
 To muse where the deep Blackwater,
 Like a courser, comes bounding in
 With a rush, through the marble arches
 That span it by Cappoquin ;
 Where the dews on the woodlands glitter,
 And the rocks rise tall and grand,
 And where all living things are happy,
 But the sons of that hapless land.
 For they sit by the stranger's waters
 As did Israel's sons of yore,
 And their harps are hung on the willows,
 And their hearts, they are crushed and sore.
 As if from a plague-struck country,
 Far off flies the sun-brown Gael,
 And his voice in the land that bore him,
 Is sunk to a fainting wail.
 Like leaves in the Autumn tempest,
 Or clouds in the wintry wind,
 Is he swept from green old Ireland,
 While the tyrant remains behind ;
 To waste his young life in sadness,
 And toiling from day to day,
 To long for a glimpse of Erin,
 Ere he sleep in his bed of clay.
 I wish I was home in Ireland,
 For the flowers will soon be there,
 Clothing each vale and highland.
 And loading the perfumed air.
 For, in spite of the Saxon's scowlings,
 That land to my heart is dear,
 And to be but one day in Ireland
 Were worth a whole lifetime here.

In the collection of the poems of Richard Dalton Williams, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., includes these verses, to which he appends the following note :—" As some mistakes have been made with regard to the authorship of this poem, we may mention that a copy of the *American newspaper* in which he first published it, with the piece marked as his own, was sent by Mr. Williams to his friend Denis Florence MacCarthy."

This seems explicit enough, yet Father Hickey proves that Mr. Sullivan's note is itself a mistake; and he proves his point by many

ingenious arguments, showing for instance that Williams had never seen the "marble arches" referred to, and was incapable of giving some of the other local touches. But this reasoning is rendered unnecessary by a letter received subsequently by Father Hickey from our poet's brother-in-law, Michael Kavanagh, one of the '48 refugees and now living at Washington, in the United States. "You are right about John Walsh. He certainly wrote 'Longing.' I published it with his initials in *The Emerald** in 1868. It was first published in *The Irishman* over the *nom-de-plume* of 'Shamrock' some years before. The following week his poem, 'Westward Ho!' appeared in the same journal with this introduction by the editor: 'Surely a true poet has come to light. We published last week the beautiful poem 'Longing' from the same pen over the signature of 'Shamrock,' but our valued contributor, remembering, we presume, that that was the recognised *nom-de-plume* of our friend Williams, has chosen another but no less suggestive signature.' Accordingly, 'Westward Ho' appeared in *The Irishman* over the signature 'Lismore.'"

How, then, did Williams mark it as his own in sending it to D. F. MacCarthy? No doubt, he just marked it as if to say: "Who is this young poet who takes my name in vain?"

The other erroneous conclusion was drawn by MacCarthy or somebody else, just as Miss Rosa Mulholland's beautiful poem, "Failure," which may be found in her volume of "Vagrant Verses," went the rounds of the American press as "the exquisite effusion of a dying Sister of Charity," simply because a Sister of Charity at Drogheda had the good taste to like the poem, and to make a copy of it. This copy was found with her own pious rhymings after her death and given to her mourning friends, who rashly put it into print somewhere as her own. John Walsh may hardly have heard of the innocent attempt to rob him of his verses; and in any case a National schoolmaster, especially in those days, could not safely parade the authorship of such a poem in such a journal as *The Irishman*.

* Here is another source of confusion. The weekly miscellany, which for many years was issued from *The Nation* office under the name of *Young Ireland*, has lately revived this older name, and calls itself *The Irish Emerald*. There ought to be an act of parliament prohibiting all such changes of titles, and also against new series of reviews and magazines, which are very confusing to librarians, bookbinders, bookworms, and several other worthy citizens.

Oliver Goldsmith suggests somewhere as one of the convenient platitudes of criticism: "The picture would be better if the painter had taken more pains." John Walsh is often very careless in *technique*, making certain lines rhyme in one stanza and leaving the corresponding lines in another stanza free from the salutary bondage of rhyme. The rhythm of some lines has to be unduly humoured by the indulgent reader. The following, which appeared in *The Irish People*, April 15, 1865, has many such defects. It is called "John MacAlister, an Ulster Ballad."

'Tis just three summers to a day
 Since I went to bolt the lyre,
 One evening in the month of May
 When the West was all afire.
 I stood beside the open gate
 And watched the cloud that glowed,
 When bonny John McAlister
 Came up the dusty road.

He led his horses by the rein
 And a spade was in his hand,
 For he and all his kith and kin
 Were tillers of the land.
 He looked so young and strong and brave
 That I thought on Ireland's ground
 The peer of John McAlister
 Was nowhere to be found.

He spoke to me, and oh! I blushed
 As I stood by the open door;
 He laughed when he saw my face so flushed,
 For we never spoke before.
 And how we grew to be such friends
 Is more than I can tell;
 But the end of all our friendship was
 That we loved each other well.

And who could blame me if I strayed,
 When coming home from Mass,
 To pluck green shamrocks in the glade
 Where they grew 'mid the pointed grass?
 And when his footsteps reached my ear,
 I would start as if scared away—
 Though to me his tread on the mossy bed
 Was welcome as flowers of May.

I never saw him vexed but once—
 And my heart was wild with fear—
 When a low-born upstart raised his hand
 To my sister who passed near;

Ah ! his face grew red, and his teeth were set,
 And he scarcely touched the ground
 Till he knocked the coward off the path
 As he would a skulking hound.

He seldom drinks, but he loves to make
 The match at a game of goal,
 To whirl the stone on the level green
 And to jump o'er the deep turf hole.
 If you saw him rush at the bounding ball,
 Like an arrow from out the bow,
 And his shout of glee when his partners fall,
 For he knows not a friend from foe !

He takes our young one by the arms
 And swings him in the air ;
 He chirps for him like a little bird,
 While the infant strokes his hair.
 He boasts he will leave him a heritage
 Such as freemen left of yore—
 Were it not for that, we would fly, he says,
 To the far Australian shore.

And oh ! how he hates but to see the slaves
 That crouch near the tyrant's hand,
 And he vows he will fight to the very death
 For the sake of his native land.
 But in war or peace, wheresoe'er he be,
 There also will I be found ;
 For the equal of John McAlister
 There is not upon Ireland's ground.

It is just three summers next holy May
 Since I went out to close the byre,
 On the eve of a pleasant summer's day
 When the West was a sheet of fire ;
 I stood with my hand on the open gate
 And I looked at the sky that glowed,
 When my husband John McAlister
 Came up by the dusty road.

A fortnight earlier " Kilmartin " had contributed " a ballad of labour " on the Forging of the Plough. It may remind us, partly by contrast, of " The Forging of the Anchor " published in *Blackwood's Magazine* when Samuel Ferguson was a mere lad.

Let's to the smithy on the hill where the heavy poplars bow,
 To see the smith and all his men a-forging of the plough,
 With his stout arms bare and his strong black hair, among labouring men a king—
 To watch the hissing sparkles sweep and to hear the anvil's ring.

They have piled the fire full three feet high, and round it in a ring
 The men stand ready on the floor while the heaving bellows swing,
 And long blue tongues of wavy flame dance round the furnace brow ;
 'Tis not ev'ry day they've work to do like the forging of the plough.

They draw the irons from the fire and they plunge them back again,
 While a liquid glow lights all the air, and streams down to the woody glen,
 Till at last the fire has done its work, and they all stand ready now
 To hear the master's opening stroke for the forging of the plough.

Hurrah ! the glowing bars come forth, and on the block are laid,
 And now's the time to shape them well, and to show the cunning trade—
 He must step outside the wide forge door and shade our heated brow
 While the gallant work goes bravely on of the forging of the plough.

The smith he strikes the anvil twice with a light and silvery sound,
 And then the weighty sledges sweep with a steady stroke all round ;
 All round and round, and here and there, on edge and rim and brow,
 The smith strikes twice while his men beat once, at the forging of the plough.

He takes no time to draw his breath, he thinks not of a rest,
 Though the big round drops are trickling down his face upon his breast ;
 He only strikes and works the more till his toiler's goal is won,
 When the iron parts are welded close, and the forger's work is done.

Our specimens of John Walsh's poems have not been numerous, but they are pretty long, and we have given them at full length. Perhaps they are sufficient. We have at our disposal for further samples the first huge volume of *The Irish People*, wherein "Kilmartin" appears some half dozen times.

Here may be revealed a few other secrets about the poets of this journal, entrusted to us by the best possible authority. Our old friend John Francis O'Donnell was in its pages not only "Monktown West," but also "P. Monks." "Aleria" was Miss Fanny Parnell. "Spes" was the signature of Dr. Campion, more generally known as "The Kilkenny Man." "Eily" was Miss Ellen O'Leary, whose posthumous volume, "Lays of Country, Home, and Friends," is noticed a little behind date among the "New Books" of our June Number. Once at least, she also disguises her name anagrammatically as "Lenel." "Merulam" is Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce. "Mac," who contributed a few pieces of much literary merit, was a young Limerick barrister, George MacMahon, who soon after accepted a professorship in the Mauritius, and died in a few years.

The Rev. Michael P. Hickey, to whom our readers are indebted for whatever knowledge they may derive from these pages, has undertaken the pious task of collecting his compatriot's literary remains. Our Magazine will consider it a duty to co-operate in preserving the fame of such Irishmen as John Walsh of Cappoquin.

THE SERVANT SAINT OF LUCCA.

"Ecco un degli anziani di Santa Zita." *Dante, Inferno* 21, V. 38.

Now that every subject is reduced to a science or to the semblance of one, and that the lives of great people and their works are dissected with a fidelity that would do credit to the frequenters of a surgical theatre, it is refreshing to turn away from modern ideas, and to look back into those distant ages when people, if far from being civilised, were at least more simple.

In the thirteenth century while monarchs and knights were fighting in the crusades, and the rival Guelphs and Ghibelines were rending the fair land of Italy with their bloody warfare, there dwelt in an old Italian town a woman whose existence was unknown outside a very restricted and humble sphere of life. This person is Santa Zita whom Dante mentions, as if the very sound of her name would be enough for his readers. And so it was, at the period when "*La Divina Commedia*" was written; but at present, with the exception of those who have read "*The Roadside Songs of Tuscany*" (a book by no means within reach of the poor), and excepting also convents in which she happens to have a client among the lay-sisters, Santa Zita is unknown to the majority of people. She is one of those hidden jewels of the Catholic Church which, half veiled by the obscurity of the centuries, yet shine with subdued lustre in the roll of canonized saints. Santa Zita was only a poor peasant girl born in one of the high valleys of the Serchio in the State of Modena, remarkable for exceeding fertility and the scenery of its mountains, "whose peaks of more chestnut blue embroidered with snow are rather to be thought of as vast precious stones than mountains, for all the state of the world's palaces has been hewn out of their marble."*

* Ruskin's *Fora Clavigera*, Letter 18th, April, 1872.

Surrounded by these hills, Lucca was, and is still, a beautiful town. From its ramparts can be seen on one side the spires of the numerous churches, while on the other, market gardens, olive groves, and fields extend to the well wooded lower spurs of the Apennines, which are cultivated in terraces as far as the human hand can reach by the industrious and prosperous peasants who inhabit this part of the ancient Etruscan Kingdom.

Saint Zita's parents were hard-working peasants, living at Monsagrato, and their eldest daughter had already left them for a convent life, when her tiny sister was born.

Mona Buonissina took the greatest care of her little Zita, training her from her earliest years never to do anything displeasing to God, or contrary to His Divine Will.

In the beautiful mountain valley Zita grew up pure and sweet as the wild gladiolas, the rock cistus and other field flowers that flourished in such profusion all around. Her greatest pleasure was to kneel in the church, where she learnt the habit of constant prayer, which was to be the solace of her future life.

On reaching her twelfth year Zita felt it was time for her to assist her parents by her labours, and she prayed that God would allow her to earn her livelihood in Lucca, a petition which was granted when her parents procured a situation for her there as a servant in the household of the Fantinelli, who were of noble birth, and to Zita's great delight extremely charitable to the poor.

The sunny fields with birds twittering overhead in the chestnut trees, the rough mountain breezes, the small cottage, the visits to the church, were all things of the past to Zita; and Lucca, which she used to see in the hazy distance, was now to be her home with its paved and narrow streets and its noisy sounds and sights. Yet Zita did not repine, though hard labour was now her daily portion, and she was obliged to rise before dawn, so as to be able to spare the half hour for mass at the neighbouring church of San Frediano, in which was buried the saintly Irish priest who in the sixth century left his own green island to wander south to the town that eventually became his diocese.*

* San Frediano was the son of a king of Ulster. St. Gregory, in his dialogues, tells how this Irish saint prevented a great flood of the river Ser, which threatened to injure the inhabitants of his diocese, by making the stream follow him into a channel which he hollowed out with a small rake.

A legend is told that one morning, having forgotten to make the bread, Zita suddenly recollected it at mass, and ran home at once to begin her work.

On her arrival in a great fright, she was much relieved to find the loaves kneaded and ready for the oven. She at first imagined her mistress had been kind enough to make the bread, but finding that everyone was still asleep in the house she knew that it could only have been Our Lord who had repaired her mistake.

Zita never was known to be a moment idle. If she had any spare time, she would visit the prison and the hospital, and give to those still poorer than herself whatever alms she could collect. In every age, indeed, this charity displayed by the poor to each other has never failed. People who have toiled all day will give up often, as a mere matter of course, a few, if not all the hours of rest to nurse some sick friend; others with families of their own will yet find a piece of bread to share with some deserted orphan, whom they will treat quite as their own child, and there have been cases where almost starving men have been known to divide an unexpectedly earned shilling with neighbours ill of fever. Noble and simple charity truly, which is generally hidden from all, save the eyes of Him who pointed out the value of the widow's mite.

Zita's mistress had an unreasonable prejudice against her, and the master, a violent and ill-tempered man, was always scolding the poor girl. Her fellow servants also, by their jeers and harshness, did not try to soften Zita's lot, but she bore all with the utmost patience; and it was remarked that she could calm the anger of other people in a wonderful way. Her clothes were of the meanest description; she went barefoot, and sought to serve every one in the house to the best of her power. She seldom spoke, and during her manual occupations she meditated continually upon the Passion of Jesus Christ, thanking Him for placing her in such a lowly state of life, where her own will must always be sacrificed to that of her employers.

One day while she was drawing water at the well a poor pilgrim begged for a drop of the cool fresh water. Zita, as she readily gave him the pitcher, wished in her heart that she had been able to give the poor man wine instead of the cold water, which might injure him. The pilgrim, tasting it, suddenly lifted his head, exclaiming "*E prezioso vino!*" as he gazed in wonder at the humble servant before him.

Zita's meekness and her gracious behaviour at last caused her master and mistress to recognise her worth, and they made her the housekeeper, in which office she was a most careful manager, never allowing the smallest waste in anything; nor as head servant would she accept of the slightest alleviation in her work, as she said "devotion was false when slothful."

Her food was generally bread and water, and she slept on the floor, though provided by her mistress with a small room, which very often would be given to some poor homeless creature whom the holy servant would desire to pray for the family.

Such nights were spent by Zita on her knees in some corner of the house until the bell rang for matins, after which she would dismiss her guest at dawn, so that her act of charity should not be discovered.

Once during a famine her master reproved her severely for giving away his beans too lavishly to the poor; she bore his blame with her usual humility, and then showed him the granary full to overflowing—a miracle which also occurred on a similar occasion in the life of Saint Francesca of Rome.

Another time it was a cold Christmas Eve, and Zita in her thin garments was about to go to San Frediano, when her master met her and forbade her to leave the house. By her humble entreaty she induced him to grant his permission, which he gave on the condition that she should wear one of his cloaks, and on no account give it away to any of the beggars. Zita promised this willingly, and was soon in her usual corner at San Frediano. Here she noticed a poor man in rags trembling with cold, and at once she offered him the cloak, telling him to wear it during matins, but to give it back afterwards, as it was not hers, and that she would bring him with her to the kitchen fire. When the Divine Office was over, she searched in vain for the beggar, but the sacristan soon turned her out of the church as he wanted to go home.

When Zita returned to the Casa Fantinelli, asking pardon of God for lending to any one what did not belong to her, her master missed the cloak, and he scolded her harshly until he was interrupted by the beggar holding out the mantle to Zita.

As the holy servant expressed her thanks, the beggar's face grew indescribably brilliant, and he vanished from their sight. Zita then begged her master would forgive her fault, but in his

astonishment at this appearance of an angel he said he could find no fault with her, as, being evidently a servant of God, she could do nothing contrary to His Will. Perceiving how peaceful and holy Zita was, her master no longer scolded her, and till her death she was well treated by the whole family.

Fifty years of toil and penance at length came to an end, and Zita, falling ill, asked to receive the Last Sacraments; and she also implored pardon of everyone around her, saying simply to her master: "A Dio vi lascio, caro mio padrone."

The Casa Fantinelli resounded with sobs, and the family and servants knelt in tears, as the holy Zita with a sigh gave her soul to God.

Though her death was not known in the town, the children all began to run to the Casa Fantinelli, where, in the full light of an Italian spring day, there shone over the house a brilliant star.

Zita's few clothes were turned into relics, and her body was interred in San Frediano, which had been so dear to her during life.

When in after years she was canonized, the town where she lived so humbly and unknown was proud to be able to claim as its patron Zita, the Servant Saint of Lucca.

M. T. KELLY.

HOME REVISITED.

A QUIET beauty shines on wood and vale,
That fills the heart with longing for a spot
Thus calm and lovely; where the shepherd's cot
And sheepfolds sheltered from the blustering gale
Lie bowered in beechen copse and ferny dale,
And willows droop their silvered leaves to meet
The spent wave's swirl from banks of meadowsweet,
Where rests the milkmaid with her brimming pail.

Loved scenes of youthful sport! here once again
My footsteps wander, but in grief—alone.
The flower-flecked stream, the fields of ripening grain,
The farms with trellised woodbine buds half-blown,
The lowing herds that greet the summer rain,
Abide unchanged—while youth and love are flown.

ROBERT JAMES REILLY.

THE MISTAKES OF A NOTE.

A LITTLE book which will before long delight a very select circle of readers, has grown out of the following note in Mr Samuel Waddington's "Sonnets of Europe," one of Mr. Walter Scott's *Canterbury Series*. The note refers to Lope de Vega's sonnet on the sonnet which was given in the original, with many translations and imitations, in sundry papers in this Magazine, beginning with the October Number of 1887.

"This somewhat celebrated sonnet is taken from Lope de Vega's *Nina de Plata*. It has been translated by Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*, and others; but the late Mr. Gibson's rendering is the most successful in depicting the dexterous ease and rapidity with which the poet overcomes the difficulties of the form. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the credit of the idea of the *Soneto del Soneto* belongs to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, who flourished some fifty years before Lope de Vega. The sonnets of both of them are placed side by side in the *Parnaso Espanol*, tom. iv. 22, 23. These sonnets have been translated or imitated in various other languages—as, for instance, in Italian by Marino, and in French by Voiture and Desmarais. Lord Holland, in his *Life of Lope de Vega*, states that the sonnet seems to have been his favourite employment, and that there are few of his plays which do not contain three or four of these little poems."

Voiture did not translate this sonnet, but he applied the idea to a description of the Rondeau in the form of a rondeau. But Marino—many readers of *Notes and Queries*, whose aid was invoked, have looked in vain for his supposed sonnet on the sonnet. Italian friends have searched the Roman libraries with a like result. The English compiler of the tasteful collection referred to was himself consulted on the point, but was unable to add anything to the information contained in his note. He seems to have relied on Lord Holland* whom he names; but he omits the "*I believe*"

* "Life and Writings of Lope de Vega," page 203. A confirmation of the suspicion thrown here upon statements guaranteed by "*I believe*" may be found in the second volume of Froude's "*Carlyle in London*" at page 65, chapter xix. "A review in *The Dublin* he found 'excellently serious' and conjectured that it came from some Anglican pervert or convert. It was written, I believe, by Dr. Ward. The Catholics naturally found points of sympathy in so scornful a denunciation of modern notions about liberty. Carlyle and they believed alike in the divine right of wisdom to govern folly. This article provided him with 'interesting reflections for a day or two.'" What a pity that Froude does not give all Carlyle's words and none of his own. His guess about Dr. Ward is a stupid one, for Ward had not yet anything to do with *The Dublin Review*. The article which impressed Carlyle so much was written by the late Judge O'Hagan, as he told me when Froude's book appeared. He was then twenty-eight years old.

with which Lord Holland qualifies the statement about Marino ; for that little clause expresses doubt rather than faith.

These "mistakes of a note" may serve as an illustration of the infinite pains required to secure accuracy in matters of fact. Perhaps a hundred books would have to be consulted in order to verify Lord Holland's references. For there seems to be still another mistake. To Thomas Edwards, author of "The Canons of Criticism" (which, by the way, is more a controversial squib against Warburton's edition of Shakespeare than a scientific treatise, as the name might lead one to expect) to this Mr. Edwards our note, again following Lord Holland, attributes the following sonnet on the sonnet, with its very remarkable rhymes in the tercets :—

Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have ;
 I ne'er was so put to 't before : a sonnet !
 Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it :
 'Tis good, however, to have conquered the first stave.
 Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
 Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.
 If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
 I should turn back on the hardest part, and laugh.
 Thus far, with good success, I think I've scribbled
 And of the twice seven lines have got o'er ten.
 Courage ! another 'll finish the first triplet ;
 Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten :
 There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet ;
 'Tis dona. Count how you will, I warrant there's fourteen.

This appears (with Wray shortened to his initial W) in Dodsley's Collection of Poems, and it is referred to by Steevens in his diatribe against sonnets. But Dodsley gives it as the last of several pieces of verse by Richard Roderick. It is headed "By the Same," and "the same" is Mr. Roderick. Yet this may be an oversight of the printer, and Lord Holland may be right after all ; for this is preceded by no sonnet, and is followed by thirteen sonnets by Edwards, who addresses in this form both David Wray and Richard Roderick.

This recipe by St. Amand is not so good as Mr. W. E. Henley's triolet on the Triolet, which we gave once in a context similar to the present. The unusual orthography of one word is evidently a condescension to "the wicked necessity of rhyme."

Pour construire un bon triolet
 Il faut observer ces trois choses ;
 Savoir, que l'air en soit folet ;
 Pour construire un bon triolet,

Qu'il rentre bien dans le rolet,
 Et qu'il tombe au vrai lieu des pauses.
 Pour construire un bon triolet
 Il faut observer ces trois choses.

We may end this note on a Note by the following sonnet on the Sonnet which comes to us all the way from South Africa, where its author, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Kolbe, is doing excellent service for Catholic literature, especially by his able editing of *The South African Catholic Magazine*.

A sonnet is the body of a thought,
 Which enters suddenly the poet's mind
 And breathes its way, mysterious as the wind,
 Unrecognised, as first it was unsought.
 Whilst yet unformed, 'tis kindred to the nought
 Whence it arose; the poet still must find
 Some spirit-worthy shape in which to bind
 The subtle life wherewith his mind is fraught.

A stanza rises from the mental deep,
 Rhymes well disposed, with rhythm of even flow;
 Full use of sense, due length of limb it gives,
 A body fit. The thought, aroused from sleep,
 Flushes the rhythm with a poetic glow,
 And in the sonnet's form for ever lives.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We should need all the space that we have to divide among our poets, essayists, and storytellers, if we tried to give an adequate account of the books that are heaped this month upon our table. Literary enterprises have been for the most part postponed till the autumn after the distractions of the General Election have quieted down; yet the influx of new publications is above the average. We may begin with the largest of these volumes, a splendid royal octavo of some 550 sumptuous pages, which, nevertheless, is called in the preface "this little volume." It contains "The Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne" (London: Burns and Oates). The first Bishop of Birmingham has been fortunate in his literary executors. In the short interval since his death his Life and his Letters have been placed before the world very effectively and attractively. It is not time yet to complain of undue delay about the two mighty convert Cardinals; but has enough been done for the memory of Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman? Dr.

Ullathorne did not stand on the same level as these three Princes of the Church; but he was a holy and venerable bishop, an excellent and distinguished and most useful man. His letters are full of wisdom and goodness, and charity and deep spiritual insight, but they are also full of interesting anecdotes about a great many interesting people—"J. K. L," Dr. Grant of Southwark, Cardinal Newman, etc. Connecting links between the letters are often supplied very judiciously by the editor; and many extracts from the Bishop's instructions to nuns and to his flock are incorporated with his correspondence.

2. "Phases of Thought and Criticism. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools." (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.) The author of this admirable volume is the President of the De la Salle Institute, New York; but, though he belongs to those whom we call French Christian Brothers, we are glad to claim him as an Irishman. His present work has quite sufficient method and unity, though many of its chapters have appeared in different magazines and reviews. It discusses the nature and laws of thought, the ideal in thought, literary and scientific habits of thought, with studies of Emerson and Newman as two very different types of thinkers. It then inculcates the culture of the spiritual sense; and three highly interesting chapters are devoted to the study of the spiritual sense of *The Imitation of Christ*, of the *Divina Commedia*, and of the *In Memoriam*. This thoughtful book is literature of a high and pure and stimulating kind.

3. "Spiritual Counsels for the Young. A Book of Simple Meditations." By Rosa Mulholland, author of "Holy Childhood," "Prince and Saviour," "The First Christmas." (Dublin: Charles Eason, 85 Middle Abbey Street.) The author of *Marcella Grace* mentions on her newest titlepage those only of her writings which are of a sacred character like her present book. *Holy Childhood* has had an enormous sale, which shows no sign of falling off. It is one of the most successful prayerbooks ever written for children. Miss Mulholland's new book is intended for a more mature class of young people, and, indeed, these meditations may be read with pleasure and profit by all. They treat of a great variety of subjects from the presence of God and the company of the Angels, to prosperity, adversity, and bodily pain. Feasts like Easter and Christmas, the Annunciation and Visitation—parables like the Sower and the Wise and Foolish Virgins—virtues and vices like anger, joy of spirit, covetousness, idleness of thought—texts like "Come and see," "Go and sin no more;" these are some of the subjects which are treated with freshness and unction, and with that charm of style which does not desert Miss Mulholland's pen when enlisted in the direct and special service of God.

4. Messrs. Burns and Oates have added two new volumes to their uniform reprint of Mrs. Hope's historical works. These volumes are "The Conversion of the Teutonic Race, or the First Apostles of Europe." One volume narrates the conversion of the Franks and English, the other that of the Germans. Mrs. Hope had some slight help from the gifted Oratorian, Father Dalgairns, who contributed one of his rich and suggestive prefaces; but the work is substantially her own. The only woman who can be compared to her for the worth of her services to the historical side of Catholic literature is Mother Raphael Drane, who, however, has not (like Mrs. Hope) confined herself to history. These and the stately volume of Archbishop Ullathorne, mentioned before, are brought out with great care and admirable taste by the publishers.

5. The same publishers (Messrs. Burns and Oates, London) have sent us a work published by Lethielleux of Paris—"Auguste Comte, Fondateur du Positivisme, sa Vie et sa Doctrine." It is translated by M. l' Abbe Mazoyer from the German of Father Gruber, S.J. The German Jesuit guarantees the fidelity of his French translator. He evidently knows not only French, but English; and the references to the innumerable English authorities quoted in this volume are given with German thoroughness and accuracy. Father Gruber considers Positivism to be nowadays the only formidable enemy in the field against Christianity. Those whose duty it may be to study these momentous questions from this point of view will find all desirable information given with great clearness and conscientiousness in this and the companion volume, of which a translation has since been issued by the same publisher—"Le Positivisme depuis Comte jusqu'à nos jours."

6. We have mentioned before with well deserved praise "Christianity and Infallibility—Both or Neither," by the Rev. Daniel Lyons (Longmans, Green and Co. London and New York). It is an extremely solid and valuable addition to controversial literature, and there are few books better adapted to confirm one's own faith or to enable one to help others who may be searching anxiously for the truth. Father Lyons has evidently devoted a great deal of time and a great deal of pains in amassing his materials from all quarters, and he has shown very considerable literary skill in marshalling them in the most effective order. His style is quite suited to his object; it is clear and forcible, and, at the same time, calm and unaffected. We have been particularly pleased with one small detail—namely, the care with which the author specifies the sources from which he has drawn his boundless stores of relevant quotations. Instead of pretending, as too many authors do, to have found all out by his own industry, he always gives the credit to the writer who had gathered certain extracts together which suit his purpose. On some small details we desire a change in the next edition. The notes ought not to be crowded

together at the end of each chapter, especially when they are only references to the authors quoted. The book ought to be preceded by a detailed table of contents, and at the end there must be a full index. In the very interesting chapter on "The Happiness of Converts," with its delightful chain of testimonies, surely it is a mistake to say that Mr. W. Gordon Gorman, who compiled the wonderful catalogue of "Converts to Rome," is himself still a Protestant. But how hard it is to avoid mistakes when quoting from memory! The mistake referred to—if it be a mistake—occurs, we find, elsewhere, at page 181, in the chapter on the objections to Infallibility. We trust that many of our readers will procure this excellent work.

7. It was by an oversight that we did not announce last month "The Spirit of St. Ignatius. Translated from the French of Father Xavier de Franciosi, S.J." (London: Burns and Gates). But we may be still in time to allow this excellent book to be chosen as a gift for self or friend in honour of the feast of St. Ignatius. It will be equally useful, however, on any other day of the year. The name will suggest one of those tiny tomes that have gathered for us choice sayings of St. Theresa, St. Francis de Sales, and many others; but in fact it is a respectable octavo of nearly five hundred pages, the latest addition to the Quarterly Series maintained through so many years by the devoted zeal of Father Coleridge, S.J. The Saint's doctrine in his conversations, letters, writings, and his example as recorded by his various biographers, are grouped together under twenty-eight headings beginning with "faith" and ending with "gratitude." In this last chapter it is remarked at the outset that "gratitude, as its name indicates, is a twofold knowledge: it knows for itself and it knows for others." Surely the translator ought here to have recalled the French term for gratitude, *reconnaissance*. But he has made it a rigid rule not to admit a single note or reference. The French original will furnish us, he says, with an exact account of the sources from which the various extracts are derived. Though there are advantages in it, we think the Translator has carried his abstinence on this point too far. The preface at least could in a few lines have given general information about the materials drawn upon in this very solid and edifying work, which is produced with the excellent paper and printing we are always sure to get from the Manresa Press.

8. The "History of the Church in England from the beginning of the Christian Era to the accession of Henry VIII." (London: Burns and Oates), has been compressed into less than four hundred pages by Miss Mary H. Allies, who retains a name which we think she has changed for another, probably in order to shelter her historical labours under the name of her father, Mr. Thomas William Allies. Four pages contain a list of the original authorities she has consulted with conscientious industry. She divides her work into two periods, the middle point being the Norman Conquest. Her clear and grave style befits her subject. This very useful addition to English Catholic literature is the first volume, we think, to bear the *imprimatur* of Herbert, Archbishop-Elect of Westminster.

9. "The Story of the Children's Hospital, Temple Street, Dublin," has been told very charmingly by Miss Mary Banim, and illustrated by the pencil of Miss Matilda Banim. These gifted sisters are

daughters of Michael Banim who had a large share in "Tales by the O'Hara Family," though he did not give himself up to literary work like his brother John, the author of "Soggarth Aroon." This delightful sketch will interest many new friends in this most amiable charity. It is brought out by Dollard, Printing House, Dublin, and may be procured from M. H. Gill and Son, Browne and Nolan, etc.

10. "Fifty Two short Instructions on the Principal Truths of our Holy Religion," translated from the French by the Rev. Thomas F. Ward, Rector of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati and Chicago) are not so dogmatic as the title might lead us to expect. They are rather very brief exhortations or meditations on various subjects of piety, and are all useful and edifying. The translator in his preface presents his work more directly to his brethren in the priesthood, but it is suited to the faithful in general. A book, however, which is meant for priests alone is "The Confessor after God's own heart," (Browne and Nolan, Dublin). The French original work, by Father L. J. Cros, S. J., has gone through three editions, and has been warmly approved by many bishops and theologians, whose letters are prefixed. The Art and Book Company of London and Leamington, has issued a good edition of the "Spiritual Letters" of Father Surin, S. J. This translation has been made very skilfully by Sister Mary Christopher, O.S.F. The preface—which is in reality an excellent sketch of the author—is stated on the titlepage to be by Father Goldie, S.J. Why, then, is it signed "A. J."? Another contribution to ascetic theology is a volume of Meditations brought out with excellent printing and binding by the Benzigers, whose name appears so often in our book-notes. These meditations are two hundred and fifty years old, but in America they are joined with the name of Father Roger Baxter, S.J., who published the first American edition some seventy years ago.

11. "Everybody's Pocket Cyclopaedia" (London: Saxon and Co.) is a wonderful sixpenceworth of information on a vast number of subjects. 510 thousand copies have been sold. No wonder.

12. Two of the best story-books that we have come across of late are both of Spanish origin. "Tales from the Spanish of Father Luis Coloma, S.J. (Art and Book Company: London and Leamington) are very well translated by E. M. Brookes, whose name is new to us. Father Coloma has a high literary reputation in Spain; and every now and then one says: "That is evidently translated cleverly, but how delightful the original must be." "Tales and Legends of the Middle Ages," from the Spanish of Francis de Paula Capella, edited by Henry Wilson (Benziger Brothers, New York) is a less original work, a numerous collection of short stories, many of them current in many countries. The get-up of the book is very tasteful. "Ouinia the Heathen, a Story of Savage Life," by Uncle Henry (London: R. Washbourne) is an edifying and interesting tale with plenty of novelty and variety of scene and incident. As it is brought out also by Mr. Washbourne, we may join with those story-books the true tale of "St. John Berchmans, S.J.: a sketch of his life and virtues" by the Rev. Frederick Jones, S.J. This very pretty little book would have been improved if the divisions of the subject could be seen along the headings of the pages and in a table of contents. It is a bright little book.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

BLANK HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

ON the Wednesday following Whitsuntide, while waiting for my train at a certain big noisy junction, I chanced to notice a middle-aged woman who sat next me on one of the benches on the platform with a child on her knee. A woman of the people, and very poor, as her hands told me before I had time to take in any other detail of the shabby figure. Have you ever noticed the hands of a poor working woman? It is not merely that they are hard and coarse, and red; the right fore-finger roughened with much sewing, the wrists distorted through lifting heavy weights, but a whole life-record is written there in those hundreds of lines which seam them across and across—the sea on a calm day is not more full of little dimpling ripples than are such hands of lines. The “horny” hands of our working brothers tell no such tale; these lines here, speak of a life-struggle as severe in its way as that of the bread-winners, and more wearing; of a thousand “shifts” and contrivances, of bodily exhaustion, of mental anxiety, of premature age—oh, poor patient hands of our toiling sisters, will ye not tell your story still even when ye are folded and at rest?

The face of my neighbour was commonplace enough, with no beauty in it except a pair of honest brown eyes; but the child on her knee was lovely as a little angel, his mother’s eyes recognizable under his delicate brows. In one hand he held a tiny wooden spade—a toy that might have cost a penny—with sand still clinging to it. These two had been “pleasuring” somewhere together, and were now—judging by the mournful, unexpectant look on their faces—on their way homewards. One could not help speculating a little as one watched them. How had this couple spent their

holiday? Did the mother possess friends or relations kind-hearted and charitable enough to invite them to the seaside, or had they just gone off, these two together, and spent it by themselves? The little child eagerly digging and prattling—no doubt he could prattle when he was happy—the mother sitting by his side, letting the warm, dry sand slip through her fingers, nodding and smiling when he looked up, putting in a word now and then, glad because he was so glad. They were silent enough now; there was no effusive baby-chatter between them, no allusions to “puff-puffs” and “gee-gees” accompanied by proud glances round to judge of the effect produced by the infant prodigy. The mother stared straight before her at who knows what visions of care and labour and difficulty; and the child turned over his little penny spade and thought doubtless of the sea, and the hot sands, and the lovely pebble-bedecked “pies” and “puddings” he had left behind. I noticed further that, though there was no sign of holiday finery about the woman, the boy’s dress had evidently been arranged with care, and here and there were to be seen pitiful attempts at adornment. A collar and a little neck-tie fashioned out of a scrap of coloured print, washed and “got-up” to a nicety; tiny boots polished till they shone again, though they gaped sadly at the toes; a bit of new gold braid sewn on the shabby cap. Poor mother! all these little contrivances had been planned in preparation for the holiday—and now the holiday was over!

Presently an excursion train disgorged its occupants on the platform; whole families of pleasure-seekers returning from the seaside. Tired fathers carrying babies, anxious mothers laden with baskets, children tramping along by the dozen; all weary, hot, and silent; the bright dresses crushed and soiled, the faces melancholy. Everyone, or nearly everyone, carried trophies of their outing; shell-boxes, brightly coloured baskets, buckets and spades, paper bags full of shrimps; some even held branches of hawthorn or laburnum. They were very quiet, poor people, and none of them wore the air of riotous festivity which is supposed to be characteristic of Bank Holiday folk—all were hurried, anxious, a trifle scared. It struck me all at once that even a Bank Holiday might have a pathetic side, not merely for the people who stay at home, or for the people who go out and do not enjoy it, or for those to whom over-indulgence on that day brings subsequent misery; but for those perfectly respectable people who enjoy

themselves in a perfectly legitimate way—and who find the grim realities of their work-a-day lives all the harder afterwards.

My train came up just then, packed to overflowing, and, as it was starting again, a party tumbled into the compartment in which I had secured a seat, and which chanced to be almost empty—a party which had been unable to find room in any of the third-class carriages. A young couple with two children, and another pair, evidently lovers. For the first few minutes the conversation turned on their good luck in finding places at all, on the “rush” they had had, and how “run” they had been; but after they had gasped a good deal, and polished their faces, and the ladies had loosened their wraps, and the men pushed their hats to the back of their heads, they began to feel better, and to talk over the excitements of the last few days with great animation. The band, the “niggers” on the beach, the drive in the waggonette, and the evening they went on the water; and what Mr. This said, and how funny Mrs. That looked, and the s’rimps and the beautiful oysters at a penny a-piece that someone had had last time, but that weren’t in season now—it quite did one good to hear the vigour with which they discussed these matters, and the evident satisfaction with which they looked back on them. “Here at least is a cheerful party!” thought I. But, when presently the younger couple got out, the husband and the wife looked at each other, and the same blank expression which I had before noticed in others of their kind, stole over their faces.

“Mr. So-and-so says this morning,” observed she, “‘If it’s your purse as is sending you back, that’s no reason,’ he says, ‘you can stay as long as you like.’”

“*Did* he?” responded the man with rather a rueful laugh. “It’s a pity he didn’t say it more distinct if he meant it.” Then, after a pause:—“We shan’t take any money till Saturday, you know.”

“I suppose not,” sighed she, and then silence fell between them. It evidently *was* their purse that was sending them home, and both were now probably thinking what a pity it was Mr. So-and-so had not spoken “more distinct.” Business slack, and the till empty because other folk, happier folk, were still away enjoying themselves—nothing to do at home, and, at the seaside, countless attractions.

The eldest child—a round-faced, sturdy two-year-old, created

a diversion by snatching off his crimson velveteen cap, and endeavouring with wicked energetic little fingers to pull off the tassel which adorned it.

"Nay, Georgie, don't," cried the woman, rousing herself at the sight. "Mother 'ill only have to sew it on again to-night when you're abed."

"Sit down, Georgie," put in the father irritably. "Sit down, and don't fidget so."

But Georgie wouldn't. No, he doubled and twisted, and clenched his chubby fists, and squealed, and at last having triumphantly gained his point, he stood on the seat behind his father and smiled angelically.

"It 'll be bed-time, I reckon, when we get in," observed the mother, with a half-hearted laugh across at her husband, but he was looking out of the window gloomily and did not reply. Presently, however, his glance wandered to her again, still gloomy and dissatisfied.

"You've got a very disreputable collar," he remarked, and she blushed quickly, and pulled up her cape, though she was already, as one could see, overcome with the heat. George, senior, was apparently something of a dandy in his way: his own clothes were neat and in good taste, and he probably liked to see his wife and children look nice too. The former, poor young thing, was pretty, if a trifle overblown, and perhaps too much taken up with babies and bundles to be able to keep herself invariably trim and smart. But she evidently felt her husband's disapprobation keenly: tears flashed into her eyes for a minute, and she looked at him deprecatingly; and then he made an effort to conquer his ill-humour, and began to talk to the baby, who rewarded him with little toothless smiles of entire confidence and affection.

But he presently relapsed into silence again, heedless of the blandishments of his youngest-born, and of the fact that Georgie junior was playfully beating a tattoo upon his hat. It was only when the train stopped that he roused himself.

"Is this Preston?" cried Georgie jubilantly. "Soon be 'ome now!"

"Yes, soon be home now," echoed the father; and out they got with all their bags and bundles and baskets; the wife screaming out injunctions about a certain perambulator, Georgie vigorously claiming his spade and bucket, and baby demonstrating to the

world at large that its lungs were in first-rate working order.

A dragged commonplace little family party, one out of the millions that make up our working population. Ordinary folk, coming back after their holiday to resume their ordinary occupations—what interest can there be found in such an episode? Surely there is interest to be found in every glimpse of real life.

The sublime and the ridiculous go hand in hand; the commonplace is sometimes akin to the pathetic. To me there is something touching in the thought of that melancholy little procession setting off homewards. Can one not see it? The mother trundling the perambulator, the father hung round with a miscellaneous collection of baggage, the children fractious—so they will tramp along over the cobble-stones till they reach the back-street where “home” is. The little shop looks desolate with all its shutters up; the house is shut-up too, and not quite so tidy as usual perhaps, because of the difficulty of getting everything “redd-up” before the early start on Saturday. Now there will be the fire to light and the tea to get ready, and the children to put to bed: and George senior dons his old coat and smokes his pipe in a corner, and wants to know if Mrs. George isn’t ever coming down to give him something to eat. And Mrs. George answers shrilly from the upper regions that it ’ud be all very well if a body had four pair of hands, and that George is just like a man. Altogether our Bank Holiday-makers are very blank holiday-makers, and I dare say, at this moment, are wondering if it would not be better if they never had a holiday at all. And yet in two days they will have forgotten all the disagreeable part of the business, and will remember only the pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. George will be all the fonder of each other (in spite of their little tired tiffs and jars) because of the outing which they have looked forward to and carried out together. When their friends “drop in” they will tell them all about it; and husband and wife will often laugh over their reminiscences, and they will nod mysteriously when Georgie asks if there will soon be another holiday; and bye-and-bye they will begin to plan where and how they will spend the next, and “much good may it do them!” say I in all sincerity.

M. E. FRANCIS.

POOLAPHUCA.

IN MEMORIAM J. M.—*August 26, 1869.*

DARK Poolaphuca; "goblin gorge!"
 For all thy leafy glory,
 To me thy brawling stream recalls
 A melancholy story,
 Of sad and tragic chance that fell
 Ere yet these locks were hoary.

Enamoured of thy charms, we strayed
 High o'er thy sounding billow,
 On dizzy cliffs, where struggling grew
 The mountain-ash and willow—
 Alas! *one* found beneath thy wave
 A bed with stony pillow.

The lithest he of all our band,
 The holiest 'mid the holy;
 So noble in all other eyes,
 Though in his own so lowly:
 In all of Nature's works he saw
 The God of Nature solely.

Perochance he roamed to speak with God,
 Or silently adore Him,
 And thus, with eyes in Heaven fixed,
 Saw not the gulf before him.
 Up soared his soul, his body sank—
 Thy waters dark closed o'er him.

O Poolaphuca! glen of woe!
 O fount of deepest sorrow!
 Whilst gazing on thy depths once more
 A sage's words I borrow:
How oft a merry evening brings
A sad and gloomy morrow!

D. G.

BUDS OF A BYGONE SPRING.

THE ninth instalment of "Anonymities Unveiled," in our June Number, dealt with the contributors to Duffy's Fireside Magazine, and it ended by promising to treat of one little item of the subject in a separate paper. The matter may be introduced by some remarks which would have been worded differently if they had not been written before the article in question. For instance, Father Michael Mullins is spoken of as if he had not been already introduced to our readers.

A small, closely written, yellow leaf has just come to me across thousands of miles of land and sea, all the way from the Golden Gate. By some chance it had traversed the same wide space on the voyage out, many years ago; and it was even then an old faded scrap of paper. As it has survived so long and travelled so far, our magazine cannot refuse it hospitality. It contains two sets of verses which have never been published. I received the first of them from the writer himself. He is dead many years, and I have often wished to speak of him as being naturally almost the most gifted man I have ever met, though even according to his opportunities he did not do full justice to his gifts. His name indeed has already been introduced to our readers, as far back as the closing pages of our first volume (December, 1873), for he died before the beginning of an enterprise in which he would have taken the keenest interest.

Here is his address to June, which I have never seen except in his handwriting and my own, but he may have printed it somewhere.

I sing thy beauties now,
 Month of the golden morn and sunny noon !
 For fairest of the sister-three art thou,
 O lovely, smiling June !

How gay this world of ours,
 When thou doest, all around, rich roses fling,
 And to the hill-side and the garden-bowers
 Blooms in profusion bring !

Now is the time for Hope !
 Now should the poet's dial tell the hours,
 Which marks the moments by the buds that ope
 Or folding of the flowers.

For those that seek her love
 Nature holds court in a gay-decked saloon.
 Where the rich tapestry is all inwove
 With leaves and flowers of June.

Sweet does the music come
 From zephyr's harp in the green branches stirred,
 The lay of glancing streams and insect hum,
 And song of summer-bird.

The morning sunlight abines,
 Robing in golden mist the laughing stream—
 Shedding a glory where the red rose twines
 And pearly dewdrops gleam.

The moonbeams pale and mild
 Look down upon the buds that folded sleep,
 Like a young mother watching o'er her child
 With love so pure and deep.

The joyous presence lends
 To every heart that droops its cheering boon :
 Oh ! blessed be the bounteous Hand that sends
 The leaves and flowers of June !

On the same narrow slip of paper which contains these lines the hand which is forming the present sentences transcribed, when nearly forty years younger, the following stanzas which are called "Retrospection." They are by the present writer who cannot at all events be accused of precipitancy in printing them, since he has kept them back for Horace's nine years taken five times over :

In the dim uncertain twilight
 That the close of evening brings,
 I sit in my lonely chamber
 And think of many things ;
 And they that are wide asunder,
 And scenes that are far away,
 And words that have long been spoken,
 And deeds of a bygone day,
 Troop thickly onward, rushing
 Through my half-bewildered brain,
 From Memory's crowded store-room
 Where they've long forgotten lain.
 My fancy leapeth backward
 Across some ten long years—
 Ten years of smiles and laughter,
 Flecked here and there with tears
 But Fancy leaps the chasm
 And alights on a well-known scene,
 Where in the days long bygone
 My childish steps have been.

'Tis a roomy, old-fashioned mansion
In a quiet country place,
And the whole starts up before me
With each well-remembered grace ;
And every nook and crevice
Of that dear old house doth rise,
As clearly before my vision
As if 'twere under my eyes.
The *sensy* substantial kitchen,
And the parlour warm and bright,
And the room where we played in the daytime
And the bed where we slept at night :
The queer old corners and crannies
In memory's sight arise,
And a twinge of sadness comes o'er me
That brings the tears to my eyes.
There lay a grassy meadow
The quaint green porch before,
And our fields, just half-a-dozen,
Stretched down to the fresh seashore.
'Twas indeed a pleasant homestead
And noisy as a hive,
And a father and a mother dwelt there,
And merry children five.
In that quiet, happy household
The days went merrily by—
Five innocent-hearted children
And the youngest of them I.
But ah ! those times are over—
Far, far back in the past :
Sad changes come o'er all things
Nothing but change doth last !

And so, in the solemn twilight
That the meek-eyed evening brings,
Here in my lonely chamber
I think of many things :
And many a curious question
I put unto my heart,
And many a childish memory
Maketh the quick tears start.
How fareth now that household ?—
Who dead, and who alive ?—
And where are the father and mother,
And where the children five ?
Ah ! first the kind, dear father
Was called to our Father's breast :
He was the first to leave us—
God grant his pure soul rest !
Then sought we another dwelling
And left that country-place :—

Our new life's peaceful current
 'Twere bootless now to trace.
 But where are the pleasant faces
 That lighted that quiet hearth?
 Ah! where are the cheerful voices
 That sang for very mirth?
 Two of them (souls so earnest)
 The clayey chords have riven
 That bound them to earthly homestead—
 No home for them but Heaven!
 And one brave soul hath entered:
 On the rude battle-field,
 Where the true heart still conquers
 That can a stout arm wield.
 In the fight may the good God guard him
 And bear him safely through!
 Go forth, 'tis the hour of battle—
 Stern work hast thou to do.

All these have fled our old hearthstone;
 I too am sitting here—
 And *thou* art left, sweet sister,
 Alone with our mother dear.
 It must at times be dreary,
 Alone where there used to be
 Such a merry-hearted circle
 With the merriest of them thee.
 Thy meek, firm will keeps under
 All restless thoughts, I know;
 Yet must thy heart ring sadly
 With echoes of long ago.
 But no, I fear not for thee,
 For I know thy nature well,
 And, whitherso'er thou goest,
 An angel there shall dwell.
 Thou could'st make of Lapland winter
 A springtime warm and bland—
 Ah no! I fear not for thee,
 Thou shalt reach the Better Land.
 But as thou journeyest onward
 To the sure and happy goal,
 Pray for a poor fond brother
 With a better heart than soul.

Small need is there to ponder
 On future or on past;
 Do each day's little duties,
 All will come right at last.
 And so in the thoughtful twilight
 That the sad, dim evening brings,
 I sit in my lonely chamber
 And think of many things:

And a quiet sadness steals o'er me
That withal can comfort give :
But no more of retrospection !
In the present let us live.

The past that then lay behind me seemed almost as long as the past that now lies behind me seems to me now. That "quiet sadness" referred to in the concluding lines vented itself about the same time in some lines which were distinctly labelled "Sadness," and which, like the foregoing, make their way for the first time into print :

Will you sit down beside me, sister,
And sing me some dear old rhyme?
It does my heart good to hear you
As I've heard you, ah ! many's the time.
It does my heart good to hear you,
And I'm lonely and sad to-day :
So come and sit down beside me
And sing all my sadness away.
And your little hand soft and tender,
Give it me here to hold.
I like to have you so near me,
For I'm very lonely and cold,
And over my heart there's a chillness—
I'm sad, sister dear, to-day :
So come and sit down beside me
And sing all my sadness away.
Don't sing me a merry ditty,
But choose some plaintive wee song,
Round which, like bees round the flowers,
The wistful memories throng.
Sing me some simple old ballad
That you've sung for me o'er and o'er ;
But better I like than any
The sad little " Kathleen O'More."
There is something about you, sister,
A holy, unselfish *feel*,
That can quiet the spirit's yearnings,
And, like grace, o'er the worn heart steal.
You wield a bright, gentle power
That the heart dares not gainsay :
So come and sit down beside me
And sing all my sadness away.

"The worn heart" forsooth ! And the fellow was just finishing his teens in most prosaic contentedness of mind, with robust appetite, oecumenical palate, and A 1 digestion ; and there was, therefore, nothing at all in real life to correspond with this

pensive picture. The young poet was quite right about "Kathleen O'More." George Nugent Reynolds did *not* write the "The Exile of Erin," but the argument against him that nothing of his own undoubted work is nearly so good is refuted by this pathetic little lyric.

But what has all this to say to "Eulalie?" For this present paper is supposed to be the fulfilment of a promise at the top of page 326. We may first hand over bodily to the printer "Duffy's Fireside Magazine, No. 38, December, 1853, price 4d," preserved separately for twice twenty golden years for the sake of the following rhymes entitled "A Woodland Ramble." The forest in question is only a wood, for dreamily before the young poet's eye flitted the trees that slope down to the water's edge, as you go from Rostrevor towards Killowen, perhaps turning off by the steep path that leads you up through the wood to the Big Stone:—if accompanied by a plethoric luncheon-basket, so much the better.

Where the forest trees stand in serried file
 For many a mile,
 'Twas there that my footsteps happened to stray
 Of a summer's day :
 And what there I saw, and heard, and thought,
 You may hear, if you please ; shut your ears, if not.
 I saw the big oaks lift their heads to the sky
 With port proud and high ;
 And I saw through the breaks in the leafy mass,
 As I lay on the grass,
 White armies of clouds troop across the blue,
 And stray patches of sunlight peeping through.
 And I saw in one place (and it pleased me well)
 A thick shady dell,
 Where a stream groped its way in the dark along,
 While its gurgling song
 Was half-choked by the tangled tree-roots rude :
 And these were the things that I *saw* in the wood.
 And the tittering laughter of leaves, too, I heard,
 By the light winds stirred ;
 And the hum of the stealthily-crawling rill
 Was moss-stifled and still ;
 And the birds sang the gleesomest songs they could,
 And that was all that I *heard* in the wood.
 And I thought how many light hearts and young
 Had, those woods among,
 Rambled like me, who were stricken low
 Long years ago,
 And who into dust have been crumbled long,
 While this forest-temple's yet stout and strong.

This old forest all green and high shall wave,
 When I'm in my grave,
 And the lowliest shrub at our feet may be
 Longer lived than we ;
 But Who made them all shall them all outlast,
 For man's but an atom, and God is the Vast.
 There ran through my head solemn thoughts like these,
 That day 'mong the trees ;
 Whilst glimpses of sun through the roof above
 Fell, like God's love,
 Brightening the oak-roots black and rude ;
 'Twas after this fashion I thought in the wood.
 So now, reader-dear ! I have given to you,
 In words plain and few,
 The best account that my dulness could
 Of my stroll in the wood,
 And of all that I there saw, heard, and thought :
 If you're pleased, give me thanks ; hold your tongue, if not.

Not is a bad rhyme for *thought*: and, if we had not given the original itself to our present printers, we should have been inclined, in copying the stanzas, to make the first run thus :—

Where the forest trees stand in serried file
 For many a mile,
 'Twas there that my footsteps chanced to stray
 One summer's day ;
 And all that I saw and heard and thought
 I'm going to tell you now, unsought.

And the last thus :—

And so for hours through the cool green shade
 Which the larches made,
 While the bees half drowned the brooklet's song
 As they buzzed along,—
 'Neath an awning of emerald and blue and gold,
 Plucking the cowslips and nuts, I strolled.

“Eulalie” is the signature to these verses. This signature, suggested evidently by one of Edgar Allan Poe's musical lyrics, never was seen before or since. There was an interval of fifteen years between the poet's first and second appearance in print, his second bit of verse being “The Story of the Sacred Heart” in *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, in August, 1868, since reprinted in a volume of eucharistic verses called “Emmanuel.” Eulalie's latest bit of prose is the present sentence.

M. R.

A LITTLE BOY AND A LITTLE GIRL.

I.

THE two children sat under the shade of a beech tree in the lawn one hot June afternoon. Johnnie was seven, Lillie nearly six years old. They were not brother and sister, nor in any way related, but they often played together, for only a thick hedge divided the gardens of their respective homes. Lillie was an only child, lonely as one child always is in a household of elder people ; whilst Johnnie was not much better off as regards companionship, having followed *longo intervallo* after a large family of brothers and sisters, some of whom were almost grown to man's or woman's estate when the little late-comer made his appearance in the world.

Johnnie was a commonplace-enough looking boy, with light brown hair, and pale, rather freckled face, of which the deep grey eyes constituted the only beauty. Lillie on the other hand was a regular little fairy maiden, all white and pink and gold. Her fair curls glittered like the aureole surrounding the head of a pictured saint, whenever a stray beam of sunlight glinting through the leaves fell on them ; long lashes shaded her blue eyes ; the softest hues of rosy colour were on her cheeks ; cherries were not redder than her lips nor pearls whiter than her teeth. She seemed altogether too bright and ethereal for this earth, and one half expected to see the blue ribbon bows which adorned the shoulders of her frock expand themselves into wings and bear her away over the sea to some fairy island of the Blessed. It must be confessed, however, that there was, at this moment, something rather mundane and even commonplace in Lillie's employment. She was eating strawberries, taking them daintily one by one from the basket beside her and putting them into her little red-lipped mouth. She showed no greedy nor unseemly hurry, but she worked away steadily, and the pile of fruit in the basket diminished fast under her efforts. Johnnie had eaten a dozen or more of the berries, and his face and his hands, the nails of which were in the deepest "court mourning," were smeared with their juice ; but he seemed in no haste to help himself to more, and sat looking up at the clouds which drifted across the blue summer sky, or down at the broad expanse of the sea in the distance.

"Won't you have some strawberries?" said the little lady at length, condescendingly, as she pushed towards him the basket, in which a few rather damp and "jammy" specimens of the fruit still remained reposing on a cabbage leaf in the midst of the *débris* of the feast. Johnnie accepted the invitation and eat one or two without remark, then he returned to his consideration of the clouds. "What a funny cloud that is!" he said, pointing to a great white one just above their heads. "It is like a big bird; wouldn't it be nice to be up there on its back, Lillie?"

"It *isn't* a bird though, and it wouldn't be nice to be up there; we might fall and be killed," said Lillie, with an air of superior wisdom; and jumping up she prepared, now that the strawberries were all finished, to search for some new amusement. "Come into the house, Johnnie," she commanded, "we'll play with the old doll's house."

"Oh stay here, can't you stay here, Lillie?" he objected. "Why do you want to go in? I wish we could stay out in the garden always."

"Where should we sleep, you silly boy?"

Johnnie had not thought of that; it would certainly be unpleasant to exchange his comfortable bed for the cold grass, and besides, now that he remembered it, there was no light at night, so one could not see anything, and might as well be within doors. As a member of the superior sex, however, he did not like to confess himself worsted, so he changed the subject. "Aren't these grand red geraniums that James has put in the centre bed there? And aren't the roses fine, the white ones and the pink? Just look at them."

The remark turned the little girl's ideas in a new direction. "I want a rose," she cried, and ran over towards a clump of damask-rose bushes, Johnnie following her at a slower pace. "Get me that one, the big red one there," she said. Johnnie hesitated; he knew that to pluck the roses was strictly forbidden and that he should certainly be severely scolded, perhaps punished too, if he were found to have broken the law. But then Lillie wanted the flower; she wanted it very much, apparently, for he saw that, observing his hesitation, she had begun to pout and was indeed on the verge of tears. This was more than Johnnie could bear. He plucked the rose, scratching his finger badly in the process, and gave it to Lillie, who immediately was all smiles, kissed him and

called him "a good boy," tied her own handkerchief round the wounded finger, and trotted off delighted with her new acquisition. A few minutes after, however, she forgot all about it; and the next morning Johnnie, who had meanwhile confessed and taken his scolding manfully, found the withered rose lying neglected on a garden bench.

II.

Seven years had passed away, and Johnnie was a big schoolboy; while Lillie had grown into a tall young lady, who learned music and French and drawing, and all manner of "accomplishments," and had already begun to think of the time when she should be "finished," and might turn up her hair and wear long dresses.

It was her thirteenth birthday, and Johnnie had called to congratulate her on the occasion. He had prepared a little surprise for her; a surprise to the planning and carrying out of which he had devoted many of the hours supposed to be consecrated to the acquisition of Latin and Greek. It was nothing less than a birthday ode; an ambitious affair as regarded its form, which was allegorical and modelled on Spenser; and also as regarded its length, for it boasted of forty-six stanzas; but here and there somewhat weak in respect of metre and dealing more freely than accurately with classical imagery and mythological allusions. Johnnie had written it out on sheets of pink note paper with infinite trouble, diligently looking in the dictionary for all words of the spelling of which he was in the least doubtful. He had been obliged to reject several versions, owing to the orthographical errors which had somehow crept into them, or on account of blots; at length, however, he had succeeded in producing a satisfactory copy, with neat double lines dividing the verses and the title executed in Gothic letters on the top. These letters were rather irregular, having been traced from the head-lines of a copy-book (a fact which he did not intend to mention to Lillie), but that was a matter of minor importance. One of his sisters wrote Gothic very well, but in order to obtain her assistance, he would have had to reveal to her the history of the ode—and Nelly could not keep a secret. His cheeks glowed as he recalled a certain unpleasant episode connected with a little poem of his, inadvertently forgotten one day on his dressing-table. He would beg Lillie not

to say anything about the ode for the present, except to her particular friend, May Franks! there was no use in expecting that she would not tell May. And yet it seemed a pity too; the ode looked so grand, so poetical, now that it was written out neatly; he only wished that he could afford to have it printed; it would be splendid in print; well, perhaps some day, when he was a man, and people, even his brother Dick, wouldn't venture to laugh at him, he would get it printed and show it to everyone. They would hardly believe that he had written it; he hardly believed it himself now when he read it through, smacking his lips over it, as it were. Well, at any rate Lillie would be pleased when he read it to her; she would know that he had not forgotten her, now that he was a big boy at a boarding school. There was no one like Lillie; if *she* heard his poem and praised it, it didn't matter about anyone else. He would wait till they were alone before he said anything regarding it; for Lillie's mother was curious and would insist on knowing all about the subject if she once had got the slightest inkling of it.

So Johnnie, with the manuscript carefully folded up in his jacket pocket, made his appearance early in the afternoon, and in due form wished Lillie a happy birthday, and inspected the presents which she had received. During luncheon he was rather abstracted, and only half listened to the details which Lillie was giving him regarding the juvenile party that evening and the dress she was to wear at it. At length the longed-for moment came; the elders departed, and Lillie proposed that they should take their grapes out to the summer-house. They were soon seated side by side, free from all fear of intruders, and then, in a rather hesitating voice, Johnnie began: "I've written a little poem for you, Lillie, for your birthday."

"A poem, Johnnie, have you? Did you make it up yourself? What is it about?" cried Lillie, all in one breath.

"It's an ode," said the young author proudly.

"An ode! What's that?"

"Oh, an ode is ——" and here Johnnie paused, having suddenly become conscious that he himself was not very clear on this point. "It's a sort of a poem written to a person, or about something, you know."

"Oh! is it? Well, please let me see your ode. Show it to me."

"I'll read it to you," said Johnnie, carefully drawing the precious

work from his pocket, and unfolding it. The reading began, and the little lady listened with attention to the first few verses. One or two allusions to golden lilies pleased her, and she even asked an explanation of a classical reference. But after a short time she became rather restless, there were no more lilies, and mythological personages crowded in thick and fast. At length she ventured to remark : " It's very long, Johnnie."

" Yes, it took me ever so much time to write, and I spent all yesterday afternoon copying it out," said the poet, all unconscious of the drift of her observation, and turning over another leaf of his manuscript. Just at this critical moment, a servant-maid appeared at the end of the garden and called out, " Miss Lillie, your new dress has come home."

" My new dress! Oh, I must go and see it. Where is it, Jane?" —and the little girl jumped up and ran towards the house. When she had gone a few steps, however, she suddenly remembered her friend and turned back. " Your poem is very nice, Johnnie. Won't you come over to-morrow evening and read me the rest of it?" she said, and without waiting for a reply, she ran up the pathway and into the house.

Johnnie sat for a few minutes where she had left him. All the brightness appeared to have gone out of the sunshine; almost out of the world, it seemed to him for the moment. Lillie was unkind; she did not care for him. His ode, his precious ode, was as nothing in her eyes as compared with a new frock. And she had asked him to come back to read the rest of it to her to-morrow. She did not even remember that he was going back to school to-morrow, and that she would not see him again till Christmas. But, of course, that was nothing to her; *she* didn't mind if she never saw him again. *She* didn't want to hear the rest of the ode; probably she had not cared for the part which she heard; possibly not even understood it. Oh, this was worse even than the day that Dick had read his poem on Spring to the assembled family after dinner, in a voice of mock solemnity. He would never write poetry any more. What was the good of it? The tears stood in the boy's eyes, and one or two even rolled down his cheeks; but he choked them back angrily, and crushing the unfortunate ode in his hand, threw it on the ground. But a moment after, pride, the pride of authorship, came to his aid; he picked up the crumpled sheets of paper, smoothed them out almost tenderly, and restored

them to his pocket. Then, taking his cap, he made his way home and sought refuge in his own room.

"She is horrid. I won't go to her old party. What do I want dancing with a parcel of silly girls? I'll run down to see Charley and have a game of cricket with him instead."

Such were his first reflections and resolutions; but boys, like men and women, are but weak creatures, and liable to alteration. By-and-bye his mood changed. "She's only a girl; she can't help it," he reflected, "she didn't mean to vex me, and she'll be angry and disappointed if I stay away from the party. Perhaps she won't come to say good-bye to-morrow."

So it happened that Johnnie's cricket-bat was not used that evening, and that he went to the party, and danced with the "parcel of silly girls," and pulled crackers with the young hostess, and was her partner in the concluding "Sir Roger," and promised faithfully not to forget her whilst he was at school. If now and then an unpleasant recollection of her want of appreciation of the ode came to his mind, he put it resolutely from him, making the excuse for her which he had made before: "She's only a girl, she can't help it."

III.

It was an evening in early Autumn. Outside, the trees were just beginning to shed their golden-brown leaves. Already the chill of coming winter was in the air, and a small but bright fire burned on the hearth of the comfortably furnished library. Lillie, now a matron of some years' standing, reclined in an arm-chair facing the window, her rich and tasteful dress setting off a beauty which had fully realized the promise of her childhood. Her husband, the Johnnie of long ago, was reading to her some of his poems; poems not written out on pink notepaper as the famous birthday ode had been, but printed in a handsome morocco-bound volume, with gilt-edged leaves, and with many favourable press notices of "works by the same author," added at the end.

Suddenly Lillie broke in with an exclamation, as she saw a messenger with a band-box ascending the hall-door steps. "It is my new bonnet," she cried. "I do hope it will be right this time, and that I shan't have to send it back to them again. I wonder how it looks with the ivy in it." She had risen to her feet as she spoke; but with wonderful self-control she sat down again. "Oh,

I beg your pardon, John," she said, apologetically. "Please go on reading, I heard every word. You mustn't think that I wasn't listening."

"No, Lillie, go and see the new bonnet now. I can finish the poem another time," answered her husband. And, as with apparent, too apparent relief, his wife accepted the suggestion and hastened to meet the servant coming into the room with the parcel, John turned away to conceal a half melancholy smile, saying in his heart much what he had said long ago—"Poor little woman, she can't help it." Then he added aloud in cheerful tones: "Come, Lil, try on the bonnet, and let me see how it becomes you."

MARY HAYDEN.

A DEDICATION.

WHAT shall I do, my country, for thy sake?
Thou emerald gem on Europe's outstretched hand,
That sends to fair Columbia's sister-strand
A wave of recognition—shall I break
A sword in thy defence? or lightly wake
The silence of thy shrines, that stud the land
Like broken altar-lamps, at thy command,
With music soft as moonlight on a lake?
I lack the sinews of the errant knight
Armed cap-a-pie, before whose trusty blade
A score of foemen in the dust are laid,
Nor can I strike the silver chords with might;
But mine it is to murmur in the shade,
Like thine own shamrock trodden out of sight.

T. H. W

RHYTHM AND RHYME.

“OH! an article on poetry, I suppose!” I imagine I hear one of my readers say. Now it seems to be a custom with many writers to choose titles of an ambitious kind, sometimes alliterative, but at any rate poetical and attractive, not with an intention of revealing or describing, but rather of hiding in enigmatic form the real subject they wish to talk about. For this conundrum fashion of announcing a subject, Mr. Ruskin with his *Sesame and Lilies* and *Crowns of Wild Olive* is largely responsible. But I beg to be taken quite literally. I am not insensible to the alliterative beauty of the title I have chosen; nevertheless I do not care for riddles, and simply mean by it that I am going to make a few remarks about rhythm, and a few more remarks about rhyme. This will give me quite range enough to ramble in, without plunging into the boundless space which Poesy rules as her domain.

I distinctly state that I want to ramble; this is not going to be a classified and codified scientific abstract of all that is knowable or imaginable in the grammarian territory of Prosody. I will not inflict upon my readers a complete account of anapaest and dactyl, of amphibrach and palimbacchius, of hexameters and tetrameters, brachycatalectic or otherwise; nor shall I enter into the mysteries of the *cæsura*. Excellent things in their way, no doubt; just as are the monstrosities of botanical nomenclature. But to enjoy the flowers of the field we need only an eye for their beauty, a nose for their fragrance, and a mind for their hidden meaning, and, having these, we may pick a posy with rich enjoyment without troubling the botanist to bring along his scalpel and lens. So in the meadows of music and verse we may ramble, not only the scientific verse-makers and verse-critics amongst us, but all who have an ear for the rhythms of sound, an eye for the rhythms of sight, a sense for the universal rhythmic movement of Nature within us and without.

For let us remember, what is sometimes forgotten, that poetry in language and music in sound are not the only expressions of rhythm. Rhythm is universal and unceasing. From the centre of our globe to the uttermost limits of the region of the stars, every atom of the universe is alive with movements of regular recurrence.

The vibration of a solar system occupies myriads of centuries, the vibration of a planet is measured by years, of a satellite by days, of the heart of man by seconds, of a wave of sound by hundredths of a second, of a ray of light by millionths of a second, of a chemical change by units that carry us as far into the realms the infinitely small as the stellar vibration carried us into the realms of the infinitely great. The ancients were not doting when they speculated on the music of the spheres. Never was there a nation so possessed with the sense of universal rhythm as the Greeks, and their philosophers wrote for men who had ears of soul as well as ears of body, and the music and harmony they spoke of, not only when they spoke of the music of the spheres, but always, embraced far more than that material music which the brutes hear as well as ourselves. This music of the spheres was translated (if I may say so) into English by Milton in perhaps the noblest flight of lyric poetry in the language. A Greek would have expressed it with greater faith, but could not have done so with greater beauty:—

“ Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven’s deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.”

It is no wonder then, if Nature be thus all involved in harmony from the orbit of a star to the vibration of a molecule, I say it is no wonder that we, standing midway between Nature’s immensities, should be essentially creatures of rhythm. The very life within us is measured by the pulsation of our heart’s blood, whose music only ceases when we die. This, Longfellow has sung in a well-known verse which I used to admire very much when I was a boy, though I have somewhat outgrown the admiration now:—

“ Art is long and time is fleeting.
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”

Funeral marches ! I cannot of course answer for other people, but when I listen to the beating of my own heart, it tells me a wholly different tale. Its measures are as a rule marked *allegro*, some-

times *moderato*, sometimes *maestoso*, sometimes even *allegretto*, and, if ever they are *andante*, it is *andante con amore*. In other words, it seems to me that the heart beats in accord with all the varied feelings of human life, love, joy, hope, happiness, sympathy, and all: and the one thing it refuses to beat is the funeral march, for even if it thinks of the grave its music tells of something beyond, and we find ourselves singing the songs of Sion, though in a strange land.

Thus it comes to pass, through this essentially rhythmic and harmonic nature of ours, that every kind of pain and evil can be expressed as a sort of discord, and every kind of happiness as a sort of harmony. So much so, that if I were asked to give definitions of heaven and hell, not theological but merely from the point of view of human nature, I could not do better than say that Heaven is a condition in which every energy of the soul and every fibre of the body is attuned to harmony with the life divine, and Hell is a condition in which all our energies are jarred into perpetual discord. And as to this mingled life of ours on earth, where pains and happiness are so inextricably intertwined, we can find an image of it in the vocal and instrumental music wherein we delight, in which discord has its legitimate part, and in which some of even the sweetest effects are caused by partial discord being resolved into final harmony.

On the same principle too, by grace of the nature granted to us, we instinctively hate monotony and love change. Rhythm is not merely periodic motion: it is something better than the tick-tack of a machine: it is periodic recurrence amid infinite variety; it must be either life itself or a semblance of life. And herein too our Mother Nature spoils her children; in trees and rocks and mountains and streams the type perpetually recurs, but sameness never; not even two leaves have ever been made accurately to coincide. Now this infinite variation of Nature is rhythmic because it proceeds under unbroken laws. Just try to put down on paper at random a tree, or a rock, or the outline of a mountain range or a waterfall, and you will not succeed,—not unless you are a consummate artist, not unless all the wayward rhythms of Nature have entered into your very soul and been communicated to your finger-ends. Therefore, when leaving the works of Nature, you come to works of Art, you will find the same visible rhythm ever present—every picture is in its ground-work a

rhythmic interweaving of light and shade, while the colours themselves have their harmonies and discords. What is the moving cause of all the projecting and receding forms in Architecture? Simply this same desire to gratify the eye by pleasing alternation of lights and shadows.

So far do we carry this natural poetry in matters of sound, that we actually put rhythm into sounds that can hardly be said to have it of themselves. What can be more unpromising than the jog-jog of a railway train? and yet who has not found this jerking, jarring, growling noise repeating to him words even the most beautiful, or singing tunes to him in his mind? That the rhythm is in the mind and not in objective reality can be tested any day; sit down before a ticking clock, and you can make that clock lay the emphasis wherever you like, changing from three time to four time just as it pleases you. Did not a lad once hear the bells say, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London?" And was there ever a boy or a girl to whom the bells have had nothing to say? Spenser, that poet of the poets, was full of this rhythmic life of Nature, and tells us in his earliest poems that one of his lays "he tuned it unto the water's fall." Grétry also, a writer on metrical subjects, pokes fun at himself for having while a child danced to the pulsations of a waterfall; here, however, I am not sure that the rhythm is altogether imaginary, though Coventry Patmore quotes it as an instance; for I find that St. Augustine in one of his charming early philosophical works (*De Ordine*), begins an inquiry into the Order, or as I might almost translate it, the Rhythm of the Universe, by asking why the little streamlet running outside his bedroom window varied its tone periodically as it babbled along. If it is childish to put this rhythm into Nature, or to find it there, it is a childishness which the poet cannot be without. No one can be a poet who has to hammer out his metres with his fingers; his whole being must dance rhythmically within him in time and in tune with the wondrous world around him. So we find Spenser faithful to his principle all his days; what he said at the beginning of the *Shepherd's Calendar* he says again more emphatically at the end of the *Faery Queen*, in these surpassingly lovely lines:—

"Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:

Right hard it was for wight which did it hear
'T'o read what manner music that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony :
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
The angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To the instruments divine response meet ;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the bass murmur of the water's fall ;
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

Before I pass from the consideration of rhythm as taught us audibly and visibly by Dame Nature herself, and by her imitator Art, I must not omit to cast a glance at Rhythm's younger sister, Rhyme, whom I am keeping too long in the cold. Although whole literatures have been able, nay have preferred, to do without Rhyme, yet in its various forms it has so taken hold of human life that it must find its principles deep down in our nature, as well as broadly imprinted on the world around. Now the bond of affinity between Rhythm and Rhyme is the repetition or recurrence of the period; we love to have these recurrences specially emphasized or marked, whether to the eye or to the ear—not everyone of course, or we should have monotony, but one here and there in various modes; and one of the most fertile expedients for this marking of groups of recurrences in poetry is found in what we call rhyme. This principle in Nature, Emerson has beautifully pointed out: "Everyone may see as he rides on the highway through an uninteresting landscape, how a little water instantly relieves the monotony, no matter what objects are near it—a grey rock, a grass patch, an alder bush, or a stake—they become beautiful by being reflected. It is rhyme to the eye, and explains the charm of rhyme to the ear." What Nature thus does for us, we do for ourselves in the Art of Design; every pattern is a set of visible rhymes. Take the toy kaleidoscope: you throw in bits of glass, pebbles, anything you like, and multiform reflection turns them all into things of beauty. Every twist of the tube gives you a new stanza of eye-poetry. Hence rhyme comes to have a charm for its own sake alone. The story is told of Sir Thomas More, that one day an unfortunate author brought him a book he had written,

for criticism. Sir Thomas read it over, and then gravely advised the author to turn it into poetry; after a while the verses were produced, and Sir Thomas said, "Marry, this is somewhat—this is rhyme; the other was neither rhyme nor reason."

However, let me go on with Rhythm. If our physical life, and our perceptions of Nature, are rhythmical, no less so are our actions. Take walking, for instance: or talking, for another instance. Walking and talking are as parallel in reality as the words are in sound. We walk naturally with regularly recurring step after step, and it is not without reason that our metrical intervals in poetry are called feet. That our poetic feet or steps are so short is, I suppose, largely due to the fact that we are bipeds. Had we been rational centipedes, in all probability we should have had musical and poetical measures to match the complexity of our steps. But notice the parallelism:—our ordinary walk corresponds to our ordinary talk; there is a certain free-and-easiness about both; but it is possible to do both with grace and dignity, or on the other hand with slovenliness or awkwardness. Again, sometimes men are trained to walk in a special manner for special purposes—*e.g.*, soldiers are drilled to march. So, talking is sometimes confined within certain limits, falls under certain rules, dwells upon loftier subjects, and becomes oratory or eloquence. Eloquence is the martial tread of language. Or again, *motion* takes upon itself the greater freedom combined with stricter rule of art, expresses itself in rhythm more definitely marked, or rather by means of such rhythm expresses various emotions for their own sake—and we have the much-abused poetry of motion, which we call *dancing*. Or, keeping up the parallelism even in words, *language* takes upon itself the greater freedom combined with stricter rule of art, expresses itself in rhythm more definitely marked, or rather by means of such rhythm expresses various emotions for their own sake—and we have the dancing of language which we call *poetry*.

From all that has been said hitherto, it will be evident how close the alliance is between literature and music. One could almost wish that the name of literature were not taken, as it is, from letters, which being written appeal only to the eye—but rather from sound; that it were still possible, as it was to Herodotus, for even a prose-writer to name his books after the Muses. People sometimes laugh at the orator of old, who used to

have a slave behind him with a flute to pitch the note on which he was to commence his oration. But believe me it is better not to laugh at the Greeks over any matter of art-perception: to them we should appear duller than the Boeotians. Here is an instance of their sense of rhythm. The fleet of Antiochus the Illustrious is approaching the harbour of Joppa: it is a bright day, hardly a ripple on the waves. The royal fleet cleaves the waters in a perfect form of a crescent: the ship of Antiochus himself, with silken ropes and purple sails and gilded prow, a very dream of beauty, leads the way in the middle of the circumference; not only do all the ships keep their respective positions, but all the thousands of oars (three banks of them in every ship) flash in the sunlight together and give a living aspect to the whole. How is it done? When they come nearer, we see standing one very prow a flute-player, and at the prow of the royal ship a conductor on whom all the flute-players' eyes are fixed. Thus by the power of musical rhythm, one man beating with a baton moves a whole fleet as if it were a single boat. Could the poetry of motion be more perfect?

The tendency now-a-days is to divorce the two elements. In reality we ought to have no poetry or eloquence that is not itself musical, and we ought to have no music that is not itself expressive. What a miserable thing that such a barbarity as "Not for Joe" could ever have been popular, even with the vulgar—its rhythm jerky, its accents misplaced, its rhyme false, its meaning naught. In reality, the natural use of the human voice is full of music: I do not mean merely that of singers when they sing, but if one even talks near a musical instrument its chords will vibrate in response: and science has tested the fact and found that every vowel we pronounce has its own set of harmonies. The birds notice it if we do not: I can make my little canary sing much more readily by reading to him than by whistling. When I whistle, he cocks his little eye at me with a dubious air, as much as to say, "It's a poor attempt at a bird *you* make anyhow," but when I read, he at once recognizes my superiority and chimes in. Perfect reading then will recognize this fact and will give to every sentence its right rhythm and its right tune. The tune is of course matter of instinct, but the rhythm can be learnt, the main secret being to separate the accents by approximately equal intervals of time, liberally using pauses where necessary.

The only music I know of which is deliberately based on principles of prose-rhythm and on the natural speaking voice is the little-known and much-misunderstood music of the Church, Gregorian. Largely because it is adapted to the rhythm of the Latin language, and also because its variety of scale (with the varied æsthetic effects thence derivable) is ignored in modern music, Gregorian is now caviare to the general. Nevertheless the greatest musicians still find in it much to learn, and its scientific basis is as beautiful and as true as it is simple. I would, however, point out that this wedding of reading to song is not altogether forgotten. I venture to say that some of the loveliest and most familiar airs are nothing else than the cadences of speech slightly transformed. Take the air, "O rest in the Lord," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, or more striking still, that most pathetic air, "He was despised," from the *Messiah*, written (by a master-stroke of genius) in a major key, and you will find that the music is nothing more than a glorified form of reading. Again, was there ever such a reading of the description of the creation of light as we find in Haydn's great oratorio—"And God said, Let there be light, and there was *light*." The magnificent outbreak of tremulous harmony on the last word thrills through me every time I think of it. What a contrast to the ordinary (and wrong) way of reading it: "And God said, Let there *be* light, and there *was* light."

If then the reading of every sentence may be a strain of music, it is evident how wide is the range of possible beauty in literature, both poetry and prose, for every sentence must be written so that it *may* be read into music. We all know how the ear is satisfied when the sense and the rhythm come to a fitting close together. Both sentences and speeches have their proper rhythmic close, and it is a speaker's duty to see beforehand that his meaning shall correspond. When people talk nonsense, or when preachers preach too long, half the times it is because they are feeling after this rhythm and not finding it. Either the sense comes to an end before the rhythm and then they fill up with nonsense; or the rhythm comes to an end before the sense, and then they have to begin again and the audience get tired.

Many of our writers, some even of our minor ones, are remarkable for the exquisite musical cadence of their prose. Indeed sometimes it is hard to difference it from poetry. I do

not mean that it has a poetic rhythm, for that is not a beauty in prose. When we come across such a line as this in the authorised version of Scripture: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." We have to say that it is deliberately and consciously poetry, and very sweet poetry too; technically it is an iambic tetrameter brachycatalectic (according to Coventry Patmore). In the semi-poetic passage in which it occurs it is a beauty. But I speak here of pure prose. Take for instance the following passage from Sir Thomas Browne. He is speaking of the Pyramids of Egypt:

"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a Sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller as he paceth through those deserts asketh of her, Who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."

This was written in that golden time when the sweet possibilities of our mother tongue had caught the ear and haunted the imagination of English folk, when, as it has been nicely said, England became a forest of singing birds.

In later centuries we have taken to writing more simply. The old style was carried to its furthest limits in the occasionally magnificent periods of Milton, stiff with barbaric splendour. Who for instance would now venture upon the tremendous rhythm of this sentence?—

"Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, someone may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measure to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness and casting far from her the rags of her whole vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day when thou, the eternal and shortly expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy

through heaven and earth ; where they undoubtedly, that by their labours, counsels, and prayers have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders of the blessed the regal addition of principalities, legions and thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp hands with joy and bliss in overmeasure for ever."

More pleasing to us now are the simple and homely rhythms which are found in their perfection in the essays of Addison. But I cannot go on quoting for ever, and will but say that we may be thankful that the possibilities of our language are far from being exhausted. There are passages from our contemporaries, Ruskin and Newman, which may stand by the side of anything else in English or any other tongue, and not be ashamed. Indeed, the power of rhythm is becoming more common ; the average level of our prose is higher now than at any previous period, and we may take it as an axiom that wherever thousands are doing a thing well, sooner or later one or more will come to do it supremely well. Even in our minor writers we get perfect gems of rhythmical excellence. Let me instance a favourite writer, Mrs. Ewing, whose stories constitute one of the most wholesome supplies of mental food for children of all ages, among whom I reckon myself one. Take this from one of her old-fashioned Fairy Tales: " Now, when the sun shone, this Neck rose up and sat upon the waves and played upon his harp. And he played so sweetly that the winds stayed to listen to him, and the sun lingered in his setting, and the moon rose before her time." Here, too, is a picture: " the daughter of the house, a girl with a face like a summer's day, and hair like a ripe corn field, rippling in the sun." Or again, towards the close of that charming story *From Six to Sixteen*, where the young heroine has to leave a lively English home to take up her new duties with her great-grand parents, who were French of the French, with all the stateliness of the *ancien régime*.

" And so (she says) I lived the life of my great-grand-parents, which was as if science made no strides and men no struggles ; as if nothing were to be done with the days but to wear them through in all patient goodness, loyal to a long-fallen dynasty, regretful of some ancient virtues and courtesies, tender

towards past beauties and passions, and patient of succeeding sunsets, till this aged world should crumble to its close."

Exit Clio, and whatever other Muse of prose there may be: Terpsichore and Urania have already gone: enter the other six, Euterpe, Polyhymnia, and their sisters. Enter with them the modern Muse of Rhyme. But what shall we do with the stores of wealth they bring? I can but snatch a blossom or two and offer, not a posy of poetry, but the merest button-hole of it.

What is the use of Rhyme in verse? and why did not Latin and Greek use it? Let us see. Poetry undertakes to depict all things in a medium of emotion, and to express that emotion with greater freedom. Now it is necessary that this exaltation and spiritual freedom of language should have a counterpoise. The exaltation must not become madness, and the freedom must not degenerate into license. Hence, poetry, like every other art, which must have a body as well as a soul, enters voluntarily into bonds. Obedience to law, in this as in the rest of life, is man's highest freedom. Some artificial law must therefore be adopted which shall bind and strengthen and limit and emphasize rhythms and their proportions. The ancient Greeks managed this by weaving together in ever varying pattern four different elements, (1) accent, (2) length of syllable, (3) cæsural pause, and (4) emphasis. Their ear for rhythm was so acute that they did not want to be told where the bars were closed, as it were; so that if two lines rhymed by accident they looked upon it as a jingle of monotony. In a somewhat similar way, I have heard that some of the Jews used to be able to recognize any verse of the Bible by the accents alone; they knew the rhythm. Our modern languages, which have practically identified accent and length of syllable, would have only three elements to weave together: therefore, to restore the proportion, some form of rhyme is introduced, its function being to mark off rhythms and to create stanzas. The Anglo-Saxon form of rhyme was at the beginning of a word and only consonantal. Their line consisted of two halves with a strong pause between them, and two accented syllables in each half; their great point was to show the position of the pause—a very necessary thing in languages like ours which have so many monosyllables—hence the two accents, one on each side of the pause, were alliterated, and as a rule also the first accent in the first half; rarely were all four accents alliterated, as in the first

one of the following passage. It is the beginning of the Prologue of *Piers the Ploughman*, and will be sufficient to show the function of alliterative rhyme:—

“ In a summer season when soft was the sun,
I shoop me into a shroud a sheep as I were :
In habit of a hermit unholy of works,
Went I wide in this world wonders to hear.”

There are great possibilities of beauty in this metre, and I should not be at all surprised to see it revived. Indeed I think William Morris has written a poem in it. Certainly the Anglo-Saxons, who knew the use of end-rhyme, preferred this deliberately as being better suited to so consonantal language as theirs. Although, however, we no longer use it, yet we have inherited from it a fondness for alliteration in conjunction with rhyme; all our poets show this—none more sweetly than Spenser.

If anyone writing in English wants to do without rhyme, he must make up for it in some other way, or he will fail. Hence blank verse is the hardest to write poetry in, simply because it seems so easy. Anyone can write prose with only one short syllable between two accented ones, and cut it up into lengths, and call it verse: in an examination a candidate once gave me as his definition of blank verse, “it is just simply prose printed with a capital letter here and there,”—a very good description of a good deal of the stuff. But pick up any lines of Shakespeare and see how subtly he disposes his accents.

OBERON—“ My gentle Puck, come hither : thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK—I remember.

OBERON—That very time I saw (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west ;
And loosed its love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.”

We do not want rhyme there, because there is something else instead of it. Hardly one of those lines will go right if we strum them on our fingers—Shakespeare was no finger poet—indeed I think that not two of those lines have the same rhythm, though they seem to have. So it is possible to do without rhyme—if one is a great poet; not otherwise.

But if we want stanzas, then it may be said that rhyme is essential. Tennyson's song, *Tears, idle tears*, and Collins' *Ode to Evening*, are the only two well-known sets of rhymeless stanzas in English. Here then a wide region of invention has been open to poets. Many have identified particular stanzas with their own name, as for instance Tennyson's metre of the *In Memoriam* with his pleasing inversion of rhyme:—

“ Thy voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.”

Again, Burns' quaint little metre, which can 'be wise or witty, gay or pathetic, just as he pleases. Could there be anything more mischievous than the first verse, or more sad than the second, of the two that I quote from the *Epitaph* evidently intended for himself?—

“ Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to smool?
Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name.”

But of all creations of Rhyme, the noblest is the Sonnet, whose praises THE IRISH MONTHLY has so often sung. It is every poet's ambition to write a good sonnet before he dies. Without going into the technical construction of what a sonnet should be, we may say that it seems to have been found by the

universal experience of the poet-world to be the proper length for one thought. In those fourteen lines one thought, and only one, can with proper freedom and fullness of expression rise to its climax and sink to its close. There is a quasi-legend about the birth of this wonderfully perfect solitary stanza. "Upon a day Apollo met the nine muses and the three Graces in sweet sport mixed with earnest. Memory, the grave and noble mother of the Muses, was there likewise. Each of the fourteen spoke a line of verse. Apollo began; then each of the nine Muses sang her part; then the three Graces warbled each in turn; and finally a low, sweet strain from Memory made a harmonious close. This was the first Sonnet, and, mindful of its origin, all the poets take care to bid Apollo strike the key-note for them when they compose one, and to let Memory compress the pith and marrow of the Sonnet into its last line."

One of the finest Sonnets, called by Coleridge "the most grandly conceived in the English language," was written (strange to say) by a man who wrote nothing else of value, Blanco White. It will be observed that it is the conception, not the workmanship that Coleridge praises so highly; there are several faults in it, but the thought is so beautiful that it ennobles the whole.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind.
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

So much then, or rather so little, about the poetry of the past. What about the poetry of the future? Some people say that the era of Science is crushing out the poetic spirit. I do not believe it for a moment. It is true that the 19th century has been an era

of Science—but what has Science done? It has given us a fuller, wider, and deeper knowledge of the Rhythm of the Universe. We have good reason in these days, which are days of striving after Art as well as striving after Science, to hope that some man will arise in whom all these strivings will issue in success. Listen to these lines—they were not possible three hundred years ago—they are but a throb of the enlarged sense of universal rhythm; yet people say that George Eliot who wrote them was no poet. What then will the true poet be able to do when he does come? Since the lines express, as well as illustrate, my thought, I close with them, so as to be sure to get the right rhythm at the end :

“ Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one :
Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night
We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind,
Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs,”

F. C. KOLBE.

THE FOLLOWER.

I AM not a poet ; my dearest one sees.
 And I strain my dull eyes ;
 What is it she sees ?

She sees beauty dwelling
 In stones and in weeds,
 And lives in the blossom
 That decks the sharp reeds.
 Then she enters within
 The world of green leaves,
 And Beauty about her
 Its meshes enweaves.

I am not a poet ; my dearest one hears,
 And I try to listen :
 What is it she hears ?

She hears the grass growing,
 The flower buds unfold,
 The fall of the pollen,
 The grey catkin's gold.
 She knows the glad secret,
 That fills the lark's song ;
 All sweet sounds and music
 Unto her belong.

I am not a poet ; my dearest one sings,
 And I try to follow :
 What is it she sings ?

She sings of the rainbow
 That joins earth to heaven,
 And of a frail leaf,
 By mighty winds driven ;
 Her joy tingles through me,
 In dædal delight ;
 She rides on a storm cloud
 With hair loose and bright.

I am not a poet ; my dearest one knows,
 And I wish for knowledge ;
 What is it she knows ?

She knows that earth's beauty
 Is beauty within ;
 And daily she travels
 That beauty to win :
 Then I clasp her white hand,
 And beg and implore,
 That she'll take me with her,
 Those realms to explore.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

VII.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IN a copy of Kroust's *Meditations* sold after the death of Canon Pope, of Dublin, I found a neat card with lace edging, having these memoranda recorded in exquisitely minute characters by some "grateful ci-devant child" of the good Canon's:—"I, Thomas Pope, received minor orders on the 2nd of June, 1830, at the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Kinsella, in the Chapel of the Assumption, Carlow; sub-deaconship, May 2nd, 1831, and deaconship on the 22nd of September, A.D., 1832, from Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, in the College Chapel, Carlow; ordained priest, April 13th 1833, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, in Marlborough-street Chapel, Dublin." No such record was kept by Dr. Russell of the corresponding dates in his priestly career. I could not imagine him keeping even a fragment of a diary. In the College Calendar he is set down as having been appointed Professor of Humanity on the 13th of February, 1835, though his predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Furlong, had been appointed to the Chair of Rhetoric on the 17th of September in the preceding year. The youthful Professor of *Literae Humaniores* was not yet old enough to be "priested"—to use the energetic Irish word. He had not even reached the earlier age allowed by dispensation on account of the wants of the Irish mission. But he had now not long to wait; he was ordained about a month after his twenty-third birthday; for a Killough letter, already quoted, bearing the date of May 24th, 1835, says: "This day fortnight he will be a priest"—namely, on the 7th of June.

His excellent mother lived for a few years after receiving this supreme consolation of seeing her beloved son a priest. Her death is the next event that I find recorded in Dr. Russell's correspondence. But for certain reasons I postpone some very touching and edifying letters about her illness and death, in order to use at once the kind permission given to me by the Rev. William P. Neville, of the Birmingham Oratory, the executor of Dr. Russell's most illustrious correspondent, Cardinal Newman.

The newly appointed professor soon displayed sympathies extending beyond his chair and his college. The *Dublin Review*, which began its career in May, 1836, enlisted his active services from the third or fourth Number, after which for some twenty years every Number without exception had an article from his pen, generally two, and sometimes three, besides short notices of books. This large share in the Review we will hereafter refer to in detail; but it is mentioned now as explaining his interest in the so-called Tractarian Movement to which another founder of *The Dublin*, Cardinal Wiseman, long before he bore that title, gave from the first a sympathetic attention. The eleventh article in the opening Number of *The Dublin Review*, probably by Dr. Wiseman himself, is on the Oxford Movement, and in the end it refers to some of Newman's writings. It is impossible now to determine when the correspondence began between Oxford and Maynooth, or how many letters preceded the following, which is the earliest in my possession.

Oriel College, Easter Tuesday, 1841.

DEAR SIR—Nothing can be kinder or more considerate than the tone of your letter, for which I sincerely thank you. It will relieve you to know that I do *not* accuse your Communion of holding Transubstantiation in the shocking sense which we both repudiate, but I impute that idea of it to our Article, which, I conceive, condemns a certain extreme view of it which some persons, or many, have put forward *in* your Church, against the sense of the sounder portion of it. I am quite aware of Ballarmine's explanations; I am aware that well-informed Roman Catholics hold the *spiritual* presence in the Eucharist; but should be very loth to think that our article was regarding *such* a belief when it spoke of Transubstantiation. If I have not said so in the Tract, it is because my object in it is, not to defend you, but to exonerate our articles from what is traditionally imputed to them. And in doing so, I am but taking the line of your own writer, Davenport or a Sancta Clara, who, if I mistake not, commenting on this particular article says, "*Capharnaitarum hæresin proculdubio spectat.*"

I heartily wish that I could extend to all your received doctrines the admission I make concerning this; my view of which is, that you adopted a word "Transubstantiation," conveying a wrong idea, which, practically, you explain away. O, that you would reform your worship, that you would disown the extreme honors paid to St. Mary

and other saints, your traditionary view of indulgences, and the veneration paid in foreign countries to Images! And as to our own country, O that, abandoning your connexion with a political party, you would, as a body, "lead quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty." It would do your highest and most religious interest as much benefit in our eyes, as it would tend to rid your religious system of those peculiarities which distinguish it from primitive christianity.

I will thankfully accept Veron's book at your hands, if there is any easy mode of conveyance for it.

I am, dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In this and subsequent letters, the Fellow of Oriel puts his doubts and misgivings (as he somewhere tells us) in the strongest form as a sort of justification of his position. It is a comfort to remind ourselves at once, that in seven or eight years he was able to say as a Catholic priest: "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus for our food and Mary for our nursing Mother? Fulfil this boast in yourselves; prove to the world that you are following no false teaching, vindicate the glory of your Mother Mary, whom the world blasphemers, in the very face of the world, by the simplicity of your own deportment, and the sanctity of your words and deeds. Go to her for the royal heart of innocence. She is the beautiful gift of God, which outshines the fascinations of a bad world, and which no one ever sought in sincerity and was disappointed." And in less than ten years after expressing these too utterly unfounded apprehensions of the excesses of Catholic devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, he sang her praises thus:—

But I know of one work of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May, and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July in its passionate noon,
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen

O Mary, all months and all days are thine own,
 In thee lasts their joyousness, when they are gone ;
 And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
 But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest.

And here is another passage from the noble volume of "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," which no one can read without agreeing with Mr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of *The Spectator*, as to the additional freedom and amplitude of thought and splendour of style observable in Newman's writings after he became a Catholic. The second last of these discourses is on "the glories of Mary for the sake of her Son," and it ends with this apostrophe :—

"Such art thou, Holy Mother, in the creed and the worship of the Church, the defence of many truths, the grace and smiling light of every devotion. In thee, O Mary, is fulfilled, as we can bear it, an original purpose of the Most High. He once had meant to come on earth in heavenly glory, but we sinned ; and then He could not safely visit us, except with shrouded radiance and a bedimmed majesty, for He was God. So He came Himself in weakness, not in power ; and He sent thee a creature, in His stead, with a creature's comeliness and lustre suited to our state. And now thy very face and form, sweet Mother, speak to us of the Eternal ; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace. O harbinger of day ! O hope of the pilgrim ! lead us still as thou hast led ; in the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to Jesus, guide us home."

The second of the letters at our disposal is the following. Dr. Russell's share of the correspondence is lost :—

Cholderton, April 26th, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR—I write a few lines to acknowledge and thank you for your most kind letter, received by me here, where I have come for a few days.

I do not look so despairingly at our Church as you do. While I think (of course) that she is a branch of the Church Catholic, I also have lately had my hopes increased as to the prospect of her improvement in doctrinal exactness, by the very events which seem to you to show that Catholic truth is but barely tolerated within her pale. I have every reason to be made sanguine by the disturbance which has followed Tract 90, which I never have been before. When I began the Tracts seven or eight years since, I did so in a sort of despair,

and felt surprised to find persons influenced by them. I had intended them mainly as a protest. I have never courted or anticipated success—yet success came. I may be as mistaken now when I have become more sanguine—yet in matter of fact not only myself, but others too, have had their spirits raised by what has happened. My only anxiety is lest your branch of the Church should not meet us by those reforms which surely are *necessary*. It never could be, that so large a portion of Christendom should have split off from the communion of Rome, and kept up a protest for 300 years for nothing. I think I never shall believe that so much piety and earnestness would be found among Protestants, if there were not some very grave errors on the side of Rome. To suppose the contrary is most unreal, and violates all one's visions of moral probabilities. All aberrations are founded on, and have their life in, some truth or other, and Protestantism, so widely spread and so long enduring, must have in it, and must be witness for, a great truth or much truth. That I am an advocate for Protestantism, you cannot suppose, but I am forced into a *Via Media*, short of Rome, as it is at present.

Let both communions pray for an increase of grace and illumination, and then, though no steps be made in our day towards a reconciliation, yet it may be effected after we have left the world by the generations which follow us.

I am, my dear sir,

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The next letters which passed between the future Cardinal and future President, at this momentous period, have been referred to and partly quoted by Dr. Newman, who got them back for this purpose when writing his famous *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. In slightly recasting that magnificent fragment of autobiography, and omitting altogether the name of his assailant, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, he called it "History of my Religious Opinions" (Longmans, 1865).

At page 193 of the first edition of this volume will be found the following letter, with the exception of the opening and closing sentences.

Littlemore, November 22nd, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR—I have read quite enough of the Volume of Sermons you were kind enough to send me, to feel a great respect for their author, if his name itself did not create a deeper feeling than respect, before opening them. I only wish that your Church were more known among us by such writings. You will not interest us

in her, till we see her, not in politics, but in her true functions of exhorting, teaching, and guiding. I wish there were a chance of making the leading men among you understand, what I believe is no novel thought to yourself. It is not by learned discussions, or acute arguments, or reports of miracles, that the heart of England can be gained. It is by men "approving themselves," like the Apostle. "ministers of Christ."

As to your question, whether the Volume you have sent is not calculated to remove my apprehensions that another gospel is substituted for the true one in your practical instructions, before I can answer it in any way, I ought to know how far the Sermons which it comprises are *selected* from a number, or whether they are the whole, or such as the whole, which have been published of the author's. I assure you, or at least I trust, that, if it is ever clearly brought home to me that I have been wrong in what I have said on this subject, my public avowal of that conviction will only be a question of time with me.

If, however, you saw your Church as we see it, you would easily understand that such a change of feeling, did it take place, would have no necessary tendency, which you seem to expect, to draw a person from the Church of England to that of Rome. There is a divine life among us, clearly manifested, in spite of all our disorders, which is as great a note of the Church as any can be. Why should we seek our Lord's presence elsewhere, when he vouchsafes it to us where we are? What *call* have we to change our communion?

Roman Catholics will find this to be the state of things in time to come, whatever promise they may fancy there is of a large secession to their Church. This man or that may leave us, but there will be no general movement. There is indeed an incipient movement of our *Church* towards yours, and this your leading men are doing all they can to frustrate by their unwearied efforts at all risks to carry off individuals. When will they know their position, and embrace a larger and wiser policy?

I must conclude with thanking you, which I do very sincerely, for your letter and present, and begging you to excuse the freedom of these remarks. Should you at any time pass through Oxford, I hope you will give me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance. I could at any time come to my rooms in College, if I knew of your arrival beforehand.

I am, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The two following notes are only referred to by Dr. Newman :—

Littlemore, December 10th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR—I beg to return you my best thanks for your very kind and satisfactory answer to my inquiry. I cannot help saying, however, that I should have been better pleased had those omissions about St. Mary not been made in one of the Sermons. It is very likely to be discovered, and then great offence is given. It seems to me a truer *expediency* to let them stand as the author wrote them. Having said this, I have to say how glad I was to find that the Sermons were not selected ones, which they very allowably might have been.

I shall be much obliged by your intended present, both for its own sake, and as given me by a person who has written to me in so kind a spirit. I assure you it was a disappointment to me to find there was so little chance of your coming to Oxford, though, since it is some way from the railroads, it requires an effort to reach it. You speak of “enjoying the honor of a personal acquaintance” with me. Indeed, my dear Sir, did you see me, your ideas would be very much changed, and you would use such language no more.

Accept my best wishes, should you be called to the high but arduous station which you mention, that your elevation may turn out for the good of the universal Church.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Littlemore, February 12th, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR—It will give me great pleasure to receive the books you so kindly promise me.

As to the passage in Melolas for Cardinal Mai, if you will be so good as to send it me, I will get it collated with our MS. at once.

I am much obliged to you for your promise of the additional volume of St. Alfonso.

The late editor of *The British Critic* gave up the management of the Review of his own accord as long ago as last September. It was entirely his own act.

I am, my dear sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Dr. Newman had himself edited *The British Critic* for a time, but it is to his successor that allusion is made in the last of these letters. The “elevation” referred to at the end of the preceding letter was no doubt the Bishopric of Ceylon, about which we shall hear a good deal by and by.

The *Apologia* was originally published in weekly instalments stretching over some months—in order, said Mr. Mozley, to give Kingsley an idea of eternal punishment. The long letter dated November 22nd, 1842, was quoted at the end of one of these parts, and the next began as follows:—

“The letter which I have last inserted, is addressed to my dear friend, Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth. He had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than anyone else. He called upon me, in passing through Oxford in the summer of 1841, and I think I took him over some of the buildings of the University. He called again another summer, on his way from Dublin to London. I do not recollect that he said a word on the subject of religion on either occasion. He sent me at different times several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone. He also gave me one or two books. Veron’s *Rule of Faith* and some *Treatises of the Wallenburghs* was one; a volume of St. Alfonso Liguori’s *Sermons* was another; and it is to those *Sermons* that my letter to Dr. Russell relates.”

When this passage appeared, I chanced to be out of Ireland and in the midst of students and professors who were enthusiastic in their personal devotion to John Henry Newman. These two circumstances helped to increase my delight at such an honour falling on my revered kinsman; but indeed my own feelings towards the great Convert were warm enough, especially when sharpened by my surprise at never having heard the slightest allusion to any acquaintance with Dr. Newman, either in my conversations with Dr. Russell or in his class of ecclesiastical history, though the Oxford Movement came under discussion there. All this is said by way of excuse for the peculiar form in which my feelings expressed themselves on the occasion—namely, in a large number of heroic couplets addressed “to C. W. R., on reading a certain page of the *Apologia*.” I venture to give them here in full, especially as Cardinal Newman refers to them in a letter to be quoted immediately.

Again betrayed! Another of thy deeds,
 Performed by stealth to help a brother’s needs,
 Divulged by happy accident at last.
 Not listlessly thy tranquil years have passed,
 But with a placid energy to dare
 All that thy well-trained strength could do—what’er

Might serve God's glory in thy time and place.
Yet keen thy glance that aim divine to trace
In humblest fellow-creature's humblest good :
Work for the toiler—for the hungry, food.
If thou but learn where merit suffers need,
Word of encouragement and generous deed
Are sure to come. From learned toil or play
To weep with those who weep thou turn'st away.
And as the eye—yes, in our measure we
Must Him resemble who hath deigned to be
Our Father—as that eye, which guides the race
Of star and comet over lonely space,
Marks every flutter of the tiniest wren :
So from plain Duty's pettiest task thy ken
With earnest sympathy can range apart
Through all that thrills or pains the world's great heart.

But God's own word that order has assigned
Which guides us best in working for our kind :
" Chiefly for those at home, by faith and blood
Thy kin,"* thou livest. Whatso'er of good
Thou canst—or others, moved by thee—thou dost,
Hast done, wilt do, through lengthened years, I trust,
For this dear land, for holy Faith and Truth,
And Her, till now unnamed in song—Maynooth.
Maynooth, unhallowed yet by hoary hair.
Mother of myriad souls ! lo, by her care
The faith of Peter and of Patriok sown
In distant regions, fostered in her own.
May true apostles, trained by her, each year
Speed on their glorious mission far and near,
To waft abroad, at home to guard from taint
The faith that made this land the martyr-saint
Of Christian lands, the suffering Holy Isle
Which greener from the stormy waves doth smile—
To feed the love our Erin aye displayed
For Jesus' Mother, that each Celtic maid
May smile in virgin dignity and be
What generous strangers have rejoiced to see
In the poor homesteads of our scattered race—
Rich in God's gifts of purity and grace.
With these three names, names prized in heaven at least—
Maynooth, the Irish race, the Irish priest—
Long with these names close linked shall be thy name,
And grateful blessings shall thy memory claim.

" Uncontroversial, unobtrusive, mild "—
Gentle, unselfish, simple as a child.
True cheerfulness from serious thought has birth,
Natures the gravest bend to gayest mirth.

* " *Maximé domesticorum fidei.*" Gal. vi. 10.

Courteous alike to menial and to peer,
 Kindest of hearts to those who see thee near,
 Though some might deem thee from afar austere.
 My courage fails me when I fain would paint
 A nineteenth-century gentlemanly saint.
 True sanctity respects the *where* and *when*—
 The saints of God are truly gentle men.
 This purse-proud age, with its galvanic heat,
 Votes many of God's wonders obsolete,
 And from the noonday glare smiles back, with scorn
 Coldly benignant, at the dewy morn
 Of Christendom—if all this garish light
 Be noon, indeed, and not mere gaslit night.
 Yet God is still of his poor earth the Lord—
 True progress with his law must still accord.

Stay ! such grave fancies misbecome my strain—
 I read the Oratorian's page again,
 And marvel how in all those years no word
 To such noteworthy incident referred,
 Though oft the easy context of discourse
 From lips least egotistical might force
 Some tiny crumb of personal anecdote,
 A "*Thus I heard him say*," or "*Once he wrote*."
 And what high privilege, dear Friend, was thine,
 Guiding Faith's pilgrim to her one true shrine !
 Pilgrim far-famed, in whom God deigned to see
 Fit instrument for work sublime—to be
 For many in our day and through all days
 Himself a guide from out the dreary maze
 Of error and half-truth and crumbling creeds—
 Himself a "Note" for all whom candour leads.
 Not such as he grope blindly in God's sight
 From light to darkness, but from dark to light,
 When helped by such as thou. Had he not all
 The faculties, the graces which might call
 God's blessing on his painful years of thought
 And prayer and study ? Found he what he sought ?
 Happy who have so much to sacrifice,
 Happy who buy the pearl at such a price !
 Rare intellect, rich culture, marvellous pen,
 A gently potent sway o'er thinking men—
 Humble and pure, his tale proclaims anew,
 "The clean of heart have eyes to see the True."

He pays thee tribute thou wouldst fain forbid
 Blessed are they whose best from men is hid.
 Oh ! that the vain and selfish understood,
 Like thee, "the luxury of doing good,"
 And how its zest is ne'er so exquisite
 As when the All-seeing only seeth it.

The flower, the stream, the prayer, in secret springs—
 God loves, as thou, the "silence of good things."
 The ways of God are surely not men's ways.
 And what of all those years of studious days
 Which e'en Liguori's vow,* from boyhood till
 This reverend age, could scarce more richly fill?
 These self-denying, conscientious toils
 That have amassed of many climes the spoils;
 Not the harsh pedant's ill-assorted store—
 Here learning's purest and most copious ore
 Is in the crucible of thought refined,
 Poured through a style as limpid as thy mind.
 These, God be thanked, reap harvest scant of fame,
 Though many love and more respect thy name.
 So be it to the end! So shall the Lord
 Reproach thee not: "Thou hadst thy due reward."
 Praise from a Newman's lips must needs be rare.
 May those thou servest heed thy wish, and spare
 The pang of such revealings here, that they
 May take us unawares upon the Accounting Day.

It is proper to confess that I never ventured to show these lines to the subject of them and never alluded to them at any time; but, ten years later, I made bold to send them to Edgbaston.

The Oratory, March 17, 1875.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—I have just received, on St. Patrick's Day, your most kind letter and beautiful lines. I call them beautiful, first of all because they breathe so tender an affection and so grateful an attachment towards dear Dr. Russell, showing how the vows of religion may detach the heart from all earthly objects without separating it from what is pure and heavenly in them and springs from the new birth—and next because your lines are so simple and natural, and express without effort what is so spontaneous in your thought and feeling.

I agree entirely in what you say about Dr. Russell. He is certainly a pattern man, and struck me before I was a Catholic as no other Catholic did. He made a great impression on me: so much so that in my *Apologia* I said I had seen him more than once, whereas he assures me this was not the case. (He *wrote* to me often).

As to what you say of me, of course I cannot admit that I deserve it; but it at least gives me a right to ask for your prayers for me, which I need very much.

* St. Alphonsus Liguori made a vow not to waste a moment of his time.

Thank you for the shamrock, which I shall plant in our garden.

I believe Father O'Reilly is at Milltown. If so, assure him of my ever affectionate remembrances.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Rev. F. Russell, S.J.

Another illustration of Dr. Russell's energetic aversion for anything like praise may be found in the fact that this letter of his illustrious friend's was never shown to him or mentioned to him. Probably it will occur to some reader that this absence of egotism is hardly hereditary in a collateral line. Yet surely these documents, even the one in rhyme, but especially the Cardinal's amiable criticism upon it, throw a useful light on the character of the subject of these memorial notes.

We may end for the present with an epoch-making letter which we print from the copy sent to Dr. Russell, but which Cardinal Newman sent in almost identical terms to many friends interested in that supreme crisis of his history:—

Littlemore, October 8th, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have felt that interest in me, that you will be glad to know that I am expecting this evening Father Dominic the Passionist, whom I shall ask to admit me into the bosom of the Catholic Church. I shall not send this to you till it is all over. Perhaps you will excuse my abruptness, on the score of the number of letters I have to write.

Yours, my dear Sir,

Most sincerely,

The Rev. C. Russell, D.D.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

It is well not to separate this letter from the statement with which Cardinal Newman followed it up after twenty years' experience of the Catholic Church:—"From the time that I became a Catholic. . . . I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervour; but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption."

AN IDEAL FARMHOUSE.

THERE is always a long lane leading to my ideal farmhouse—a lane that in every season is very beautiful, whether it be in the mid-winter when the rime is clinging to the pollard oaks or tall elms and making a fringe on the leafless thorns where the poor wrens shiver and the blackbirds seek for food; or in the spring when a hundred bird-notes sing for the lengthened days, and clear skies, and budding hedgerows, when the primrose and wood-violet peep out of the moss that is yellow and brown on the ditches, and the cowslips appear; or in the balmy summer days when the air is heavy with scent of clover and meadowsweet, and the children hunt for wild strawberries. Perhaps, though, my lane wears its best aspect when the haws begin to colour and when the leaves of the beech are copper-coloured, and the sound of the reapers' strain is on the air. The wild convolvulus is running along the hedges where there are still a few flowers remaining on the honeysuckle, and the delicate fronds of the bracken are changing from green to yellow in the mellow autumn days.

There is always a snug haggard towards the back of my farmhouse, filled to overflowing with hay and yellow corn-stacks thatched and roped against the winter storms; and a garden in front that is a source of beauty and joy, as Bacon would have it, albeit it has neither the trimness nor extent of his. There are gnarled apple trees in the centre of the grassy plot where the matron of the house bleaches the linen that some ancestress of hers spun and wove, and lines of currant and gooseberry bushes grow by the hedges over which the lilac and laburnum branches hang. There is a plot, too, where early potatoes, and cabbages, and lettuces grow, and another plot where a few hardy, old-world flowers thrive—fragrant pinks, gilly flowers, sweet-williams, and bright peonys, with maybe a bunch of thyme. A carefully tended rose-bush is planted by the wooden garden gate, where the poultry peep in and wonder why they are not permitted to enter, and a yew tree that supplies the neighbourhood with branches on each Palm Sunday, has a corner to itself. From the garden gate there is a good view of the front of the farmhouse with its long row of small, bright windows, and of the monthly roses that clamber over the doorway to the thatch, mellowed to its present greenish brown hue by sun and frost. Quite

a large number of birds have their nests beneath the eaves, and the sparrows keep up a constant chatter in the early spring days. A big bunch of southern-wood grows beneath the kitchen window with a huge stone beside it where the tired farmer can smoke his evening pipe while the lazy kine come slowly up the winding boreen, and Tom, or Dick, or Harry brings the tired horses home from ploughing, with a great clattering of chains and much whistling.

Through the door we have a view of the wide, roomy kitchen, with the barrels big enough to contain the season's meal on one side, and the white dresser with its glittering array of delf facing the fire. There are big bowls on it and cracked plates that would delight the eye of a *connoisseur* of old china. The tables are as white as sand and willing hands can make them, and the tin ware on the whitewashed wall are as bright as possible. From the low, blackened rafters sides of bacon hang, and the peas and beans that are strung together will make fine seed.

The window is the household library. There are the family prayerbooks, last week's newspapers, a copy of "Willy Reilly," and maybe two or three books from the parish library. This same kitchen must be a pleasant place on a wintry night when the wind is sobbing over the chimney and the tins on the wall catch the glow from the peat fire. The neighbours make a circle around and discourse over the prices of cattle and pigs, the last political movement, and the weddings that are to take place before Shrove-tide. Very likely there is "a boy" present who is a suitor for the daughter of the house, and many harmless jokes are made at their expense. Laugh and jest go gaily round, and the constant "whirr" of the spinning wheel makes an accompaniment; and at last someone relates his or her ghostly experiences, and tales of the "wee folk" follow, while a shudder that is not altogether affected thrills the company.

Later, when the fire is only a ruddy glow, when the neighbours are departed, we know how the Rosary is said with the many Paters and Aves for friends and kinsfolk, living and dead. Then the fire is "raked" and the kitchen floor swept. The crickets chirp louder and the "tick" of the big eight-day clock is clearer, once the last lights are out and the house shrouded in darkness.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE WELL.

HEDGES gay with briar-rose
 Clip around a garden close.
 There a cool well lifteth up
 To the wayfarer a cup ;
 Stoops thereat the panting herd,
 And the little singing bird.
 Many come unto its brink,
 Cast themselves beside and drink.
 Toilers in the sultry noon
 Gladly quaff its crystal boon.
 Dusty travellers from town
 By its margin fling them down ;
 Cool their brows and, going thence,
 Bless the fountain's affluence.
 Freely unto all, who so
 Wanteth it, its waters flow.
 And it ripples on its way
 With a little roundelay,
 Very glad for service done
 Unto each and every one.
 Other joy it knoweth not,
 Save to freshen foreheads hot ;
 And to keep the grasses green,
 Where it bubbles up between.

Lies the well of song apart,
 Hidden in the poet's heart,
 Clear and deep and still and calm,
 Sweet as sleep and glad as balm.
 And there ever from it burst
 Rills of song for all athirst,
 Gently doth it overflow,
 Healing every human woe ;
 Cheering every child of toil,
 Cleansing heart and hand from soil.
 Many a weary wanderer
 Journeying with sigh and tear,
 Drinketh of my fount of song,
 And he forthwith feeleth strong,

Many a life whose burden grinds,
 Solace at my fountain finds ;
 Many a faint heart taketh hope
 For the deed of generous scope ;
 Flowerets shy and sensitive
 Drink it, and behold ! they live,
 And the poet nothing heeds,
 Singing on for whose needs,
 This his guerdon manifold,
 Passing recompense of gold,
 That he maketh green his path,
 And a gracious power he hath.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Courtesy to a visitor coming from a great distance bids us give the first word to "The National Songs of Ireland," edited by M. J. Murphy, and published by the John Church Company of Cincinnati and New York. The titlepage calls it "a collection of the best Irish patriotic, military, and party songs," and such it really is, and something more : for instance, to which of these three categories does "The Low-backed Car" belong ? The entire work is printed from finely engraved plates, and contains in 164 of the largest octavo pages the music and words of seventy-three songs by Moore, Davis, O'Hagan, Dr. Ingram, Denny Lane, Samuel Lover, A. P. Graves, Gavan Duffy, Dr. Sigerson, and many others. The book may be procured for one dollar bound in paper, and for two dollars in cloth and gold, from the editor at 614 Center Avenue, Bay City, Michigan.

2. "The Irish in Great Britain from the earliest times to the fall and death of Parnell," by John Denvir (London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.), is a well printed and well bound volume of 463 pages packed full of the most minute particulars which must have been amassed at the cost of years of patient research, aided by peculiar advantages of personal experience as regards the later portions of the story. The narrative is divided into twelve books, the centre figure of the first being St. Columba, of the last Charles Stuart Parnell ; other books being headed "The Reformation," "The Penal Days," "The Famine," "Fenianism," etc. Mr. Denvir ought to

have added an index at least of proper names, which would have been some clue to the extraordinary mass of facts that he has brought together in this interesting and valuable work.

3. Mr. David J. O'Donoghue has issued the second of the three parts of "The Poets of Ireland, a Biographical Dictionary with bibliographical particulars." It comprises the names from F to M. Mr. O'Donoghue has shown amazing diligence and perseverance in gathering together the materials of this very original and meritorious book. Every one of these doubled-columned pages, so compactly yet so clearly printed, is crammed with facts and dates which must represent months of study in the British Museum, as well as laborious correspondence with various experts in the history of Irish books and periodicals. There is hardly a page which does not furnish much interesting information that could not be found anywhere else. The book costs only two shillings for each part, and may be procured from the author at 49 Little Cadogan Place, Pont Street, Belgravia, London, S.E. We trust that Mr. O'Donoghue will complete his task as speedily as possible. He includes the writers of even a few poems, even though these should only have appeared in newspapers and magazines. Sometimes, in reading on, one is tempted to exclaim: "Where on earth did he find all that?" We intend very soon to call the attention of our readers to some of these biographical and bibliographical notes regarding persons in whom they would be specially interested. This work and the preceding show that some of the "Irish in Great Britain" are more deeply interested in the name and fame of the Irish race than are the Irish at home in Ireland.

4. "Chapters towards the Life of St. Patrick," by the Very Rev Sylvester Malone, P.P., V.G., M.R.I.A., F.S.A. (Dublin: M. H. Gil and Son), is a learned work of 226 rather small pages, not intended for the edification of the general public but for those who are interested in the polemics of Irish antiquarian literature. Indeed it seems to be a matter for regret that Father Malone did not extend his plan and include more of the substance of his articles in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, his references to which are rather confusing. The stores of erudition compressed into this small volume are rendered more accessible by a clear summary prefixed and an index appended. The chief points discussed are the saint's birth-place, his kinship to St. Martin of Tours, his Roman mission, his writings, and the dates of his birth and death.

5. Many dainty volumes of verse, brought out with artistic bindings by the foremost London publishers, are far inferior in merit to a very modest little quarto of twenty-eight small pages, containing "The Mission of St. Catherine and Other Poems," by E. G. Swainson

(Brighton: William Pettet, Upper Russell Street). The writer—whom we noticed lately in Lord Ronald Gower's "Reminiscences," referred to as having distinguished himself during his Cambridge University career as the best actor of certain of Shakespeare's characters—has for many years been a Catholic priest, and his themes are for the most part religious. The three longest and most important are in blank verse, in which metre we consider Father Swainson to be remarkably successful. His sonnets are very good; and we have long had off by heart his "Regina Angelorum."

6. "An Idyl of the Spring" (London: Burns and Oates), has nothing else on the titlepage except this and a monogram which may stand for M. A. or A. M., or perhaps *Maria*. The broad and short pages seem to us to have an awkward look. The cover and the name are the prettiest things about the story, which does not appear to be a very successful specimen of that particularly unsatisfactory department of Catholic literature, the semi-religious convert-stories.

7. We have already recommended to our readers "Spiritual Counsels for the Young, a Book of Simple Meditations," by Rosa Mulholland (Dublin: Charles Eason, 85 Middle Abbey Street). The *Weekly Register* describes it as "a book of meditations for young girls, in which the homely and domestic devotional considerations are brightened by such pictorial touches as we associate with Miss Mulholland's name." The *Glasgow Observer* observes: "We have very few attractive books of piety, and this is one. Miss Mulholland brought to her task that faculty for writing beautiful English which long since won her fame as an author. The subjects treated of number nearly sixty, and are delightfully chosen." Finally the *Catholic News* calls it a "delightful little book which will profit young and old alike."

8. "The Human Life of Jesus, or daily life led in union with Jesus," is the latest addition to "Our Lady's Library approved and recommended by the Bishop of Nottingham." It is printed so economically that the two hundred pages contain a large amount of spiritual reading of the most devotional kind, well calculated to excite the fervour especially of the fervent. It is guaranteed by the approval and indeed by the revision of the Bishop of Nottingham, Dr. Bagshawe; and it may be procured from the Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary, Hyson Green, Nottingham, or from Henry Potter and Co., 170 New Kent Road, London, S.E.

9. It does not come under the heading of these notes; but we may take advantage of the foregoing reference to the Bishop of Nottingham to mention that Mr. H. J. Bliss, 25 Lombard Street, Newark, has sent us admirable photographs, large and small, of this prelate so dear to Irish hearts for his ardent sympathy with our people.

10. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Sons, Dublin, have issued a completely new edition of "The Child's Mass and Prayer Book," which is now one of the prettiest little books of its kind. The coloured pictures will please young eyes. A good gathering of hymns fills the last pages. The little volume is given in neat binding for a shilling; but an additional sixpence secures an amount of tasteful gilding which is sure to delight the youthful eyes aforesaid. "The Holy Hour," and the "Bona Mors Association" are explanations and devotions for two practices by Father F. X. Brady, S.J., who edits the fine American issue of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* at 114 South Third Street, Philadelphia. "The Pallium" by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., is No. 4 of the series of Historical Papers edited by the Rev. John Morris, S.J. This twopenny tract has more of substance and learning than many a pretentious octavo. "Christian Education in America" (Washington: The Church New Publishing Company) is the substance of many lectures delivered during the last three or four years by the Right Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America.

11. The Art and Book Company of Leamington and London, have from time to time published very useful books in a cheap and convenient form. Many of them are reprints, but a good book published for the fiftieth time is much more welcome than an indifferent book published for the first time. No date is put on the titlepage of "Short and Familiar Answers to the Objections most commonly raised against Religion," translated from the French of Monsigneur de Ségur by Emily S. M. Young. Her preface is dated forty years ago. If she have died meanwhile, some slight account of her ought to have been prefixed to the new edition, for she performed her task exceedingly well. The translation is in excellent, pleasant English that reads as freely and naturally as a well-written original. Almost the only note that Miss (or Mrs.) Young adds of her own at page 203 shows her good judgment: it is a most telling extract from Dr. John Forbes' "Memorandums made in Ireland in 1853." Another publication of the Art and Book Company is Father Pagani's pious and solid little treatise on "Devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament."

12. "The Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate" is conducted with great spirit, giving in each penny Number a great many well-written papers full of edifying contemporary facts. But what religious periodical of the same price (twopence) can compete with "Nature Notes," the Selborne Society's Magazine? We have often praised it, and it is growing better and better. By far the weightiest and most important periodical that knocks at our door is *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* which has reached No. 67. It

takes a much larger page than *The Dublin* or *The Edinburgh*, and the solidity of its appearance is in keeping with the solidity of its matter. The lightest thing in the July Number is "Some American Novels," by Maurice Francis Egan, which is in reality a very charmingly written account of F. Marion Crawford and his works. This brilliant novelist is now a Catholic and is only forty years of age. An analysis of his writings is more useful than the discussion of agnostic novels of very moderate literary merit which too often makes up the "Talk about New Books" in *The Catholic World*—the only fault we find with that excellent Magazine. Why bestow the advantages of a gratuitous advertisement on books that ought not to be even named amongst Christians? Gladstone did it with the best intentions, but he was wrong to puff by an adverse review a bad book which but for him would have been heard of by immensely fewer people. This August *Catholic World* has the honour of publishing a new and important poem by Aubrey de Vere, "Legends of the Cid." The first part goes back from the funeral of the Spanish hero to his marriage which is described with exquisite art.

13. "Georgetown College Journal," a monthly paper published by the Students of Georgetown University, is in its twentieth year, and it seems to be one of the very best of academical periodicals. Cardinal Gibbons' exquisite little address on the occasion of laying the foundation of the new College Chapel, of which Mrs. John V. Dahlgren (née Elizabeth Drexel) has made a memorial of her little son who died in the sixteenth month of his life, interested us most in the May number; and certainly the most interesting item in the July Number is the announcement that another son has come on the 30th of June to take the place of the angel who went to heaven.

OCTOBER, 1892.

ABOUT BOGS.

A LETTER TO AN AUSTRALIAN COUSIN.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

DEAR COUSIN,—I am glad to be able to answer your question about the elk-horns satisfactorily. They are found from time to time in our bogs, but being rather rare they are a little expensive to buy. Sometimes they can be had for a moderate price, by chance, and a friend of mine purchased a pair for the hall of her country house in England for the sum of seven pounds. Elks found in the bogs are fourteen feet high, and their horns are very handsome. Indeed, I think, considering what splendid and curious contributions they make to our modern museums and treasuries, and considering many things besides, our bogs are not by any means the least interesting feature of our interesting island. We have two kinds of bogs—flat bogs, lying on plains, often known as red bogs, from their red or red-brown colour, and mountain bogs, on the tops, sides, and valleys of mountains. The flat bogs spread chiefly over the central portion of the country, as the Bog of Allen, east of the Shannon, which occupies portions of five counties, broken here and there by belts of dry cultivated country, and the Kildare portion alone of which is 530,000 acres, or 57 miles in extent. In the whole country there are about 1000 considerable flat bogs, in size varying from 500 acres downwards. A good deal of bog has been, and is, from time to time reclaimed, but the process is expensive, and if it be discontinued, the bog quickly falls back into its original state. Our bogs come to us with our inheritance of clouds and rainbows, and the swift, frequent rainfalls that swell our rivers and feed our lakes and tarns. Out of the growth and decay of aquatic plants, especially of the *ephagnum* or bog moss, the bog is made, even without the *debris* of vanished forests, which in many places have gone to their formation.

The word bog-land suggests a dreary country to the casual observer; but anyone who has lived with a bog, and has eyes to see

knows that it is rich in picturesque beauty, and as redolent of pathetic feeling as of the pungent aroma which, in burning, is exhaled from the fibres of its heart. Its beauty lies in the long, level, or slightly undulating lines of colour, strangely varied, and graduated from brown to madder-red, from orange to tawny, grey folding over purple, and purple losing itself in deep, dense, melancholy black. Here the shadows are broken by a jagged pool, keen and bright as a scimitar, and blue as little Bridget's eyes; and there, against the low lying mist that silvers the darkest point, hovers a flight of moor birds, with level wings, now soaring in a curved trail, now dipping and disappearing where yon streak of living amber melts into the tender grey. Our bog-land has its own delicate surface growths, not alone the rich crimson and purple heather, the skirting bracken and ferns, and golden and dark-blue iris; but over the very quagmire itself floats from its thread-like stem the dainty white tassel of the bog-cotton, supplying down fit for fairy-pillows, and the bog-myrtle flourishing in the moisture, and the grey-green rushes and long sedgy grass set up their irregular spears where the water runs deepest, and give out elfin music in tune with the whistle of the wind. To see the bog beautiful in its perfection, you must have it backed by a range of grey hills or a great solemn mountain, with, perhaps, a lake lying like a diamond gathered in the lap of its purple robes, and, maybe, the swift coming waves of the Atlantic breaking at its feet; and you ought to have the peculiar light and atmosphere of a fine autumn to draw forth the full treasure of its rich reserve of colour. Yet the bog in its wintry gloom has a pathetic beauty of its own, to be felt rather than described; a suggestiveness worth studying, perhaps rather poetic than picturesque, but with a vivid meaning and charm for the soul that is in loving sympathy with Nature.

Glancing from the beautiful to the useful, we see the kindly heart of our bog burning with our home fires, giving forth its long stored heats to blaze on the poor man's hearth so bountifully that the Irish peasant seldom suffers from dearth of fuel, in addition to hunger and other miseries. Any little child can run to the bog and carry home an armful of "sods," to build up the dear, glowing, fragrant fire, which reddens generously the rude cabin walls, and casts its glamour over the circle round the hearth, inspiring the fiddler to give forth his jig and slanthy, and encouraging the story-teller to tell of ghost and fairy, and ancient

king and queen, and ships that went to sea, and distant lands, and friends and brothers and lovers who will come sailing back again. Who that ever sat at a turf fire in a bog-country and dreamed hazy dreams and saw strange visions in its red heart does not love the fragrance of a bit of burning "turf" more than the most delicate of Rimmel's choicest perfumes? I knew of an exile of Erin who treasured a few sods of turf, and when particularly home-sick, would burn a bit on the chimneypiece as one would burn a pastile, and weep a heartfelt before the last white ash had fallen where the sparks had been. Bog-wood has also a pleasant pungent odour, and when the peasant makes himself a torch by cutting a long slit from the resinous trunk he has turned out of the bog and uses it as a candle, then the forest of old, of ancient oak, and birch, and fir, gives forth its aromatic spices freely under the flame.

But other uses our bogs have besides furnishing fire and candle for the poor. In penal days, they provided refuge and shelter for the persecuted, who knowing how to navigate the quagmires and traverse the dangerous morass, found sanctuary in the little dry spots—oases in the watery desert where neither priest-hunter nor Cromwell's trooper could follow them. Fr. Ford, S.J., for instance, built himself a hut in the bogs, and gathered round him a school of boys and youths, who built their huts round his, and gathering thus under difficulties the teachings that fell from their saintly benefactor, made great progress in learning and virtue, much to the consolation of the holy Jesuit. Then our bogs have proved a most curious storehouse for records and treasures of the past. Golden antique ornaments, wooden drinking cups, ancient bronze weapons, amulets, shoes centuries old, brazen utensils, arrows, battle spears, gold cups and chalices, ancient trumpets, elk, and other huge animals extinct in Ireland, whole trees, human bodies, are only a few of the varieties of long-buried objects which the bogs are perpetually giving forth. A hedge intact, a plough, a furrowed field, with the furrows undisturbed, have all been uncovered by the cutting of bogs at various depths. Yew trees, thirty feet in diameter, are often found, but the most curious object ever yet so unearthed was the body of a man, discovered in a bog in the County Galway in the summer of 1821, nine feet below the surface. The body, which had all the appearance of recent death, was that of a handsome young man of foreign aspect, with long black hair hanging loosely on his shoulders, and was clothed in a

light dress of skin, thought to be that of moose-deer (elk), with the hair worn inward. On each side of the body was a long pole, like those mentioned by Tacitus, used by the ancient Silures for bounding over streams. The antiquity of this creature was proved by the great depth of its deposit in the earth, and by its clothing, as woollen garments were in use in Ireland many centuries before the arrival of the English. It has been concluded that he was one of the Firbolgs, and lost his life in the chase, of which the Firbolgs were passionately fond. The peculiar preserving properties of the bog had kept the body without decay or loss of colour, but, after exposure to the air for a short time, it rapidly crumbled away. A less ghastly contribution was the ancient Irish harp found in a bog in the County Limerick, on the estate of Sir Richard Harte, and given to Dr. O'Halloran, after whose death it was thrown into a lumber-room, and, finally, burned by a servant as firewood. It was much smaller than the harp now in use, and the strings, of which three remained, with pegs for others, were of metal. Judging by the depth of earth in which it was found, Dr. Petrie believed it to be one thousand years old. The manner in which the beds of trees are discovered is curious. A man goes out at early morning with a spear, and wherever he sees that the dew does not lie on the surface of the bog, there he plunges in his spear, sounding for the tree, which is generally found beneath the spot from which the dew has been sucked down. Stories of the strange discoveries made in bogs might be multiplied indefinitely, also of the adventures of persons who have indiscreetly set out to explore them. Gabriel Beranger, the French artist, while living in Ireland, got into a bog with Colonel Irwin, an Irish gentleman, and gives a humorous description of his sufferings while literally "bog-trotting" for many hours, unable to put down both feet for an instant under pain of instant death, struggling wildly to find a way back to solid earth, and with nothing visible but heaven and bog around him. No doubt the treachery of the bogs has, in this way, made a plentiful harvest of victims. Many a life has been silently extinguished in the quagmire. The belated traveller fails to see the landmarks which will show him where to place his feet; the little child strays out towards the beautiful plains to gather jewels of the aerial and glowing colours he sees scattered in the distance, and both sleep undecayed under the whistling sedge and the floating bog-cotton, to reappear on earth, perhaps, after the lapse of centuries, like the Firbolg, with his ashen poles and his coat of elk-skin.

IN CONNAUGHT.

I.

VIGNETTE.

A WHITE road winding many a mile
O'er heather-crimsoned hills; a hedge
Of blossomed hawthorn o'er a stile
Hard by the hither meadow's edge.

Gray turrets, ivy-twined and old,
Upon a ridge of purple set,
Dark-etched against the sunset gold,
Cloud-piled with pearl and violet.

And prone below, the poplars green
With silver leaves that ever shake
In the low wind, and far between
The million twinkling of the lake.

A little thing through chance of years
To keep its colors bright and gay!
But time shall dim it not, nor tears
Shall wash it from my heart away!

II.

MOODS.

The west wind blows the willows gray,
All silver-green the poplars shake;
The black rocks whiten into spray,
With foam is fringed the lake.

A gusty glory lights the plain,
Through mantling clouds the mountains loom
And glimpsed 'twixt golden rifts of rain,
Dark glens, empurpled gloom.

From hills bedrenched the torrents gush;
The splendor grows!—the gloom is gone!—
To whistled rapture of the thrush
Laughs out the sun anon.

Thy face is nature's face, old land!
The moods alternate gloom and gleam;
And smiles and tears flit hand in hand
Across thy centuried dream.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

STYLE.

IN an unguarded moment I suffered myself to be beguiled by the voice of the charmer, and gave a promise which has been to me ever since the occasion of the most perfect contrition. The topic of Style could be handled aright only by a grandmaster in the faculty of criticism, a sublime craft full of mystery for ordinary mortals; and though it be true that I have certain ideas on the subject, which indeed betrayed me into rashness, yet I cannot but feel that he who essays to speak upon it exposes himself in no ordinary degree to the shafts of his audience, who can hardly fail to apply to him, and with more reason than in other cases, the principle summed up and caricatured in the well-known line, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

To make my task as easy, therefore, as it is capable of being made, I shall confine my efforts to the establishment of a single point, very clear to myself, and in upholding which I feel secure under the ægis of one who has a right, if ever man had, to a respectful hearing in such a matter—the great Cardinal whose loss is still fresh in our souls. Cardinal Newman assuredly knew what Style was. Not only does he himself supply the most perfect specimen to be found of English prose, but the whole character of his mind, and the nature of his studies, rendered him peculiarly fit to be a judge concerning it, while we may be absolutely certain that he would deliver no judgment but on the most mature consideration, and feeling the most assured conviction. Talking of English prose writing, with which alone I purpose to deal, he gives it as his opinion that the age of great writers has passed or is passing away—and by great writers he means writers possessed, in the true sense, of style. It is the question thus raised that I am going to argue, and although ample materials for my purpose might be found in the Cardinal's writings, I shall begin with arguments of my own, and call him as a witness later, when he will do a double work, both confirming that for which I contend, and illustrating what I mean.

What is meant, then, by saying that style is passing away from the face at least of our English land? Is it not true that more good English is written now-a-days than ever was before? Undoubtedly it is; and if we desire confirmation of the fact we have it from the pen of him whose seemingly adverse judgment we are considering. In his Lectures on University Subjects he speaks as follows (p. 112): "There never was a time when men wrote so much and so well, and

that without being of great account themselves. While our literature in this day, especially the periodical, is rich and various, its language is elaborated to a perfection far beyond that of our Classics, by the jealous rivalry, the incessant practice, the mutual influence, of its many writers. In point of mere style, I suppose, an article in the *Times* newspaper, or *Edinburgh Review*, is superior to a preface of Dryden's, or a *Spectator*, or a pamphlet of Swift's, or one of South's sermons."

What more—it may well be asked—do we want? If English is written better than ever before, nay, if it can be asserted that the *style* of a thousand products of the day surpasses that of the masterpieces of antiquity, is it not a mere paradox to declare that our writers lack style or that we are doing aught but improving in matter of literature as we are in science?

This obvious query may be met with an illustration. What Cardinal Newman has said of English writing, may I suppose be equally well said of the art of building. There never was a time when men built so much or so well: more than that, any architect of any pretensions to knowledge of his craft can point to flagrant defects of style in any building of the 13th Century, and can himself design a structure the style of which shall be far more correct than that of those from which he learns what correctness is. But for all this it remains equally true that between the old buildings, with their faults, and the new without them, there is a great gulf fixed, from the hither side of which we can but admire and wonder at what we are powerless to emulate.

The truth is that in all forms of art, the materials, through which the artists works, and even their artistic handling, are of comparatively small account; the chief factor is the artist, and his art is the highest who best succeeds in inspiring the whole with the spirit wherewith he is himself inspired. The slightest sketch of a great master, wherein no single detail of his subject is accurately reproduced, is felt to be immeasurably more valuable than the finished picture, which another—to use Mr. Ruskin's phrase—has polished to inanity; it does not show us, it is true, what we should see for ourselves, if we looked at nature, but it shows us what we should *not* see, what one greater than ourselves saw there, what we can see only through the medium of such eyes as his. In like manner the charm of such a building as Ely or Lincoln Cathedral is due in part no doubt to its proportions, the harmony of its details, and the skill which has blended them into one whole—yet this is the least element in the power which it possesses to fascinate and awe our minds: it is an act of Faith expressed in stone—and

therefore it is unapproachable by what is undertaken as a matter of business, and owes its inspiration to the requirements of rule.

More than of any other art is this true of the use of language, the connexion of which with the moods of the mind is so direct and so intimate. But yet it must not be forgotten that, closely as language may fit itself to thought, it is not thought, but only its manifestation, and that it is valuable not for any qualities of its own, but for the accuracy with which it gives expression to that which the mind it interprets wishes to be expressed. Sonorous periods, epigrammatic antitheses, purity of diction, are all very good in themselves, yet in spite of them all the one thing necessary may be wanting, just as where none of them are present it may be found. What we ask for in an interpreter is not that he speaks elegantly, but that he should interpret us aright, and it is the same demand that we have to make in the first place of our own tongues and pens. This demand is not very easily satisfied. St. Augustine's interesting observation is well known. Language, he tells us, is after all but a clumsy instrument for expressing our minds, and for his own part whenever he tries to exhibit to others that of which he is himself conscious, he is ever grieved that his tongue harmonises so ill with his thought. The artificial nature of the interpretation afforded by language he quaintly illustrates. If I wish to talk of *anger*, I must use one word in Latin, another in Greek, a third in Carthaginian; but the face of an angry man is the same all the world over. And it is precisely the human feelings thus exhibited which language has to express, if it is to do its most essential work.

This then is the first requisite for him who is in quest of style: the exact accord between the instrument of expression and the thing to be expressed. But it is evident that we must also require the thing expressed to be worth expressing, to be such, in fact, that the world is richer for possessing it. This is, indeed, the root of the matter; it would be as impossible for a man to show his genius for finance without any capital to deal with, as to write or speak well, without matter worthy to be conveyed by speech or writing. But the possession of such matter by the mind is not what we have now to consider; it does not concern the question of style, though in itself of greater moment than is style, and it will therefore be sufficient once for all to indicate its necessity. Given, however, thoughts worthy of publication, style there must be if they are to be duly embodied for the benefit of the outer world, or rather it is in such embodiment that style consists.

Understanding the term in this sense, it is, I think, not hard to see that we may have abundance of good English, and yet have very few writers who exhibit style, while in other days, and through the

medium of a language which, considered merely as a language, was notably inferior, there were many possessed of the divine secret of making that language fit their thoughts as we cannot succeed in doing. It is in this, I repeat, that style truly consists, it is the writings of men such as these that burn their impress into the reader's soul, that become part of his life, inoculating his very blood with the subtle potency of their influence, and produce literature that lives for ever, because it so largely participates in the nature of the immortal spirit from which it springs.

It is constantly assumed—indeed, so far as popular treatises are concerned, we may call the assumption universal—that style is a matter of external form alone, and that it is in the power of all to possess themselves of a style by a process not unlike that by which we lay out a flower garden, planting here and weeding there, clipping and pruning what is redundant, and developing and training what is held to be desirable. No doubt operations analogous to these are useful and beneficial in the fields of mind—but they will never make what I mean by a style. Great writers unquestionably employ all these processes on their own writings, but they do so with no other object than to bring into prominence the thought they are conscious of and are struggling to express. If a flower of rhetoric will serve better to emphasize the thought, they will use it, just as if it obscure the thought, they will ruthlessly put it away; but language and all its graces are means only to the great end, they are not cultivated for their own sake—nay, so far from its being imagined that they can embellish thought, it is felt that at the very best they must still in some degree disfigure and obscure it.

There are no doubt writers, and writers too of great note and name, of whom we speak with all respect, and whom it would be absurd to attempt to depreciate—who have obviously laboured at the formation of their style from without, instead of trusting to its growth from native powers within. I do not say that such writers write badly, nor deny that they have a style. I do but contend that their style is of comparatively base metal, however cleverly worked, and that they themselves are not great writers, nor in the ranks of the immortals. The difference between the genuine article and such a style, will be that between the countenance of the real Cæsar or Napoleon, and that of the cleverest actor who makes himself up to represent him on the stage.

As an instance of what I shall term the artificial style, I shall take one of its most splendid examples—Lord Macaulay. No one will deny him the possession of a style, and of one that is in a most extraordinary degree brilliant, striking, and attractive, more particularly

on first acquaintance. "Where did you get that style?" wrote his friend, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, on reading the first of the famous articles which he contributed, and the question has been admiringly repeated by the multitude of writers who have, with various measure of success, taken him for their model.

Yet it is abundantly clear that the chief points of this style are not of spontaneous growth, but have been deliberately introduced. His perpetual balance of phrase against phrase and sentence against sentence, his incessant use of antithesis, and employment of concrete examples where others would satisfy themselves with abstract or general terms—all those elements in fact which in the eyes of his admirers constitute his principal charm, and for which his enemies describe his writing as "snip-snap"—speak of the man of letters rather than of the thinker. What is the result? The great quality on which Macaulay prided himself was his clearness—and clear he undoubtedly is, but it is with an obtrusive clearness which calls attention to itself rather than to the objects it illumines. Contrasting him with a writer of the other school, Cardinal Newman, I have heard it well remarked that while both are clear, there is the difference between them that there is between the moon and sun. When the moon is full and the sky cloudless, everybody remarks how bright is the light and how well it enables us to see,—but no one ever thinks of a like remark at noon-day; and in like manner while the one writer makes us admire his own lucidity, the other impresses upon us the profound truth of what he says.

In the case of writers such as these it is not easy to find passages in each sufficiently similar as to subject matter which shall serve to contrast their treatment of one and the same topic. I shall take for the purpose Lord Macaulay's argument that the data of Natural Theology must ever remain unchanged, and the Cardinal's, that all fresh discoveries in science must have a bearing on Theology, and Theology upon them.

In his Essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Macaulay writes thus:—

"As respects natural religion, it is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favourably situated than Thales or Simonides. He has before him just the same evidences of design in the structure of the universe which the early Greeks had. We say just the same; for the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of the argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower and shell. The reasoning by which Socrates in Xenophon's hearing confuted the little atheist Aristodemus, is exactly the reasoning of Paley's *Natural Theology*. Socrates makes precisely the same use of the statues of Polycletus and the pictures of Zenxis which Paley makes of the watch. As to the other great question, what becomes of

man after death, we do not see that a highly-educated European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass the Blackfoot Indians, throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct. In truth all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted without the help of revelation to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to us to have failed deplorably. Then again all the great enigmas which perplex the natural theologian are the same in all ages. The ingenuity of a people just emerging from barbarism is quite sufficient to propound them. The genius of Locke or Clarke is quite unable to solve them. It is a mistake to imagine that subtle speculation touching the divine attributes, the origin of evil, the necessity of human actions, the foundation of moral obligation, imply any high degree of intellectual culture. Such speculations, on the contrary, are in a peculiar manner the delight of intelligent children and of half civilised men. The number of boys is not small who at fourteen have thought enough on these questions to be fully entitled to the praise which Voltaire gives to Zadig : *'Il en savait ce qu'on en a eu dans tous les âges : c'est-à-dire, fort peu de chose.'* The Book of Job shows us that, long before letters and arts were known to Ionia, these vexing questions were debated with no common skill and eloquence under the tents of the Idumean Emirs : nor has human reason, in the course of 3000 years, discovered any satisfactory solution of the riddles which perplexed Eliphaz and Zophar."

This is undoubtedly a fine passage, as well as one in the highest degree characteristic of its author. But how does it appear in comparison with the following, from Cardinal Newman's *Lectures on University Education*?—

"I cannot so construct my definition of the subject matter of university knowledge, and so draw my boundary lines around it, to include in it the other sciences commonly studied at universities and to exclude the science of religion. Are we to limit our ideas of university knowledge by the evidence of our senses? then we exclude history; by testimony? we exclude metaphysics; by abstract reasoning? we exclude physics. Is not the being of a God reported to us by testimony, handed down by history, inferred by an inductive process, brought home to us by metaphysical necessity, urged on us by the suggestion of our conscience? It is a truth in the natural order, as well as in the supernatural. So much for its origin; and when obtained what is it worth? Is it a great truth or a small one? Is it a comprehensive truth? Say that no other religious idea whatever were given but it, and you have enough to fill the mind; you have at once a dogmatic system. The word 'God' is a theology in itself, indivisibly one, inexhaustibly various, from the vastness and the simplicity of its meaning. Admit a God, and you introduce among the subjects of your knowledge a fact encompassing, closing in upon, absorbing every other fact conceivable. How can we investigate any part of any order of knowledge, and stop short of that which enters into every order? All true principles run over with it, all phenomena run into it; it is truly the First and the Last. In word indeed, and in idea, it is easy enough to divide knowledge into human and divine, secular and religious, and to lay down that we will address ourselves to the one without interfering with the other; but it is impossible, in fact. Granting that divine truth differs in kind from human, so do human truths differ in kind one from another. If the knowledge of

the Creator is in a different order from that of the creature, so, in like manner, metaphysical science is in a different order from physical, physics from history, history from ethics. You will soon break into fragments the whole circle of secular knowledge if you begin the mutilation with divine."

These two passages, taken almost at random, will, if I mistake not, well illustrate and enforce my meaning. It is needless to attempt any analysis of their difference of detail—were that necessary, it would show that they were useless for my purpose. I will only say that I am sure all who have heard them will agree that if Macaulay is lucid, Newman is not lucid only, but luminous; the words of the one are plain and clear enough to our ears, but those of the other find an echo in our souls and enforce the truth they convey by the consonance of its response.

This is indeed the supreme power of the truly great writer—to reveal to us what was held latent within ourselves, so concealed that we did not ourselves recognise its existence till it was quickened into life by the magic sympathy between soul and soul. What we could not have said for ourselves, he says for us, and when he has given the thought form, we recognise it for our own, so clearly expressed as to make us wonder that we had never thought of its expression. It is this which gives undying power and popularity—to take a conspicuous example—to the proverbs and maxims of Shakespeare, and it is this character which stamps literature as of the highest class—which in fact constitutes "Style" as I understand the term.

I will take another example from the same authors, which may be scrutinised in the light of these remarks. This time let it be the great subject of education, and the duties of governments in its regard, which serves as the arena in which to exhibit them. Lord Macaulay in his review of Mr. Gladstone's work on *Church and State*, writes thus:—

"If a Government can, without any sacrifice of its main end, promote any other good work, it ought to do so. The encouragement of the fine arts for example, is by no means the main end of government; and it would be absurd in constituting a government, to bestow a thought on the question, whether it would be a government likely to train Raphaels and Domenichinos. But it by no means follows that it is improper for a government to form a national gallery of pictures. The same may be said of patronage bestowed on learned men, of the publication of archives, of the collecting of libraries, of menageries, plants, fossils, antiques, of journeys and voyages for purposes of geographical discovery or astronomical observation. It is not for these ends that government is constituted. But it may well happen that a government may have at its command resources, which will enable it, without any injury to its main end, to pursue these collateral ends far more effectually than any individual or any voluntary association could do. If so, government ought to pursue these collateral ends. It is still more evidently the duty of government to promote, always in subordination to its main end, everything which is useful as a means for the attaining of that main end. The improvement

of steam navigation, for example, is by no means a primary object of government. But as steam vessels are useful for the purpose of national defence, and for the purpose of facilitating intercourse between distant provinces, and of thereby consolidating the force of the empire, it may be the bounden duty of government to encourage ingenious men to perfect an invention, which directly tends to make the state more efficient for its great primary end. Now on both these grounds, the instruction of the people may with propriety engage the care of the government. That the people should be well educated is in itself a good thing ; and the state ought therefore to promote this object, if it can do so without any sacrifice of its primary object. The education of the people, conducted on those principles of morality which are common to all the forms of Christianity, is highly valuable as a means of promoting the main object for which government exists, and is, on this ground, well deserving the attention of rulers."

Now let us hear the Cardinal, whose utterance may be well supposed to take the subject up where the other leaves it :—

" Let me frankly declare that I have no fear at all of the education of the people ; the more education they have the better, so that it is really education. Next as to the cheap publication of scientific and literary works, I consider it a great advantage, convenience and gain ; that is, to those whom education has given a capacity for using them. Further I consider such innocent recreation as science and literature are able to furnish, will be a very fit occupation of the thoughts and the leisure of young persons, and may be made the means of keeping them from bad employments and bad companions. Moreover, as to that superficial acquaintance with chemistry, and geology, and astronomy, and political economy, and modern history, and biography, and other branches of knowledge which periodical literature and occasional lectures of scientific institutions diffuse through the community, I think it a graceful accomplishment, and a suitable, nay, in this day a necessary, accomplishment in the case of educated men. Nor lastly am I disparaging or discouraging the thorough acquisition of any one of these studies, or denying that as far as it goes such thorough acquisition is a real education of the mind. All I say is, call things by their right names, and do not confuse together ideas which are essentially different. A thorough knowledge of one science, and a superficial acquaintance with many, are not the same thing. A smattering of a hundred things or a memory for detail, is not a philosophical or comprehensive view. Recreations are not education ; accomplishments are not education. Do not say, the people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humour, or kept from vicious excesses. I do not say that such amusements, such occupation of mind, are not a great gain, but they are not education. You may as well call drawing or fencing education, as a knowledge of botany or conchology. Stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle ; they do not form or cultivate the intellect. Jeremy Taylor could quote Plutarch, and Plotinus, and Pythagoras, yet they could not keep him from veering about in religion, till no one can tell to this day what he held and what he did not ; nor shall we ever be kept steady in any truths or principles whatever, merely by having seen a Red Indian or Caffir, or having measured a palæotherium. Education is a high word ; it is nothing else than a formation of the mind, it is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation."

These passages must suffice to explain and exemplify my meaning ;

it would be easy enough to multiply such instances indefinitely, but there is no object in so doing. I pass to the consideration of sundry points suggested by what has hitherto been said.

In the first place it is clear that if the explanation I have been assuming as to the meaning of style be the true one, then must style be always intensely personal. As by the features of his face a man is known amongst other men, and as his mind is not theirs, so must the reflection of his mind, mirrored in his utterances, be characteristic and distinct, discriminated from others not by any trick or mannerism, tacked on like a label or a badge, but in its very essence. And this is undoubtedly the case of those writers who have the art of fashioning such a mirror by the use of words. It is because they can do this that they are truly great, and it is because they have done it that they acquire the literary immortality they have: it is not only their works that are known to distant ages and strange lands, it is themselves—and they live on, generation after generation, familiar to each as to their own, not as empty names, but as individual men.

How plain is the stamp of the writer upon his own page, for those who have eyes to see—there are many examples to show. Thus it is related that after the appearance of *Waverley*, one of Sir Walter's friends, I cannot at the moment remember who, wrote to him about the book, with absolute certainty that he was the author. He had thought so, he said from the moment he began to read, and the conviction deepened as it went on, but at last came a phrase which made doubt utterly impossible, and what was the phrase? Simply this, " * * for the man was but mortal, and had been a school-master." This is, of course, an extreme instance, but it differs from others in degree only, not in kind. Let us take from the same author a more detailed description. We enjoy it, not only because it is amusing, racy and vigorous, but because it is Scott's, because in it we see the great-hearted and fine-tempered man, brimming over with fancy, humour, and spirits, whose characters are, as in Hindoo Mythology, emanations of himself. Others may write as well, but no other since letters were invented could have written precisely this; it is the description from *St. Ronan's Well*, given by worthy Meg Dods, the landlady of the old inn, concerning the establishment of the rival hotel on the medicinal spring, the virtues of which had been recently discovered. This passage must needs suffer much in being shorn of the racy dialect of the original:—

"They (the said waters) used to be thought good for nothing but here and there a poor body's bairn that had gotten the cruells, and could not afford a penny-worth of salts. But my Lady Pennyworth Penfeather had fallen ill, it's like, as no other body ever fell ill, and so she was to be cured some gate nobody was ever cured, which was nothing more than was reasonable—and my lady, ye know, has

wit at will, and has all the wise folk out from Edinburgh, and they have all their turns, and some can clink verses with their tale, as well as Rob Burns or Allan Ramsay—and some run up hill and down dale knapping the chucky stones to pieces with hammers, like so many road breakers run daft—they say it is to see how the world was made! And some that play on all manner of ten-stringed instruments—and a wheen sketching souls that ye may see perched like crows on every crag in the country—forbye men that had been in foreign parts, or said they had been there, which was all one, ye know; and maybe two or three draggle-tailed Misses, that wear her follies when she has done with them, as her maids wear her second-hand clothes. So after her ladyship's happy recovery, as they called it, down came the whole tribe of wild geese and settled by the well, to dine thereout on the bare ground, like a wheen tinklers, and they had songs and tunes and healths, no doubt, in praise of the fountain, as they called the well, and of Lady Penelope Penfeather, and lastly it behoved them all to take a solemn bumper of the spring, which as I am told made awful havoc among them or they went home, and this they call pic-nic, and a plague to them. And so the jig was begun after her ladyship's pipe, and many a mad measure has been danced since then, for down came masons and murgeon-makers, and preachers and player-folk, and Episcopalians and Methodists, and fools and fiddlers, and Papists and pie-bakers, and doctors and druggists:—forbye the shop-folk that sell trash and trumpery at three prices—and so up got the bonnie new well, and down fell the honest old town of St. Ronans, where blithe decent folk had been heartsome enough for many a day before any of them were born, or any such vapouring fancies kitted in their cracked brains."

Here undoubtedly we have style in its most unmistakable guise: not only a wonderful picture drawn, not only a marvellous description minted fresh from the mind that conceived it, by the use of words just as that mind saw their fitness for the purpose, but we have the man himself who penned it living and breathing in his own work.

It is not difficult to find an example to set beside this, of a very different kind of humour, tinged with grim satire instead of Scott's kindly buoyancy, which is supplied to us by another great master of style, Thackeray. Who could mistake the author of the following description of the sick bed of the free-thinking and worldly old Miss Crawley:—

"Rebecca passed the night in constant watching upon Miss Crawley; she never told until long afterwards how painful that duty was; how peevish a patient was the jovial old lady; how angry, how sleepless; in what horror of death; during what long nights she lay moaning and in almost delirious agonies respecting that future world which she quite ignored when she was in good health. Picture to yourself, oh, fair young reader, a worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing in pain and fear, and without her wig. Picture her to yourself, and ere you be old, learn to love and pray."

It is, of course, not only in writings of a humourous complexion that this characteristic is found, but such writings are perhaps the best for its exemplification on such an occasion as this, their points being more apparent and easy to note on the instant. I propose now

to take another example of a very different kind, from Dryden's *Essay on Satire*, where he is comparing the rival merits as satirists of Horace and Juvenal. I do so not merely because his style is well worthy of consideration in itself, but because the subject matter has a distinct bearing on our general subject. We have here, in fact, masters of style, criticised by a master, the merits he finds in each being weighed against one another. Thus, then, he writes :—

“This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand that I speak of my own taste only; he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear; he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home; his spleen is raised, and he raises mine; I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says; he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far; it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant, says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble; his verse more numerous and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits.”

So much then for the essentially personal element of style, and this leads us to another point of importance. That a writer should acquire the gift of style, it is therefore necessary for him to have time;—time to know himself, time to make his thoughts genuinely his own, time to get thought and language adequately together. What that necessary amount of time will be, will of course be a distinct question in each case. One will absorb knowledge in an instant, and by a kind of electric spark of genius fuse and transmute it to his own mould, and will in similar fashion strike the coinage of his brain into works, crisp and clear, at the first attempt. This is doubtless the highest form of genius—it is in such a mode that we must conceive Shakespeare to have worked; we can no more imagine him feeling his way to this point, than Jupiter making tentative experiments with his thunderbolts. Such a mind as this is like a prism, which, without

effort, breaks up the white light of truth into its constituent elements of beauty, and passes them forth thus analysed—unconscious of its own act. Others will slowly assimilate and laboriously reproduce their thought, struggling into form through many shapes, as the grub grows to the butterfly. It is of the process of composition such as this that the great master of his art, whom I have so frequently cited, speaks, as resembling nothing so much as physical pain. But its product will be far from the least admirable of the forms of human language, it will bear the impress of the accurate and delicate mind which saw the need of all this trouble, and knew how to take it; in such compositions we shall see exemplified the truth that hard writing makes easy reading. But whatever be the time that writers severally require, that they must have if their writings are to reach the standard we are considering.

And here begins to appear the reason why the fact should be in regard of modern writers as I began by stating. As a rule they have not this great requisite of time—they cannot make any one subject so thoroughly their own as to succeed in treating it in the great style. They are obliged to produce so much, that their work has a kind of mechanical machine-made character, differentiating it hopelessly from the specimens of true art. They can write equally well on a hundred subjects, without being able to write surpassingly well on one. And the chief agent in thus eliminating the conditions of the best kind of writing is precisely that which at first sight we should judge most certain to do the opposite—I mean the press. It is very remarkable how little the perfection of literature, or its abiding power, depends upon what we now-a-days consider as absolutely essential to it. The greatest, and most enduring, and incomparably the most influential of literatures, the inspired literature of Judea and the purely human of Greece, grew and flourished and became immortal without any aid from printing. The great and unapproachable days of our own English literature can have owed little or nothing to the lately discovered art, they were the heirs of an age that had it not, from that age and not from it did they draw their inspiration. And now that it has attained such influence, and multiplied its triumphs in such an extraordinary degree, the press instead of being the servant has become the master, and literary men instead of elaborating their own conceptions, have to grind in the mill it bids them turn. The spontaneous and individual character which we have seen to be essential for perfection of style, is thus trampled out in the crush and bustle of the daily task, and the quality of the article so manufactured is such as to dull the taste of the consumer as well. Hence De Quincey tells us that if we wish at this day to read our noble language

in its native beauty, picturesque from its native propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition, we should steal the mail bags some day, and read the ladies' letters therein contained ; the reason of the superiority of style claimed for such writers being twofold—first, that they have more leisure, and second, that they are less diligent readers of newspapers than men.

But it is now time for me to redeem my promise of supporting my case by the evidence of Cardinal Newman, and this shall be the first point thus supported :—

“ Our writers,” he tells us, “ write so well, that there is little to choose between them. What they lack is that individuality, that earnestness, most personal, yet most unconscious of self, which is the greatest charm of a great author.”

And the connection of this feature of our literature with the growth of the press and its multiplied requirements he thus, in another place, sets forth :—

“ An intellectual man, as the world now conceives of him, is one who is full of ‘ views,’ on all subjects of philosophy, on all matters of the day. It is almost thought a disgrace not to have a view at a moment’s notice on any question, from the Personal Advent to the cholera or mesmerism. This is owing in a great measure to the necessities of periodical literature, now so much in request. Every quarter of a year, every month, every day, there must be a supply for the gratification of the public, of new and luminous theories on the subjects of religion, foreign politics, home politics, civil economy, finance, trade, agriculture, emigration, and the colonies : slavery, the gold fields, German philosophy, the French empire, Wellington, Peel, Ireland, must all be practised on day after day by what are called original thinkers. As the great man’s guest must produce his good stories or songs at the evening banquet, as the platform orator exhibits his telling facts at mid-day, so the journalist lies under the stern obligation of extemporising his lucid views, leading ideas, and nutshell truths for the breakfast table. The very nature of periodical literature, broken into small wholes and demanded punctually to an hour, involves this extempore philosophy. ‘ Almost all the *Ramblers*,’ says Boswell of Johnson, ‘ were written just as they were wanted for the press.’ Few men have the gifts of Johnson, who to great vigour and resource of intellect, when it was fairly roused, united a rare common-sense and a conscientious regard for veracity, which preserved him from flippancy or extravagance in writing. Few men are Johnsons : yet how many at this day are assailed by incessant demands on their mental powers, which only a productiveness like his could suitably supply ! There is a demand for a reckless originality of thought, and a sparkling plausibility of argument, which he would have despised, even if he could have displayed ; a demand for crude theory and unsound philosophy rather than none at all. What must be the toil of those whose intellects are to be flaunted daily before the public in full dress, and that dress ever new and varied, and spun, like the silkworm’s, out of themselves ? ”

And now, retracing our former course, let us hear the testimony of the same witness as to the real meaning of the term style—on which so much depends. Thus does he speak :—

“ Thought and speech are inseparable from each other ; matter and expression are parts of one : style is a thinking out into language. This is what I have been

laying down, and this is literature; not *things*, not the verbal symbols of things; not on the other hand mere *words*; but thoughts expressed in language. Call to mind, Gentlemen, the meaning of the Greek word which expresses this special prerogative of man over the feeble intelligence of the inferior animals. It is called *λόγος*; what does *λόγος* mean? It stands both for *reason* and for *speech*, and it is difficult to say which it means more properly. It means both at once; why? Because really they cannot be divided—because they are in a true sense one. When we can separate light and illumination, life and motion, the convex and concave of a curve, then will it be possible for thought to tread speech under foot, and to hope to do without it—then will it be conceivable that the vigorous and fertile intellect should renounce its own double, its instrument of expression, and the channel of its speculations and emotions.

Critics should consider this view of the subject before they lay down such canons of taste as the writer whose pages I have quoted. Such men as he consider fine writing to be an *addition from without* to the matter treated of—a sort of ornament superinduced, or a luxury indulged in, by those who have time and inclination for such vanities. They speak as if *one* man could do the thought, and *another* the style.

But can they really think that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott, were accustomed to aim at diction for its own sake, instead of being inspired with their subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because they had beautiful thoughts? This is surely too great a paradox to be borne. Rather, it is the fire within the author's breast, which overflows in the torrent of his burning, irresistible eloquence; it is the poetry of his inner soul, which relieves itself in the Ode or the Elegy; and his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic, are imaged in the tenderness, or energy, or richness of his language. And this is true of prose as well as verse in its degree: who will not recognise in the Vision of Mirza a delicacy and beauty of style which is very difficult to describe, but which is felt to be in exact correspondence to the ideas of which it is the expression? And since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind. The pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seems artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilises his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to full diapason of his harmony, as if *κῶδεϊ γαίῳ*, rejoicing in his own vigour and richness of resource. I say, a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fulness of heart, parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with."

Here, I think, it will be wise to stop. We have but surveyed, and that in a most cursory and incomplete fashion, a small portion, lying at the very entrance, of the large field which the subject presents. But were we to begin either to consider the qualifications which the foregoing remarks require, or to touch any further

question, it is not quite clear where we should arrive at a halting place so convenient as that we have reached.

At the same time I am quite conscious how very short a way I have got. I ought perhaps to have rather started where I am stopping, if I wished to say anything worthy of your attention, for the points whereon I have dwelt, if very essential, are also very elementary, and must be familiar to all. I could not however forego the advantage of working in conjunction with Cardinal Newman and with his potent support; and now, before I conclude, I cannot refrain from making one or two remarks of my own.

And firstly—if this be the true account of style which has been given, is not our generation perhaps in danger of losing not this power only, but even the faculty of appreciating it? In prose it is true that as a rule—for Cardinal Newman is himself an evidence that it is not so altogether—we are, so to say, style-less, and therefore do not take style into much account. But into all poetry this element must enter so largely that it cannot be neglected. But what is the style of that poetry to which by perhaps the majority of modern critics, certainly by the more vociferous section, the highest place is assigned? Does it mirror the mind of its author? Does it find a natural echo in that of the reader? When so much doubt and perplexity obstinately broods over the question of its secret meaning, when the discussion of what that meaning may happen to be, affords a never ending exercise to the wits of individuals and societies, can it be, that it is the direct product of clear thinking, or the best incentive to clear thought? Of course, from its very nature, poetry must ever tend to soar amid the clouds, and occasionally will baffle in its flights the eyes that seek to follow it; but with that of which I speak obscurity is the rule—and so far as I can understand, appears to be considered one of its chief merits. Nay, there are those—men too not without pretensions to be leaders of opinion—who ask us to accept the productions of Walt Whitman as not poetry only, but poetry of a most elevated kind—the poetry of the Future. But one thing seems clear: if it be poetry at all, it is the only poetry the world has ever seen—for there was never anything at all like it, and it appears to plain people who are not transcendental critics, that it would be as reasonable to give the name of poetry to an auctioneer's catalogue, or an elementary geography, as to his string of words without rhyme, without rhythm, and apparently without reason.

This remark suggests another. It is an obvious fact, though its explanation baffles us, that not only the individual but the age in which he lives is a factor in the style of his writing. It would be easy to account for the fact, if by style we meant only mannerism, or terms of

phraseology, or the elements of vocabulary ; but there is a great deal more than this. How is it that the poets of the Elizabethan age, and of that which immediately followed it, had that native gift of melody unmistakable in their slightest fragments, and which all our art can no more imitate than the strains of an *Æolian* harp ?

"The ouzel cock so black of hue, with orange tawny bill."—"Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me, And tune his merry note Unto the wild bird's throat."—"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."—"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more."—"We plough the deep and reap what others sow."

Even if we did not know the authors, could we possibly be in doubt as to the century which produced these snatches ? And what was the influence that scattered broadcast in one generation what is utterly denied to another ?

My third remark is this. Much as style can do, there is something which not only it cannot do, but to which it is fatal—and that something the highest of all. It is not by any power of human speech that those lessons have been enforced upon the world which incomparably more than any others have purified and elevated it. We cannot imagine the teachings of the Gospel to have been conveyed in the language of Cicero, of Plato, or of Edmund Burke. We have sometimes, indeed, the same fundamental idea conveyed in both ways Compare for instance Horace's :—

" *Valet ima summis*
Mutare, et in signum attenuat deus,
Obscura promens,"

with the same idea as expressed in the *Magnificat*—though we know it but in a translation, and one of no literary pretension—

" *Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles.*"

Human language is a poor enough instrument for the conveying of mere human thought—but when that which is more than human is to be conveyed, language can only, so far as is possible, efface itself.

This suggests another consideration which in these days of criticism may not be without its practical use. We know from the other books of the New Testament in what kind of style it was natural for their authors to write. Those books are inspired, and considered merely as human compositions, they have the characteristics of style well marked ; yet for all this how infinitely do they lack, and how utterly impotent were their authors to produce for themselves the divine grace and simplicity of the Gospel !

In conclusion, if the theories be true for which I have been contending, if style be the highest quality of human language, and if it

consists in giving the clearest and the most forceful possible expression to thought—then should its attainment be an object of prime ambition to Catholics. More than all others they have something to say that is worth saying and worth hearing—truth needs but to be seen to be omnipotent; if we would be her ministers, we have in the first place to discipline our own minds so as clearly to grasp the true nature of our own beliefs—and in the second to train our speech rightly to reflect the clearness of our perceptions.

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

AUTUMN.

PURPLE bloom is on the heather,
And the summer blossoms die,
On the housetops swallows chatter,
And the wand'ring martins cry.
They are thinking of the bowers
Where the red flamingos play,
Of the mosques, and fanes, and towers
Of a land that's far away.

Misty wreaths enfold the mountain,
Withered grasses strew the ground,
And the erstwhile laughing fountain
Has but sadness in its sound.
In the glens are cushats crying,
Garnered are the golden sheaves,
And the sad south wind is sighing
Through the gold and scarlet leaves.

Wintry berries red as coral
Gleam upon the holly tree;
Round their dwellings ravens quarrel,
And the quail pipes fitfully,
While the dark-eyed Autumn slowly,
Passing through the dreary land,
Tells in solemn tones and lowly
That the winter is at hand.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

KITTY'S DELINQUENCIES.

A BRISK business had been going on in the market place of our little town since early morning, but now a sudden lull had fallen. The rows of stalls on which fruit and vegetables were heaped in picturesque confusion were deserted by the eager throngs that a short time before had clamoured loudly as they bargained and bartered. The carts with bags of potatoes where sales had been liveliest, so many seemed wanting "a han'ful of good payties," were deserted too. At the top of the market square there stood a row of carts laden with hay, and one of these drawn out in front, was the centre of attraction, for round it the crowd surged and swayed. The cart and hay had just been seized by a bailiff for debt, and the owner stood aside wearing a rueful and dejected expression. There was not much likelihood that a purchaser would be found, for the story went round that the seizure had been made under circumstances peculiarly hard and heartless. Be that as it may, feeling ran high, and the crowd round the cart kept up a running fire of wit and sarcasm, all levelled at the unfortunate bailiff. One withered crone pronounced him "a walkin' ould scandal." A girl looking at him asked contemptuously, "Isn't he the nate patthern of a man?" to which another replied, "If I had a stick an' a knife, I'd make betther than him." A young fellow inquired with great seeming solicitude, "Didn't ye hear Calcraft is dead an' they're lookin' for a hangman?" To all which the man listened with dogged indifference.

If anyone had looked, but they were all too much engrossed, he or she would have seen entering the market square at that moment a tall commanding-looking girl, dressed in coarse well-worn garments. A girl with a strong, sunburnt face, clear, honest blue eyes, and a head "sunning over with curls," which she carried erectly and rather proudly. Kitty, for it was she, joined the crowd, looked and listened and was soon in possession of the supposed facts of the case. As the story was unfolded to her, a flush glowed through the sun-brown on her cheek, the blue eyes seemed to grow black, then a sudden flame leapt into them. Her hands, soiled and brown, for she had been in the fields picking potatoes since sunrise, were stretched out, her vigorous arms

separated the crowd, and she strode up to the bailiff. Clenching her teeth, she caught him by the coat collar, shook him and then flung him to the ground where he lay stunned for a few seconds. Before the gaping crowd could realize what she had done, Kitty had snatched a whip from the hand of a bewildered bystander, jumped on the shaft of the cart, gave the horse a couple of smart strokes and drove off out of the market place—out of the town, and never drew rein till she reached the farm-yard whence the hay had been taken in the morning.

Kitty had to do without the “han’ful of payties” which she had gone to purchase in the market that morning, for she had barely time after her escapade to reach the field where she laboured. At six o’clock her work for the day was over and she was glad enough to turn her steps homeward. As she walked down a narrow path to the main road, she was touched in a way she could not have described by the beauty of the evening and her surroundings. The Galtees rose on one side solemn and grand, illumined now by the evening sunlight. She gazed on them with something of the awe with which a lighted altar inspired her. On the other side of her, a happy little stream ran, singing as it went, while thrushes and blackbirds vied with each other in the richness and fulness of their melody. As she looked and listened, the girl’s strong face softened into that rare beauty which is from the soul, and it was with an effort she assumed her usual indifferent expression as she came near a cottage, at the door of which a group of her fellow-labourers had paused to gossip. Kitty knew she was the subject of their conversation, and was not surprised at the jeering inquiry “whether it was true she had felled a bailiff that morning?”

“It is,” replied Kitty, “an’ I’d do the same to-morrow mornin’ if there was the same occasion.”

As she neared her mother’s cabin which was on the outskirts of the town, she was greeted by several neighbours, not in censure this time. “More power to yer han’s, me girl, ’tis you served the bailiff out properly,” to which Kitty replied with a nod and a quick little laugh. When she entered the cabin, she went straight to the bed where lay her bedridden mother, whose face brightened at the sight of her. With infinite tenderness she touched with her rough hands the mother’s brow and cheek.

“An’ how have ye been all day, mother?” “Finely, asthore; finely. But hurry an’ get your supper. Nancy was in awhile

ago and settled down a fire, but there's no payties. Ah! Kitty, they tould me what happened this mornin'. I'm afeared o' my life that quick temper o' yours 'ill get you into sore trouble."

"Never fear, mother," cried Kitty. "An' as there's no payties, we'll have a gran' cup o' tay, the two of us," then added hastily, "I wonder where is Jack?"

"He was here awhile ago," said the mother, "an' tuk a sup of milk was there. I wish to the great God he got some work to do an' id stick to it."

"Hould on awhile till the Mission, mother, you wouldn't know what good the holy fathers id get of him."

"God grant it," said the old woman.

When the tea was made, Kitty served her mother lovingly with the scanty meal, then sitting by the bedside she heard and recounted all their experiences during the day. This was one of Kitty's rare intervals of peace and rest, and seldom were they long uninterrupted. Either Nancy, her sister, had some difficulty which only Kitty could overcome, or "the childer" were "crying for their aunt Kitty," or worse and more frequently, Jack, her brother, caused the disturbance. Idle and thriftless, it was wonderful how he managed to get so often the drink which made him the misery of his mother and sister. For her mother's sake Kitty would listen in silence to his jibes and insults, his senseless repinings and reproaches, and ward off in his more desperate condition the blows with which he threatened her.

When the Mission of which Kitty had spoken was being held, her mother lay "sick unto death," and was nursed and tended by this "wild Irish girl," with the gentlest care. The poor old woman wished to confess to one of the Missionary Fathers, and grew restless and feverish with longing, yet Kitty did not dream of asking one to come to her. It may be incredible to many readers, but no one who has not witnessed it can have the slightest idea of what a Mission means in Tubberara. All day long the confessionals are surrounded by eager throngs who seem as if they would imprison the fathers there. When one has to slip out to say Mass, or to preach, and when they have to go to meals, the several faces round are pictures of dismay, or hopeless resignation. Many a time penitents have climbed the church railings in the middle of the night, to wait till the doors were opened and be first in to get near the confessionals. Some have

even been daring enough to climb the church walls and get in through the windows. It was no wonder that Kitty did not ask one of the fathers to come, though no doubt he would have managed it if she did. Yet she was determined to gratify her mother, wrapping her up as warmly as she could, she took her on her back and carried her to the church, and home again when the confession was heard. So the old woman died with one wish at least fulfilled.

It was during that Mission too that the society of the Sacred Heart was formed for the women of the parish. Kitty was one of the earliest volunteers, and soon won the confidence of those having the management, she was so earnest, brave, and "strong to endure." She always took a place in one's mind with "Joan, that lass o' Lowrie's," but the real woman crept into one's heart where the ideal one could not go.

It became Kitty's duty to have the benches arranged for the guilds on the nights of meeting, and as far as possible to keep order, and smiles come at the remembrance of the meetings in those days of the society's infancy. It had not yet become clear to the men of the parish that only women were to attend, and frequently one or more would come. They would not remain long, however. Kitty's quick eye would detect them and soon the tall figure would be seen striding down the church. It was no use for them to try to slink into a corner, or dodge behind a pillar, Kitty would pounce on them like a bird of prey and compel a hasty exit.

Some six months or so after her mother's death, Kitty's delinquencies were crowned. She had always seemed, but since the mother died, had really filled the position of head of the family. Her sister was older than herself, was married and had several children, but she was a weak dependent woman and clung to Kitty and leant on her as a very tower of strength. The husband, a labourer, was often out of employment and always poor. Every day Kitty worked hard in field or barn, and at night shared her earning with those she loved. Her love for this sister, and sympathy with her were very touching, "yet I often scowld her" she would say, "to make her hardy."

The brother—well; you know what Jack was. He had improved at the Mission and for a time went on fairly enough, but lately he had fallen back again, was constantly getting into mischief and always looking to Kitty for protection and help.

These she was only too ready to afford him as was proved to her cost. One day he had been drinking, he quarrelled, and was one of the chief actors in a desperate fight in the main street of the town, and was arrested of course. He was brought before the magistrates and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. To fulfil this sentence he had to be sent to the county town where the bridewell is, distant some twenty miles, and was brought, handcuffed, to the railway station of Tubberara by two policemen. There a number of his friends were assembled to see him depart, and among them was Kitty, a deep flush on her cheeks and a dangerous light in her eyes. The moment Jack appeared on the platform she went over to him, but was bidden by one of his guards to "move on." Disregarding this mandate she walked by Jack's side towards the train. Again the policeman told her to "get out of the way," and made a motion as if he would push her aside. Alas! Kitty forgot her resolutions, prudence and the power of her strong arm, she struck the man a furious blow which knocked him to the ground, then she strode on with her brother to the carriage door. Perhaps the policemen thought "prudence the better part of valour," there being an excitable crowd around, for one having helped to raise his fallen comrade, they both entered the carriage and quietly took their seats. But Kitty held Jack's locked hands in her own till the moving of the train separated them. Soon after "the strong arm of the law" fell upon Kitty, and for her daring deed she suffered its utmost penalty. She was imprisoned and had some dreadful oakum picking and plank-bed experience. That imprisonment left its mark on Kitty, and it seemed a relief, almost joy, when a distant relative in America unexpectedly paid her passage to that country. Yet when the time of departure drew near, it was easy to see that her strong heart was wrung by the pain of parting. Many a time the firm lips quivered, and the brave eyes grew dim, especially when speaking of her sister and the children.

"Won't ye often go to see them, an' cheer them up?" was her constant petition. It was with real sorrow that her friends looked for the last time into her affectionate eyes, and felt for the last time the warm clasp of her rough, toil-worn hand.

As soon as it was possible she wrote, and then letters came regularly.

One evening a visitor called on Kitty's sister to glean "the

latest intelligence" which was to be forwarded to Kitty. The wee cabin was very clean and bright, several little children were playing on the floor, guarded by an elder sister who was not very big either. On the tidy hearth there was a "bastible" or pot-oven, with red hot turf glowing under and over it, and there was wafted from it a delicious odour of cake. The eldest child told the visitor that "Mammie was out." "An'," said she, "we're after gettin' a letter from Aunt Kitty wid money in it, an' we have a hot cake bakin' for the supper, an' we're goin' to buy a *bonagh* the next fair day, an' I'm to be goin' to school every whole day from this out, for Aunt Kitty says she'll pay me passage to America as soon as I'm ould enough to go."

I hope the visitor succeeded in sending a picture of that red, growing turf fire, and a whiff of the odour of that cake across the ocean to Kitty.

A few years passed, and then came the pleasing news that Kitty was well and happily married, and one Christmas there came splendid cards, conveying the kindest wishes from no less a personage than Kitty's daughter—a little Bridget, who was evidently being taught to love "the old land" and all her mother held dear.

By degrees Kitty sent for each member of her family, and they are all with her now in America.

There is still a warm place in the memory of her friends, and the old nook in their hearts for Kitty, in spite of her delinquencies.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

THE STARLING.

O LITTLE mocking-bird, thou dusk-winged stare,
 Singing thy song with innocent conceit,
 Dost thou not deem it wonderfully sweet?
 Thy light weight softly stirs the thin branch where
 Thou swayest 'gainst the faint-flush evening air;
 And to thy song a measure thou dost beat
 With the small, ugly wings that are as fleet
 As the blue swallow's, shapely-made and fair.
 In the full happiness God giveth thee,
 With many flutterings of thy little throat,
 Thou singest, singest, singest, and art fain
 To imitate the rippling medody,
 The trill delicious of the thrush's note,
 Or Robin Redbreast singing through the rain.

MARY FURLONG.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

PART VIII.

MORE LETTERS FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN.

NOT only liars but biographers also require to have long memories, under the penalty of falling into serious contradictions. Through a defect of memory I imagined that the only criticism that reached me from Dr. Russell about the *Apologia* poem quoted last month was something to the effect that "M—— was cracked." If the matter turned up in a court of law, I should probably depose to this on oath, and then the cross-examining counsel would cover me with confusion by saying to me in his severest tones: "Read this letter, sir!"

St. Patrick's College, Maynooth,

October 3rd, 1866.

MY DEAR MATTHEW—Kate has sent me your lines, which I should like very much if the subject were any other than myself. My dear Matthew, you know very little of me; but it would be a painful thing to me to set about formally disclaiming what you ascribe to me. I only wish that a hundredth part of it were true. Indeed I should rather say that I wish it were all true, not for my own sake, but that I might be able to discharge what are the responsibilities of the position in which I am placed. But I shall not say more of this, and I only write to you that you may know how sincerely I am interested in your pursuing what I believe and trust will be a career of usefulness as well as happiness to yourself and others.

Charles was here to meet the Cardinal, but I have twice gone to look for 15 Clarinda Park, and both times have failed to find it.

Farewell, my dear Matthew.

Your ever affectionate uncle,

C. W. RUSSELL.

The preceding instalment of these notes reached as far as the most important event with which Dr. Russell was ever concerned—Cardinal Newman's conversion. I deemed it right to follow it up at once with some account of the great Convert's feelings about the step then taken as he revealed them after many years had elapsed.

If it had fallen under my eye at the proper moment, I should have used for this purpose the following letters, which he wrote to a lady whom he received into the Church in 1872 :—

The Oratory, July 3, 1871.

MY DEAR MRS. H——,—As to your question, suggested by your friends, it is not at all the case that I left the Anglican Church from despair—but for two reasons concurrent, as I have stated in my *Apologia*—first, which I felt *before* any strong action had been taken against the Tracts or me, namely, in 1839, that the Anglican Church *now* was in the position of the Arian Churches of the fourth century, and the Monophysite Churches of the fifth, and this was such a shock to me that I at once made arrangements for giving up the editorship of the *British Critic*, and in no long time I contemplated giving up St. Mary's. This shock was the *cause* of my writing No. 90, which excited so much commotion. No. 90, which roused the Protestant world against me, most likely never would have been written except for this shock. Thus you see my condemnation of the Anglican Church arose *not* out of despair, but when everything was hopeful, *out of my study of the Fathers*. Then, as to the second cause, it began in the autumn of 1841, six months after No. 90, when the Bishops began to charge against me. This brought home to me that *I had no business in the Anglican Church*. It was not that I despaired of the Anglican Church, but that their opposition *confirmed* the interpretation which I had put upon the Fathers, that *they who loved the Fathers could have no place in the Church of England*. As to your further question, whether, *if I had stayed in the Anglican Church till now*, I should have joined the Catholic Church at all, at any time now or hereafter, I think that most probably I should *not*; but *observe*, but for this reason, because God gives grace, and if it is not accepted He withdraws His grace; and since, of His free mercy, and from no merits of mine, He then offered me the grace of conversion, if I had not acted upon it, it was to be expected that I should be left, a worthless stump, to cumber the ground and to remain where I was till I died. Of course, you are endlessly bewildered by hearing and reading on both sides. What I should recommend you, if you ask me, is to put aside all controversy, and close your ears to advocates on both sides for two months, and not to open any controversial book, but to pray God to enlighten you continually, and then at the end of the time to find where you are. I think, if you thus let yourself alone, or rather take care that others let you alone, you will at the end of the time see that you ought to be a Catholic. And if this is the case, it will be your duty at once to act upon this conviction. But if you

go on reading, talking, being talked to, you will never have peace. God bless you, and keep you, and guide you, and bring you safe into port.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory, May 6, 1872.

MY DEAR MRS. H.—I sincerely rejoice and thank God that you are so far advanced by His mercy as to be convinced that the Church in communion with Rome is that which Christ set up in the beginning as the Oracle of Truth and the Ark of Salvation. He who has led you thus far will lead you on still, into her fold, and into full faith and peace. Your shrinking back is very natural, and does but show that you realise what you are doing. I felt it most painfully myself when I was approaching the Church. I said, "How do I know, but that, as soon as ever I become a Catholic, my eyes will be opened, and I shall see I have taken a false and wrong step?" But I never have had even a temptation for one instant to think I acted wrongly. It has been as contrary to every thought, feeling, impulse, tendency of my mind, and has been so all along, to entertain such an idea, as it would be contrary to my nature to think of cutting my throat, or cheating a friend. I simply can't admit the idea into my mind. And my experience is that of a hundred others. I can but give my own testimony in answer to your apprehension. Then, again, I think those persons who do feel anxiety before they take the step are the very persons who are unlikely to feel misgivings afterwards. Further, recollect the grace of God will not leave you without some great fault of yours; so that if you are courageous, as those heroes of romance who go resolutely forward, undismayed by the threatening aspects of their enemies, you will find the phantoms of evil which you fear will give way to you, and vanish into thin air. As to your second difficulty, it is a very trying one, but is no argument for your acting against your conscience. God will support you under it, and it will not be so heavy a trial as you fear. With my best wishes and prayers,

I am, my dear Mrs. H—, most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

We must now go back many years to the earliest letter that remains unpublished among those addressed to Dr. Russell by Cardinal Newman.

The letter which we gave, announcing his reception into the Catholic Church, was dated from Littlemore, October 8th, 1845. The following was written two months later:—

Littlemore, December 7, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR—Your kind present came last night ; as valuable as the volume is in itself, I shall value it ten times as much, as coming from you. I did not answer your former letter, as I waited for the volume which you promised—but do not think me ungrateful towards its contents. What you said about me far exceeded my deserts, I know ; but it was still very pleasant to me as showing the interest you took in me. May it be a pledge that I shall have the benefit of your prayers, that I may really be now like what you fancy me already to be.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Before the next letter two years had elapsed. Dr. Russell, who had ceased to be "My dear Sir," had pressed him to come to Ireland and criticised his Essay on the Development of Doctrine.

Maryvale, Perrybar, Birmingham,

Feb. 20, 1848.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—Your very kind letter has been forwarded to me from Rome. I value your criticism on my book very much. You have said nothing I should not say myself, except that you have praised it more highly. I have been accustomed to say the same things in other words. It does not pretend to be a *dogmatic* work. It is an external philosophical view—as in Paley's Evidences, our Lord is spoken of as "a young Jewish peasant." So the way in which the book approaches the Catholic Church is by *phenomena*, which phenomena, when we get inside the Church, do not turn out always to be the full measure of the truth. I say in the book that the phenomena of the Catholic history, the visible growth of doctrine, may be accounted for by a certain theory. If, on further and truer examination, it be discovered that there be not *so much* growth, then that theory is *so far* not needed. The question of *more or less* does not effect the pretensions of the theory. Only two objections can be made to the theory—that it is a dangerous one, or that it is perfectly superfluous or inadmissible, there being no growth of doctrine at all. I never met with any one who had read the Fathers, who maintained there was no growth of doctrine, though they may account for it on other theories. The only question then is, Is the theory *dangerous*? Mr. Brownson says that it is, and that is a very fair objection. But to say that, as is sometimes said, I have *mis-stated* this or that particular doctrine, or *overlooked* this or that passage of the Fathers, though very necessary to notice, *lest* a dogma should be

compromised. yet to my book itself, as a philosophical argument, *not* a dogmatic treatise, is, in my opinion, no objection at all.

Again, I think it very possible that my theory may require some modification, though I don't mean that I am aware of it. It is an attempt to give the *laws* under which implicit faith becomes explicit—this is the very subject of the book. Now, is it wonderful that, in so arduous an undertaking, it should not be anything more than it professes to be, "*An Essay?*"

I assure you, it would be a great delight to me to see you in Ireland, as you propose—and, though I don't see how just at present, yet I hope the day will come, I cannot tell when, when I shall be able to pay my homage to the Church of St. Patrick.

I am, my dear Dr. Russell,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Another two years before the next letter in our hands. There was again question of a first visit to Ireland, and again a new book, "*Lectures on Anglican Difficulties.*"

Oratory, Birmingham,

October 2nd, 1850.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—Thank you very much for your kind letter and your most acceptable and valuable present which I shall esteem very highly for its own sake and for yours.

I cannot tell how a report has risen that I am going to Cork. Nothing of any sort has occurred to occasion it, that I know of. Certainly, if anything took me to Ireland, I should not have a greater pleasure than to accept your invitation to visit Maynooth. It would be a true recreation to me. But, as you know, when one is in a place, there are a thousand ties and bonds to keep one in it; and our own institution discourages locomotion in a remarkable manner.

Your approbation on my Lectures is very valuable, and I am very much pleased to have it. At the same time I am conscious that they are a mere ephemeral publication, and I shall be far more than satisfied, if, as you think, they will do good at the moment.

Does not your way to London pass through Birmingham? or have new railroads made a change? We should be so glad to see you at any time. We are in a poor place just now; but if you would condescend to it, we should not be on our part ashamed of it. In a

year or two we hope to move to a better vicinity. But we cannot hope or desire to be prospered anywhere more than we have been here.

Begging your good prayers, I am,

My dear Dr. Russell,

Very sincerely yours in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Congr. Orat.

P. S.—I doubt whether you know any of our Birmingham party. FF. Faber and Dalgairns are in London, and I know would desire their warmest remembrances, did they know I was writing.

On Christmas Eve of that year Dr. Newman wrote the following letter. It contains an allusion to two others which I reserve to take their place among sundry interesting documents relating to *The Dublin Review*. It is strange that even then this great Quarterly should be regarded as belonging to Ireland.

The Irish nobleman whose conversion is referred to in the last paragraph was probably the Earl of Granard.

Oratory, Birmingham, Dec. 24, 1850.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—I send you the good wishes and thoughts suitable to this sacred time, a season of peace in the Church's bosom, strangely contrasted to the tumult and violence which in this country she is suffering from without.

You should have heard from me before this on the subject of *The Dublin*, had I anything to say. I fear difficulties have arisen in the scheme I ventured to suggest to you. One very considerable one is that rumours are afloat of an English Catholic newspaper, which would draw off both money and talent in another direction. Moreover, I think I see, or at least I fancy it will be so, that England will be considered ultimately strong enough to have a review of its own. And I cannot deny as much as this, that there are subjects enough in England, as well as writers, for a Catholic Quarterly. The Cardinal too naturally creates a centre of thought and action about him. How wonderfully he has come out on this occasion! Never did any one in a more striking way show himself equal to an emergency. When the row first took place, and he had not yet reached England, an intimate friend of his, who had known him long, said, he thought it would be his death. Rather it has turned out his life. I mean, it has brought out his energies in so remarkable a way, that one may say that, if he had only lived for this crisis, it would have been enough. He has

still, however, a very difficult part to play. The status of a Cardinal, not acknowledged by the Government, is a new problem to be worked out; and he has had a number of good advisers close about him who would sound the channel and ascertain the current hour by hour.

So some great Irish nobleman is converted. Can it be the Duke of Leinster, or Lord Kildare? I am glad Monsell is safe.

Ever yours, sincerely in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

It seems more desirable, and in a certain way more in accordance with our reverence for Cardinal Newman, to give here consecutively as many as we can of his letters to Dr. Russell, though this will involve premature allusions to parts of our story that have not yet been told. The letters sometimes begin "My dear Dr. Russell," and sometimes "My dear President," and end with "Ever yours affectionately." The next letter refers to the death of the Rev. William Jennings, the brilliant young professor of Logic, of whose first class the present writer was a member. Besides a treatise on Logic he contributed many excellent articles to *The Dublin Review*. His early death was a great grief to many who had learned to look to him for distinguished service in the cause of Catholic literature.

May 27, 1862.

I thank you for your very kind letter, which has just come. I have heard of you from time to time from Monsell and other friends and had seen to my great sorrow Mr. Jennings's death in the paper. I knew him as early as 1852, when I was at Maynooth, and he, I think, only a student in the college; and since, I have heard a good deal of him, and of the hopes he excited. I do not forget what a severe loss you were under, when last I saw you—Dr. Kelly's.

I wish Birmingham lay on your road to London; but Sir Robert Peel (the elder) with his Trent Valley Line, which does not pay, has thrown us off; and thus doubtless you go to and fro, between Maynooth and London, and I am none the better for it. If you made us a half-wayhouse, you would know something about me without writing to ask. Thank you, I am very well. Certainly, I am overworked, with various kinds of mental labour, and these pull one down, as you must know as well as I can. And I cannot do so much as I once could. Yet, it would be most ungrateful to complain (even if I were seriously incommoded), for my present overwork arises from the very success of a school which I began here shortly after I retired from the University.

When we began, it was a simple experiment, and lookers-on seemed to be surprised, when they found we had in half a year a dozen, but, at the end of our third year, we now have seventy, and though some will soon be going, yet more seem to be coming. St. Christopher took up a little child and he proved too heavy for him; and thus we, in our simplicity, allowed ourselves to profess to take boys, and are seriously alarmed at the responsibilities which we have brought on ourselves. As all other schools are increasing in number, it is a pleasant proof of the extension of Catholic Education. Pray for me.

Nov. 5th, 1862.

I do not write to you on so happy a day as that of your letter to me, for, tho' in the Octave, our people know nothing of that, but style it Guy Fawkes' Day, with the accompaniment of scarecrows and crackers. However, I will not allow that on that account I return you a less hearty greeting than your kind letter contained. I wish you could have put into execution your good intention of coming here on your way home—and it gives me hopes another year—but you must let me know, lest I should be unluckily away. I have cause for great thankfulness, that, till last year, I never have needed an outing, now for so many years, whether when at Oxford, here, or anywhere else. Last year, however, I found so much benefit from it, that I have been lately at the seaside for some time, for air and bathing, and have just returned.

I am puzzled to think what report you can have heard which makes you think that I am writing a book. I believe his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman formally announced the fact some years ago; but he could have said so on no good authority, for nothing can be further from the state of the case. There are, indeed, half a dozen books I wish to write, but I have no preference for one over another, and in matter of fact am far too busy with the routine work of each day as it comes, to be able to begin any one of them. And really, had I ever so much time, I doubt which of them I should take. Hitherto, I have hardly, if ever, written a book without being fixed to it by external circumstances, and now external circumstances, instead of pointing in any particular direction, rather dissuade me from writing any.

Is it possible, that the Archbishop of Tuam has subscribed to the Fund for paying the fines of the rioters in Hyde Park? I have seen it in the papers, but cannot credit it.

I hope you prosper at Maynooth. Should not I rather ask you, whether we are to have a new volume from your own study?

Jan. 7, 1863.

It is not too late, I think, to wish you and your Professors and all at Maynooth, a happy new year. May the Irish Church and the Irish people rise year by year in influence, and in the qualities necessary for exercising influence well!

As to your question, gladly would I entertain any suggestion of yours, but it is founded on a mistake. I wished to found a bursar at the Catholic University, but another plan was preferred, *sic superis visum*. A Mass is to be said for me and others living and dead; and this of course is a better connexion with the University than any other.

May 3rd, 1864.

It is very kind in you to write to me, and I should have thanked you before this, but that I am so busy. I am writing from morning to night.* I shall be very glad if you will let me see the letters you speak of. Give me a good prayer.

June 24, 1864.

I write you at length a line to thank you for the true encouragement your letters gave me. It has been a great deal of suffering, as well as toil, to get through what I have been at; now it is over, and I am very thankful. Letters, such as yours, came to me as the stimulant or refreshing applications which are administered to a man who is at some hard bodily toil, and were as acceptable as they were serviceable. It was a great pleasure to find that your name came so naturally into my narrative. Besides the real benefit which you did me in my anxieties twenty years ago, you then evidenced what you have shown now, and what is part of your character, your great sympathy for others.

Your letters shall go back to you soon. I was very glad to have them.

Excuse a short letter, for my hand is still very tired.

March 2, 1865.

It is very kind of you to have proposed calling here, and I should have rejoiced to see you; but as you don't mean to forget your purpose, it is pleasant to consider that your visit now will be made in a more genial time of the year.

The Cardinal has done a great work, and I think has finished it. It is not often this can be said of a man. In passing through London last St. Charles's Day, quite providentially (for I call it so) I called on

* Evidently at the *Agologia*. The letters referred to are those we began with. The following letter of course relates to the same subject.

him. He was then very ill, but he saw me for ten minutes. What a wonderful fact is the reception given to his funeral by the population of London! And the newspapers remark that the son of that Lord Campbell who talked of trampling on his Cardinal's hat fourteen years ago, was present at the Requiem Mass.

April, 13, 1865.

Thank you for your hint about the letter which is in the possession of Mr. Monsell. He has already sent it to me, and I have inserted it in the proper place.

Any remark of yours upon the "General Answer to Mr. Kingsley" would be valuable. I have altered some things, and perhaps, as you say, have thereby anticipated your criticisms. But I have altered only with the purpose of expressing my own meaning more exactly. This is all I have to aim at; because I have reason to know, that after a severe, not to say hostile scrutiny, I have been found to be without matter of legitimate offence. In a day like this, in which such serious efforts are made to narrow that liberty of thought and speech which is open to a Catholic, I am indisposed to suppress my own judgment in order to satisfy objectors. Among such persons of course I do not include *you*; but, using the same frankness which you so kindly claim in writing to me, I will express my belief that you are tender towards others, in the remarks which you ask [me] to make, rather than actually displeased with me yourself.

April 28, 1865.

I will give your letter my best attention, and show it to the parties who have had the revising of my volume. I have said Mass this morning for your intention as to your sister.

March 6, 1873.

I write a line to express my reverence for the great action which was reported of you in the papers.* It seems to me an exploit in the heroic order, and to go some good way towards a canonization. I feel how far superior one such act is, to writing or republishing many books, which is my present employment.

I have been immensely relieved by Dr. Cullen's manifesto. From what the *Tablet* said, and our Archbishop was reported to have said, I feared that your Bishops were going to unsay what the Holy Father

* This refers, I think, to the saving of a young man who was in danger of drowning while skating on one of the lakes of Carton, the residence of the Duke of Leinster, near Maynooth. The rest of the letter alludes to Mr. Gladstone's University Bill.

and they have been predicating "non possumus" of, with such energy, and at the price of such commotion, since the year 1845, which it seems to me would have been the greatest scandal we have had for the last three years.

I hope your heroism did not entail any illness on you.

The following series of short notes refers to the publication of the "Letter to Dr. Pusey," in the discussion raised by Mr. Gladstone about the Vatican council. The Cardinal, whose approval he welcomes in one of these notes, was Cardinal Cullen. A much more interesting and characteristic letter than any of these, describing half humorously his feelings of uncertainty as to the effect of his famous Pamphlet, was read to me at the time by Dr. Russell. It was also read after Dr. Russell's death by some who examined his papers. It has been lost or mislaid. I shall be very glad to publish it out of its place if I should ever get a copy of it.

December 15th, 1874.

I hope you have pardoned my silence. I did not know whether I should write or no. This day I have committed myself by advertising.

February 6th, 1875.

Your information is most welcome to me, and it is very kind in you to give it to me.

As to Gladstone, if he writes, I think he will say that he has been quite misunderstood; that he did not speak of the great mass of English, nor again of Irish, Catholics—indeed, that he had expressly excepted them from the subjects of his animadversion in various passages of his Pamphlet—that he was glad to find that he had elicited from them the patriotic spirit of which he was already so sure, but his words held good still, against those at whom they were originally aimed—that I myself had pointed out who they were—that I had spoken of them as extravagant and tyrannous, and as having set the house on fire—those are the objects of his attack—that the Pope is at their head—therefore he calls them "Vaticanists"—that nothing has been made good by me or any one else to dislodge him from this position, which is the position he originally took up—that what is witnessed in England is witnessed all over Europe—that the tomes of theologians are not the appropriate dépôts of evidence or loci for appeal in this matter, but the Ultramontane newspapers—that it has been all along notorious that Rome was cautious, logical, unassailable

in doctrine—but the present question was as to the political use or rather abuse of her doctrine, etc., etc.

This I really think will be his tone.

February 20th, 1875.

I was from home when your letter came. The Cardinal's notice of my Pamphlet has been the most encouraging fact which has happened to me.

April 9th, 1875

Of course your letter gave me great pleasure, and I thank you for it. It is a very ticklish thing writing on such nice theological subjects, and I wish I were well over it. Tell me what is obscure or wrong about marriage—what I meant to say in the sentence pp. 166-7, is "such being &c." . . . the introduction into England of the discipline of Trent, should the Pope so determine, would not invalidate English Protestant marriages, &c.

P.S.—I am very much pleased to hear what you say about the Duke of Argyle.

May 17, 1875.

I am much pleased to have your book, and thank you for it. I am at a farm of ours [The Ravenhurst], where my dear friend Father St. John lies, seriously ill, in consequence of a sort of sunstroke, which he met with about three weeks ago. We feared he would sink under its effects, but to-day the doctor tells us we may take hope, for he has overcome the worst symptoms, but anyhow he must keep from work for a long time.

Give us your prayers for his recovery.

The co-editor referred to in the beginning of the following letter was no doubt Mr. John P. Prendergast, author of "The Cromwellian Settlement," who was employed in conjunction with Dr. Russell under the auspices of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, in reporting upon the Carte Papers and other such collections, as we shall see hereafter.

The Oratory, April 12th, 1874.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—I have been going to write to you day after day for some weeks. I will tell you why presently. First let me thank you for your present, which will be a most acceptable accession to our Library, and of which I have already read quite enough to feel great interest in its contents, and to understand the labour it must have cost you and your co-editor.

And now for what I have to say about my own occasion of writing to you. I begin by saying that I have been really and greatly relieved, as well as gratified, by your favorable remarks on my Essay on Arianism, relieved, because I have been very anxious how it would approve itself to learned Catholics, since it is on so difficult and delicate a subject—but I proceed to tell you the embarrassment it has caused me.

I have delayed writing to you, because I half feared the favour which I wanted to gain from you was one which I ought not to think of asking. Some twenty-five years since, I wrote a tale about Oxford called "Loss and Gain," as Oxford was at the time you called on me there. I have never as yet put my name in the Title Page, and therefore have asked for no friend's name to introduce into a Dedication. In the new uniform edition of my writings, I shall print my name in the first pages of "Loss and Gain," as of my other volumes, and I have coveted the permission to print your name with my own, first from the pleasure of associating myself with you in public, and next from the fitness and desirableness of its being dedicated to one who has ever shown such sympathy with Oxford thought and Oxford men. As I love Oxford myself with a sort of filial love, so I love one who, of all men whom I know external to Oxford, has felt the most kindly to Oxford.

This made me think of dedicating the little book to you—but then it is a little book, and a light book, and unworthy the President of Maynooth; and this fidgetted me even before your to-day's letter. Now in addition, when you praise my Essay on Arianism, I feel by the contrast what the kind of subject is, which the work *should* have for which I ask your patronage. Being part of a volume, at the beginning of which stood Father Bresciani's name, I could not introduce your name into it, and now I can do nothing else, since my paper is exhausted, but throw myself on your mercy, and hope for a favorable answer to my proposition.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

We wish very much we could give the terms in which Dr. Russell accepted the honour which his illustrious friend so gracefully asks as a favour. The dedication itself we copy from the tenth edition of "Loss and Gain," which forms a volume in Longman's excellent Silver Library :—

TO THE VERY REV.

CHARLES W. RUSSELL, D.D.,

President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, &c., &c.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL,—Now that at length I take the step of printing my name in the Titlepage of this Volume, I trust I shall not be encroaching on the kindness you have so long shown to me, if I venture to follow it up by placing yours in the page which comes next, thus associating myself with you, and recommending myself to my readers by the association.

Not that I am dreaming of bringing down upon you, in whole or part, the criticisms, just or unjust, which lie against a literary attempt which has in some quarters been thought out of keeping with my antecedents and my position; but the warm and sympathetic interest which you took in Oxford matters thirty years ago, and the benefits which I derived personally from that interest, are reasons why I am desirous of prefixing your name to a Tale, which, whatever its faults, at least is a more intelligible and exact representation of the thoughts, sentiments, and aspirations, then and there prevailing, than was to be found in the anti-Catholic pamphlets, charges, sermons, reviews, and story-books of the day.

These reasons, too, must be my apology, should I seem to be asking your acceptance of a Volume, which, over and above its intrinsic defects, is, in its very subject and style, hardly commensurate with the theological reputation and the ecclesiastical station of the person to whom it is presented.

I am, my dear Dr. Russell,

Your affectionate friend,

THE ORATORY, Feb. 21, 1874.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER PRAISING GOD.

AS from deep ocean's bed sweet waters spring
 And rise, untainted, through the salt sea brine,
 So mounts, all spotless, to the Throne Divine,
 From this foul earth, the praise she gives her King.
 And as an eagle sweeps on mighty wing
 To heights serene o'er wooded Apennine,
 Her spirit soars to realms where Seraphs shine
 Like suns, and joins in sweetest strains they sing.

"My soul," she says, "doth magnify the Lord,
 Whose outstretch'd arm smites down Pride's haughty crest,
 And thrones the humble (holy is His Name!)
 In seats of honor as a meet reward;
 For He hath looked on me who nought can claim,
 And men in every age shall call me bless'd."

M. WATSON, S.J.

THREE GIFTS.

I.

A FLOWER was laid in my hands,
 One morning at break of day,
 A curious flower, a strange, bright flower,
 That many strange things did say.
 It spoke to me of earthly things,
 Of the pleasant world of sight and sense ;
 Of beauty, pleasure, warmth, and ease,
 Of love's young rapture and joy intense.
 Ah, me, my flower has died away,
 It could not stand the glare of day,
 It could not stand the long, dark night :
 It was frail, weak, and rootless—my flower of delight.

II.

Then a flower was given to me,
 A flower of sterner mould,
 Crystal clear were its petals white,
 And its leaves were wrought in gold :
 It spoke to me in accents fine ;
 Heaven above and earth below,
 Truth and knowledge were still its theme,
 And wisdom it sought to know.
 Ah, me, my flower had no true life,
 Its blossoms bore the fruit of strife,
 It froze me with its words so wise ;
 It was cold as the moonlight—the light of my eyes.

III.

And I eagerly grasped a flower,
 A sweet flower that came to me,
 A flower that was sent from Heaven,
 A flower of mystery,
 A beautiful flower of love,
 A flower with a heart of flame,
 And within that heart was inscribed
 A living and holy name.
 Ah, me, my flower's so pure and sweet,
 I scarcely dare its love to meet ;
 And yet we never more shall part,
 It is safe in my bosom—the heart of my heart

ITEMS ABOUT IRISHMEN.

JOHN GEORGE MCCARTHY, ANDREW JOSEPH MCKENNA,
JAMES MCCARROLL.

I.

John George M'Carthy.

WE join here very arbitrarily two Irishmen who had little in common and whose deaths were twenty years apart. Mr. MacCarthy has only died quite recently—on the 7th September, 1892, at Euston Hotel, London, on his way home from the Continent whither he had gone in search of health. Another of the many good and gifted Irishmen who are buried in Glasnevin—our beautiful metropolitan cemetery, which is almost as widely known as Dublin, and so has come to be named independently as our City of the Dead. The *Catholic Times* gives these particulars of his praiseworthy and distinguished career:—“Mr. M'Carthy was a native of Cork, where for many years he enjoyed a lucrative practice as a solicitor in partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. Hanrahan, and from which he retired when his appointment as Land Commissioner occasioned the transfer of his residence to the metropolis. He represented Mallow in the Imperial Parliament as a member of Mr. Isaac Butt's Home Rule party, and owed his judicial position as Land Purchase Commissioner mainly to his mastery of the land question exhibited in a well-known publication on the subject. But it was not merely as a lawyer, but as an accomplished *littérateur*, that he acquired more than local distinction. Extensively read and a good linguist, he was also the possessor of a very neat, terse, lucid style, which added much to his frequent utterances, whether in the form of pamphlets, lectures, or speeches. Besides his legal lucubrations, he was the author of a sketch of the history of Cork, which was much admired for its graphic touches and felicitous phrases. He took a very active and prominent part in every Catholic movement, was the chief founder of the very flourishing Young Men's Society in Cork, of which he was for many years the president, and in conjunction with the late Mr. Bryan Galway, another local

solicitor, conceived the idea which took visible form in the establishment of the Upton Reformatory, since transformed into an industrial school. In dealing with land cases which came before him he displayed great impartiality and legal acumen, and always strove to serve the tenantry, whose rents he was instrumental in considerably diminishing, besides facilitating the acquisition by them of their holdings. Urbane in manner and kindly in nature, he gained many friends in every walk of life, and his career can be pointed to with pride as that of a warm-hearted Irishman and a sound Catholic, who served his church and his country with unswerving fidelity. During his brief Parliamentary career, he unsuccessfully endeavoured to secure the passing of a Bill for the reclamation of waste lands. He was elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature several years ago."

II.

Andrew Joseph M'Kenna.

Mute inglorious Miltons and guiltless Cromwells may lie in many churchyards besides that of Stoke Pogis. A great many poets "die with all their music in them." It often depends on what we call chance whether a certain person shall attain eminence or remain in obscurity. Opportunity and a longer life were alone wanted to give a prominent place among Irishmen of the latter half of the nineteenth century to the man whose name we wish to preserve in these pages.

Andrew Joseph M'Kenna was born at Cavan, in November, 1838. He entered Maynooth College in 1852, and amongst his classmates were the present Bishop of Killaloe and the present Attorney-General for Ireland. He was a distinguished student, amiable and edifying. His piety may be indicated by the following lines which he composed on what he thought was the eve of his reception of minor orders:—

Mary, Mother, Virgin, Queen !
Here thy suppliant child to-day—
This day on which the world has been
By me renounced and cast away.

Oh, for the sake of thy dear Son
And for the love of my poor soul,
Finish the work thou hast begun
And bring me to my heavenly goal.

Ah, keep me humble, chaste, and pure—
 Teach me the path of sin to fly,
 That I, in faith and hope secure,
 May, living, love, and, loving, die.

This was the turning point in the young man's career. Though his superiors considered him eligible for these first steps up the holy mount, he himself on the morning after writing these lines (which a friend has used ever since in his stead) shrank from presenting himself among the ordinandi. He finally decided that he had not an ecclesiastical vocation, that God wished from him service of another kind.

After giving up his Maynooth career, Andrew M'Kenna first became a professor in the fine College of Summerhill, near Athlone, now occupied by the Sisters of Mercy: for the College, with its pleasant name of Summerhill, has long been transferred to Sligo, where, a few weeks ago, with much festive observance it entered into the possession of fine new collegiate buildings. The young professor's brilliant faculty of speaking and writing was not idle during his sojourn near Athlone; and his apprenticeship in journalism was probably finished when he came up to Dublin about 1860 and joined the staff of *The Morning News* under Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan. The reputation he soon acquired may be surmised from the fact that in less than two years he was chosen under very peculiar circumstances to fight the battle of the Catholic and Liberal cause in that great northern city where twenty years before Charles Gavan Duffy had begun his remarkable career in a similar position. The Catholic inhabitants of Belfast had special need of such a man at the time; and he had not spent many weeks near the banks of the Lagan before it was felt by friend and foe that the young editor of *The Ulster Observer* was admirably qualified to be their spokesman and leader. He was a man of fine presence and strong and mellow voice, and fully as effective in public speaking as in wielding his vigorous and fluent pen.

Certain circumstances led to the severance of his ties with *The Ulster Observer* which did not long survive the separation. Mr. McKenna immediately founded a new journal *The Northern Star*, for which he chose an apt motto from *Julius Caesar*:

"Constant as the Northern Star,
 Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament."

This journal he conducted with brilliant success for the remainder of his life. The issue which chronicles his death is "Vol. X., No. 1558." What labour those figures represent !

A great shadow fell upon him in May, 1871. On the 15th of that month his only child, Mary Josephine, died, aged seven years. All the obituaries, published on the occasion of his death, many of them very eloquent and all deeply sympathetic, even when written by ardent political opponents, place his deep and abiding grief for his little girl among 'the causes for his early death. When Christmas came round, he was thinking of her as much as ever, and he printed these pathetic lines in his newspaper, not mentioning, however, her name or signing his own initials.

My darling, my dead darling !
Last Christmas eve with me
You gazed upon the gleaming stars
In childish ecstacy ;
Then, hearing Bethlehem's story,
Prayed meekly on my breast—
An infant to the Infant,
Who has taken you to rest.

And since amongst the angels,
Bright-robed and glory-crowned,
Who chaunt the Saviour's praises
Your destined place you've found :
Methinks your voice comes sweetly
To my weary, yearning ears,
A solace to my sorrow,
A balsam for my tears.

I loved you, oh ! I loved you
With a love as warm and bright
As the sun in gorgeous noonday
With his furnace rays of light.
I loved you as the heart but loves,
When parent knows no bliss
To equal the fond gladness
Of his only darling's kiss.

And your life was all so radiant
And so full of joy and bloom
That no fear e'er blurred my dreamland
Or foreshadowed your young doom ;
And I thought with hopeful trusting
That your tender hands would close
The eyes that sadly saw you
Sinking into death's repose.

Yet like sunbeam in the cloudland,
 When the shadow's shade is nigh ;
 Like blossom on the flowering tree,
 When hoarse winds moan and sigh—
 You went from me, as a beacon
 Lost in deariness of night,
 And I only have your image
 For my lamp of love and light.

And so I think and ponder—
 Ponder oft the whole day long,
 And I miss your merry prattle
 And your sweet untutored song
 That made easy bitter trials,
 Which, alone, I dare not prove,
 And made sorrows melt like snowflakes
 In the fervency of love.

And so, my own dead darling !
 Far dearer in your death
 Than when upon my bosom
 You drew life's tranquil breath.
 I pray you to be with me,
 Like the angel of my life,
 My guardian in the turmoil
 Of this weary world of strife.

She who bore you and who loved you
 With a love exceeding mine
 Feels your absence, seeks your presence
 And with me awaits the sign
 That will tell us of your coming
 To take us to the rest
 That abides in joy for ever
 In the mansions of the blest.

So we sit alone and silent,
 And hardly name your name.
 But in silence we are thinking,
 And our thoughts are all the same,
 For they reach you in the heavens
 'Mid the glories of the spheres,
 And we see you in your brightness
 Through the dimness of our tears.

Then be with me, O my darling !
 On the troubled path of life ;
 In all my struggles aid me,
 Be my champion in the strife.
 For I gave you to the Virgin
 That to mankind gave the Son
 Who, by suffering and sorrows,
 Our ransom paid and won.

The poor father may have thought then that this grief for his only child would bear him company through many weary and toilsome years; but in reality he had only two or three months to struggle through. Before the first anniversary of little Mary Josephine came round, he had followed her. He had been ailing, but his death at the end was sudden, yet allowing the last consolations of religion to be administered by Father O'Laverty, the pastor of Holywood, where he died, 4th April, 1872, aged 39 years. He was buried at Friar's Bush, the old Catholic cemetery of Belfast, beside his little child. The Celtic cross over his grave, a newspaper paragraph tells us, is raised on columns of *Newry* granite—which may be taken as symbolising in one respect this tardy tribute from an old college friend.

III.

JAMES MCCARROLL.

Here is another Irishman whose name will be unknown to many of his own people if it be not at once set down with the particulars which I find recorded in a Canadian newspaper.

James McCarroll, who died in New York in the year 1891, was born at Lanesborough, County Longford, Ireland, in 1815. He came at an early age to Canada and engaged in literary work. He was a contributor to the *Quebec Chronicle* and the *Toronto Leader* and the *Colonist*, also the *Grumbler*, a well-remembered little satirical sheet published here some thirty years ago. After serving in several official positions in Canada, Mr. McCarroll went to New York, where he wrote for the press, contributing numerous valuable scientific articles to the daily papers. He also assisted in the compilation of "The People's Encyclopædia" and "Appleton's Encyclopædia"; afterwards was connected with *Belford's Magazine*, and latterly acted as co-editor of *Humanity and Health*. He was a prodigious worker, and produced numerous poems, of which a volume has been published, besides essays, reviews, dramas, novels, etc. He also delivered lectures, and achieved success as a musician and musical composer. The *Tribune*, the *Herald*, and the chief New York dailies had notices of his death.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

The reference to Lord Macaulay in an article on Style in our present Number gives me an excuse for quoting the following passage from an article in *The Forum* by the great historical writer, the late Professor Edward A. Freeman. I suspect the stylist whom he denounces is Mr. Walter Pater, author of "Marius the Epicurean."

* * *

"I am told the matchless writing of Macaulay is now-a-days jeered at. I am not sure whether it is allowed to be 'style'; I am not sure whether it is allowed to be 'literature.' I have now and then made some efforts to find out what 'style' and 'literature' are. I find that they are something very different from Macaulay, something very different from Arnold, something, I might go on to say, very different from Gibbon. I have tried the writings of a notable 'stylist,' the great living model, I am told, of style. Now, did anybody ever have to read over a sentence of Macaulay, or of Arnold, or even of the artificial Gibbon, a second time, simply in order to find out its meaning? But I found that in my 'stylist' a plain man could not make out the meaning of a single sentence without greater pains than are needed to follow an imperfectly known foreign language. A story seemed to be told; but there was no making out whether the story was meant to be fact or fiction. I will not say that I have imitated Macaulay's style, because I gather from what I saw of my 'stylist' that Macaulay has no 'style.' I have not consciously imitated his manner of writing; that is, I have not tried to write like him. Yet Macaulay's manner of writing has been in the highest measure an influence with me. I have learned from him to say what I mean and to mean what I say—to cut my sentences short—not to be afraid of repeating the same word, not to talk about 'the former' and 'the latter,' but to call men and things whatever they are. I have learned from him to say what I have to say in the purest, the clearest, the strongest, aye, and the most rhythmical English that I can muster. If my 'stylist' is 'style'

and Lord Macaulay is not 'style,' a man who wishes to be understood will say something more than '*sæpe stylum vertas*;' he will say 'good-bye to 'style' and stick to plain English."

* * *

As for Father Gerard's practice of the art, of which he discusses the theory in the ingenious paper which fills a good deal of our present Number, it is enough to refer to two shilling volumes published by the Catholic Truth Society under the titles of "Science and Scientists," and "Science or Romance?" To the discreet obscurity of this note may be confided the circumstance that "E. D. Gerard," on the titlepage of "Reata," "Beggars my Neighbour," and some other very successful novels, represents two sisters of Father Gerard, one of whom, Miss Dorothea Gerard, has also figured separately in this fascinating department of literature. I think "Orthodox" is by the younger sister alone, and "The Waters of Hercules," by the sisters in partnership. The last-named brilliant tale, and some of the others, ran their course serially in *Blackwood's Magazine* before reappearing as three-volume novels.

* * *

A new name in American Magazines is Anne Reeve Aldrich. This little "melody" of hers might inspire very sweet music. It would not be easy to change any of the words for the better—except perhaps to split *forever* in two.

When the land was white with moonlight
And the air was sweet with May,
I was so glad that Love would last
Forever and a day.

Now the land is white with winter
And dead Love laid away,
I am so glad Life cannot last
Forever and a day.

* * *

Have you noticed how fond children are of dabbling, and still better paddling, in running water? Sometimes, when a brooklet has very nearly reached the end of its journey—when it is so near the sea as to be gurgling on through the pebbles on the beach—a group of little children will try to tamper with the natural liberty of the stream. They wish to alter its course. They scoop out of the pebbles and the soft sand a new bye-channel; and

then by damming up at least a part of the stream they strive to turn it into the new career they have opened for it. You see the fresh channel must first be formed and then the dam thrown up if you wish to altar the brooklet's course. So in the forming and changing of our habits and characters we must provide for our faculties new channels of action, new interests, &c., before we dam up our hearts as it were and prevent them from following their natural bents, when these lead astray. Dams, restraints, obstructions, are not enough. There must be positive as well as negative. New outlets must be provided for the pent up waters. And then, as the waters keep pressing onward, as the old channel is blocked up and a new channel presents itself accommodatingly, down through this new channel the waters flow, deepening and smoothing and widening it as they flow.

* * *

The supreme merit of a few of Richard Crashaw's English poems is fully recognized, in spite of his becoming a Catholic in a bigoted time. Have his Latin poems and his *Epigrammata Sacra* been sufficiently studied? Here is one of them entitled *S. Joannes matri suae* and founded on the twentieth verse of the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.

O mihi cur dextram, mater, cur, oro, sinistram
 Poscis, ab officio mater iniqua tuo?
 Nolo manum Christi dextram mihi, nolo sinistram :
 Tam procul a sacro non libet esse sinu.

Why askest thou, O Mother,
 Right hand or left for me?
 So far from Jesus' bosom
 I could not bear to be.

* * *

Some months ago we asked in a pigeonhole paragraph how it was that the obliging officials of Durrant's Press Cuttings Agency were able to detect every passing reference to any of their clients in all sorts of newspapers. The following extract from *The Optician* of May 19th, 1892, is some answer to our query. It is headed "Training the Eye."

"The capacity of the human eye for special training would appear to be even greater than that of the hand. A young woman employed in Durrant's Press Cuttings Agency, of 57 Holborn Viaduct, tells us of a faculty she has acquired, which enables her

to see certain names and subjects at a glance in the page of a newspaper. They are the names and subjects she is paid to look up through hundreds of newspapers every day. What the ordinary reader would have to read column after column to find—and then might miss—she sees at what seems the merest casual glance at the sheet as soon as it is spread out before her. ‘They stand right out,’ she said, laughingly, ‘just as if they were printed in bold black type and all the rest was small print. I couldn’t help seeing them if I wanted to. When I begin to look up a new matter and drop an old one, it bothers me a little—the latter being in my mental way all the time and the former to be hunted—but in a few days one disappears and the other appears in some mysterious way, I can’t tell how. I used to think bank cashiers and clerks were a remarkable set of people, but I now find that the eye is much quicker than the hand, and is susceptible of a higher training.’”

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Daintiness of external form and a certain daintiness also of literary merit distinguishes the *Cameo Series* published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, of Paternoster Square, London. Not the least striking of the Series is the volume just added to it—“*The Countess Kathleen and Various Legends and Lyrics*,” by Mr. William B. Yeats. We think there was more power and certainly more charm in his former volume of poems; but his present work fully confirms his claim to be considered a genuine and very poetical poet. Many will consider that he is spoiled by his devotion to that very peculiar genius Blake—“genius to madness near allied”—from whose unpublished manuscripts he borrows for his “legends and lyrics” a motto which does not seem to have much meaning in itself, and certainly does not throw much light on what follows. Of these shorter poems by far the most satisfactory for the ordinary reader are probably not the author’s favourites,—“*Father Gilligan*,” “*Father O’Hart*,” and “*The Ballad of the Old Foxhunter*.” The other dreamy, mystical lyrics require a peculiar mood and a peculiar nature for their appreciation.

Mr. Yeats has been wise enough and patriotic enough to seek his inspiration in Irish subjects, and his muse has undoubtedly gained by this choice. This has been well remarked by his reviewer in *The Sunday Sun*. "There is on his work the *cachet* of the artist who perfects his form, yet is original, and whose every verse rings true. One seems to catch an influence of Blake in Mr. Yeats' work, an echo, a cadence here and there; but he has his own style, quite distinct and sufficing—delicate, sometimes almost meagre, not a full volume of rich, easeful music, but inevitable all the same, spiritual and seeing, and with a strange charm. Mr. Yeats, too, with a sure instinct, has gone to his own legend-haunted country for inspiration, steeping himself in her sentiment. His description of Kevin the poet in "Countess Kathleen" seems to fit himself:—

"Alone in the hushed passion of romance,
His mind ran all on sheogues, and on tales
Of Finian labours and the Red-branch Kings."

With this same reviewer we also are sceptical about the genuineness of this legend; and we agree with him that the story and this treatment of it are not representative of any phase of Christian Ireland. But with this protest there remains only admiration for the dramatic feeling shown in this little tragedy and for the restrained austerity of Mr. Yeats' poetic diction.

2. Very different from the Cameo Series is the series of "Heroes of the Cross," published by John Hodges, 7 Agar Street, London. The four volumes announced have for their subjects St. Gregory the Great, Christopher Columbus, Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln, and St. Stephen Harding. The last of these will be a reprint of the exquisite biography by Father Dalgairns, in Newman's *Lives of the English Saints*. The first of the series is in our hands—"St. Gregory the Great, his Work and his Spirit," by the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, M.A., O.S.B. Four hundred well printed pages with a good frontispiece are given for half-a-crown; but the wise purchaser will prefer to add another shilling for a strongly bound copy of this excellent biography. The sixteen chapters are fully summarised in the opening pages. Though Father Snow in his preface professes only to prepare the way for a full and elaborate biography, his own work is adequate for the purpose. It is full of interesting facts, skilfully marshalled, and narrated in an unaffected and agreeable style. Our Benedictine abbot—who of course claims St. Gregory as a Benedictine—has wisely allowed the Saint to tell his own story in his own words out of the eight hundred letters extant; and he forestals an objection by remarking that the authenticity or possible spuriousness of particular passages can influence but slightly the general result.

3. We are very glad to see that Mr. Robert Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, has brought out a new edition of "Sick Calls: from the Diary of a Missionary Priest," by the Rev. Edward Price. To keep a good book in circulation is a far greater benefit to the reading public than to usher into the world for the first time an indifferent book. Father Price's "Sick Calls" is the most successful attempt of its kind. The stories are interesting and very well told. The average reader will not blame them for being a little too sensational, and will remember that the scenes are not laid in a rural parish but in big, wicked London. With our often expressed desire to have the well deserving names of Catholic literature gratefully remembered, we are sorry that this very readable new edition does not begin with some account, however brief, of the Author who has gone to his reward thirty five years ago. He edited for a time *Dolman's Magazine*—one of the best attempts ever made in England at a miscellaneous and entertaining Catholic periodical.

4. "A Confessor after God's own heart," by Father Cros, S.J. (Dublin: Brown and Nolan) has received the warmest approval of many bishops of France. It is intended for priests only, especially, no doubt, for those who labour in the country that gave birth to Antony Arnould. It is full of learning and piety.

5. A very remarkable book has come to us from the region of remarkable things. Chicago, which is to astound the universe next year, has given us through F. J. Schulte and Co., 298 Dearborn Street, a closely packed volume of some three hundred well printed pages bearing this title: "Donnelliana: an Appendix to 'Caesar's Column.' Excerpts from the Wit, Wisdom, Poetry and Eloquence of Ignatius Donnelly, selected and collated, with a biography, by Everett W. Fish, M.D." We have first a very full and gossiping sketch of Mr. Donnelly's life and work, each item headed with its title in capitals, as some newspapers do with the speech of some great leading politician. Mr. Donnelly's father was a native of County Tyrone, his birthplace the sturdy little town of Fintona, which the gentle reader is warned not to rhyme with Ancona. He emigrated to Philadelphia in boyhood and became a distinguished physician. His son settled finally in Minnesota and very soon distinguished himself as a politician and journalist. We cannot now trace his remarkable career or give any samples of the copious extracts, often eloquent and often witty, which fill up the last two or three hundred pages of this volume. We believe in Shakespere still, but this book has given us a higher opinion of "The Great Cryptogram" and its very versatile and altogether remarkable author than we previously entertained.

6. It is but right and proper to give a kindly greeting now and then to such of our contemporaries as have the goodness to pay us a friendly visit. This month we may pass over two wonderful sixpence-worths, so excellent in their very different kinds—*The Review of Reviews* and *The English Illustrated Magazine*. Just as good value in its own way is *The Catholic Fireside*. It is only one penny a month yet it furnishes a large assortment of really good stories—for instance in the July Number the well-known Novelist, Richard Dowling, contributes one of his striking short tales. Minute type crushes a great deal of matter into the departments styled “Women’s Chat Box” and “Household Science.” Its pictures are very numerous but seldom so good as those with which Mr. George Lambert has illustrated an account of the Convent of Mercy in Blandford Square, London. One of the best and certainly the most elegant of religious magazines is “*The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*” published at Watertown, New York. There is a great deal of cleverness, originality, and skilful variety in “*The Catholic School and Home Magazine*,” edited by the Rev. Dr. Conaty, at Worcester, Massachussets. “*The Austral Light*,” as the Australian Catholic Magazine is now called, is greatly improved in form and in substance; yet, though it has many editors, they are, all of them together, not nearly equal to the one editor of “*The South African Catholic Magazine*.” Why does “*The Marygold*” call itself a monthly chronicle? Of what? We have often expressed our admiration of “*The Illustrated Catholic Missions*,” but “*The Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate*” is a newer visitor of a very edifying and entertaining character. The former of these, though full of illustrations, is only three shillings a year, and and the latter just half of that sum.

7. The Catholic Truth Society has added to its innumerable publications a very neat and serviceable prayer-book, “*The Guide to Heaven, for use of those at sea.*” We notice nothing that unsuits it for the use of landlubbers. [Was that originally a negro’s way of sneering at lovers of dry land?] Father Herbert Thurston in his excellent historical-controversial pamphlet on the Immuring of Nuns quotes a poem by C. C. G. without recognizing the author *The Greville Memoirs* who probably appears in a Catholic volume through his friendship for Lady G. Fullerton. Miss Louisa Emily Dobree adds a rather long story “*Per Parcel Post*” and a short “*Out in the Cold*,” to the C. T. S. repertory; and Mr. Edward Walford a sketch of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

THE IRISH EXILE'S HOME-SICKNESS.

IT is undeniable that of the Irish exiles who pine for home and cherish a romantic love for all they have left behind in the old country very few who return after some years of life abroad care to settle down upon the old ground, or can even find again the entire charm once possessed by the hills and fields beloved of their youth. The poor living that satisfied them so long as the river flowed through the glen, and the alder-tree at the gable burst into foam-white blossoms every spring, so long as neighbours gathered round the red turf in the ingle every evening, and piper and fiddler were to be had when wanted—that hard living would now be insupportable, and toil and plenty in an alien land, even with the *heim-weh* in the heart, are acknowledged to be more endurable than the condition of things which was once all-sufficient for happiness. Whether this is a reason for going away or for staying at home I am puzzled to decide.

Whether is it better to half starve on potatoes and meal on an Irish hillside, to ford the stream with bare feet, to pray in a poor chapel with, occasionally, holes in the roof and swallows diving across the sanctuary, to love God and fear the devil and the land agent—or is it better to earn good food and wages in a big city, dressing well and learning the ways of the world, forgetting religion, perhaps, and in the end coming to think that, after all, Ireland is a birth-place to be rather ashamed of, where the hills are not particularly holy and the pasture lands are hardly ever green?

It is a question which the evicting landlord does not trouble himself to answer. If the rent he requires is not forthcoming, the cabin wall must be broken in and the thatch set alight, and the outcasts, if they do not die in the poorhouse at home, may drift across the sea in the emigrant ship to answer such questions as the above for themselves.

Just at present the people are drifting out of their homes day after day, like leaves on the autumn breeze. Ten families this week, twenty or fifty families next week. If no resistance be made, the world hears no more of them than can be conveyed in a short paragraph in a newspaper, a paragraph so frequent, and repeating itself so terribly, that the greater part might be stereotyped, and names of men and places filled in for each occasion. Where resistance is made, the world hears a little more, the paragraph is longer, and is supplemented by a report of the removal to prison of the men who dared to barricade their doors and windows against the evictors. What finally becomes of the evicted, nobody asks. They may die in the poorhouse or the emigrant ship, or they may reach another shore, where no one is ready or willing to receive them, and where the young and weak naturally and inevitably drop to the very lowest bottom of all society, slipping into the easy grooves of vice prepared for them. Where are the statistics that will inform us of their infinitely pathetic struggles and sufferings, and of the tragedy of their living and dying? They themselves are not able to describe them, and it were difficult for any outsider to undertake the description. If the history were written with even an attempt at truth, the revelation would be so appalling as to go far towards shaking even the callousness of Tory philosophy.

It was of a stronger and more fortunate class—those who make a successful struggle for life and earn a place for themselves in a new country—that I began by asking a question. Is it well for all who can go to depart from here and leave the glens empty of human life, and the field pastures for cattle alone, to escape from an impoverished country with their little capital of youth and energy and keen wits, and give to a foreign community, which does not want them, the entire worth of their life's labour, their virtues, their faith, and their posterity? It is evident that, having made a little money, they seldom come home to add to the stores of the old hive from which they were early expelled the wax

gathered in distant regions. By the time it is possible, their roots are struck too deep in alien soil. They tell their children of the lovely Erin, the glorious island of saints, the gem of the sea, in which they had the happiness to be born, and they muse over her perfections on winter nights, seeing fairy-like hills and dales, enchanted rivulets and pasture lands which knew them once, in the depth of the red coal embers which are as prose unto poetry compared with the fragrant turf fire that leaps and glows, a sacred flame, in the shrine of their sanctifying memory.

The children grow up, dreaming of an Ireland which exists no more than does the *Hy-Brasil* believed in by our forefathers, appearing on the ocean verge between golden cloud and golden wave in the glamour of the sunset, with the spirits of the ancient Irish saints walking with shining faces on its diamond-strewn shores. The Ireland the children believe in is as beautiful as a dream; no land has such colouring, such growths of everything lovely, such supernaturally brilliant sunshine, such softly-dropping rains, woods of luxuriant foliage so mellowly variegated, song-birds of as tender and exquisite notes. There faith and virtue flourish, and vice is unknown. Holy bells are ringing everywhere, there is no man who is not his neighbour's friend, Heaven is just at hand, and the grave covered with shamrocks is but a door into bliss. To all this the children add the comforts and pleasant accessories of the life to which they have been accustomed, with plentiful and delightful exaggeration.

A good proportion of this ideal Ireland is real, but so much of it is a dream that the young visitor of Irish parentage, and even the original exile, the parent, is woefully disappointed if either should ever come in search of their *Hy-Brasil*. Disenchantment is always sad, and dreamers of the perfection of Ireland must expect to be pained by coming in contact with her failings. We have the purple hills, the liquid bird notes, the tender greens of wood and field, the rills and rivers, and wandering mists, the splendours of moor and bogland, the cries and whispers of moor fowl and sea birds, with here and there a fairy or a banshee left to tell of the legions of their kind that used to haunt our rocks and eagle-crags and our ferny and heathery wilderness. But Ululu! the broken cabins and sloppy, unmended causeways, the tumble-down villages, the vice of the cities, the squalor, the drinking-shops! Yet the holy bells ring, and there is abundance of faith

and prayer, enough to keep us close to God till in His own good time He will extend a mighty hand to help our enduring efforts, and will enable us to rise to the full height of our possibilities, and to realise the ideal which the children of the New World have conceived of the unknown Erin whom they have been taught to look upon as their mother.

Some time ago on a summer evening I found myself in company with a returned emigrant from America, and his pretty young daughter, who had but a few hours before set foot for the first time on Irish soil. We sat in the gardens of the hotel at Mallow while the sun set and the twilight gathered, and the girl was taking in her impressions of her father's dreamland with a touching intensity of interest. As she had arrived at Queenstown that morning, she had never before seen night fall on an Irish landscape, and to me who knew not what it was to behold darkness drop down from the heavens, pouncing on the world with a sudden swoop, it was curious to see the eagerness with which she watched the warm tints gradually fade from the flowers, the trees from grey to ghostly, the lines of the distance shift and mingle—gradually become aerial and disappear. In sympathy with her I seemed to feel for the first time how tenderly loth to depart is our summer twilight, how softly it draws its veils around it, with filmy wings of dun and grey it winnows the air, flitting; and pausing, and hovering, and fleeing again—

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.

We had no nightingale; but a thrush sang to us till it was quite dark. The girl told me many beautiful things that her father had taught her to expect to find in Ireland. Her grandmother had charged her not to forget to go to the old Chapel of Mallow, and see if the three old trees that used to stand abreast in front of the doorway stood there still. In this, at least, there would be no disappointment, for I had seen them that morning myself in their place. Whether the little American-born Irish girl enjoyed the complete realisation of her ideal Ireland before she returned across the ocean I never have heard; for we parted next morning, and I saw her no more.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

BORROWED PLUMES.

WE opened a department with the above name some years ago ; but our own contributors are so generous that they have left us no opportunity of borrowing. However, we really must find room for the following poem, for the newspaper scrap which copied it from *Good Words* is getting rather dishevelled in one of our pigeon-holes. It is called "Jo," and is signed "Maud Egerton Hine." Who is she? We have never seen her name anywhere else. There must be many such stories among the poor creatures that we pass by with suspicion. Almsgiving of a promiscuous sort is difficult in this era of workhouses, policemen, and professional beggars ; yet it is very well not to let the heart harden but to practise personal charity, judiciously if possible.

I've played the poor orphan, I've bullied and whined
In the cold, in the wind, and the wet,
An' I've lied like a niggard this whole blessed day,
An' I ain't earnt a 'alfpenny yet.

First a clergyman comes, and I says to myself,
"Here's a customer sure as 'll pay."
He was thinking of next Sunday's sermon, I s'pose,
For he chivied me out of his way.

Then comes a fine lady as carried a dawg,
As was petted and fed like a saint
(Ah, there's many a man is left for to starve,
An' there's many a dawg that ain't).

An' I sez to the lady, I sez, sez I,
All a-shiverin' and chatterin' with cold,
"My father's jist dead, and mother is lef'
With but me an' a gel two years old."

For yer see it comes easy to lie in that way,
When you've learnt it ever since you was young,—
But the lady passed by with her little fat dawg,
An' her foot-boy he put out his tongue.

So yer see I felt hopeless, so hungry and queer,
An' tremblin' I hardly could stand,
An' it seemed as my broom 'ad grew 'eavier much,
An' was gettin' too big for my 'and.

When I see an old lady as looked very good,
 An' could pity a bit of a chap,
 As' was 'ungry and little and dirty and pore,
 An' would give me a penny, mayhap.

But she gave two tracts, 'bout brimstone and that,
 An' one was called "Sinner, do right!"
 But they my heart 'eavier made than before,
 An' my stomach they lef' jist as light.

Ah'me! I *was* wretched and wished I was dead,
 Dead and quiet and out of the cold,
 An' if you'll believe me (for I *can* tell the truth),
 Down I goes in the mud an' I 'owled.

An' I 'owled and I 'owled till I fell fast asleep,
 An' nobody noticed—not one,
 'Cep the polis who stirred up my bones with his boot,
 An' angrily chivied me on.

Blunderin' and stumblin' I crawls on again,
 In the face of the wind and the sleet;
 Till more dead than alive, into some one I walk,
 An fell in a 'eap at his feet.

'Twas a navvy, he hoisted me up in his arms,
 As kind as a hangel could be;
 An out comes my story without any lies,
 For I were too wretched, you see.

"Oh! give me some bread, sir—oh, give me some bread!
 For I know I shall die if you don't;
 An' I give you my word that I'm not lying now,
 An', if you will hear me, I won't.

"I stands at my crossing from morning till night,
 And I begs of the coves as go by;
 An' I lies, sir, I lies like a bad little beast—
 If I don't, they won't notice, that's why.

"You say I'm a wery small chap to be here;
 Ay, I've never a friend 'cep my broom;
 For I ain't got no partikler parents, sir,
 An' I ain't got no partikler 'ome."

Then he carried me straight to a 'orspital 'ouse,
 (An' that's where I'm staying jist now),
 So warm and so rich, like a palace it is,
 Right away from the dirt and the row.

An' a young doctor comes to me every day,
 As gentle as ever I see,
 And sometimes that navvy comes in at his side,
 A bringin' a present for me.

An' they whisper and whisper, the nurses an' all,
An' one told me (my! didn't she cry),
That I'm going to heaven—aint it almost too grand
For a poor little shaver like I?

A year ago we introduced to our readers the French Poet-Archbishop de la Bouillerie, with translations of some of his sweet and devout Eucharistic poems. As he was once bishop of Carcassonne, we referred to the famous ballad of Gustave Nadaud about the poor old peasant whose one ambition was to see Carcassonne, and die. A friend has just sent us this translation, by John N. Thompson.

I'm growing old, I'm sixty years,
I've laboured all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know.
I never have seen Carcassonne.
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,
It is beyond the mountain blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more.
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store,
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there,
Not more nor less than Sunday gay,
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way,
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The curate's right, he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind.
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne!
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
 In this my prayer if I offend,
 One something has beyond his reach
 From childhood to his journey's end.
 My wife, and little boy, Aignan,
 Have travelled even to Narbonne ;
 My grandchild has seen Pernignan,
 And I shall not see Carcassonne,
 And I shall not see Carcassonne !

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
 A peasant double bent with age.
 " Arise, my friend, I said, with you
 I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
 He left next morning his abode
 But (heaven forgive him) half way on,
 The old man died upon the road ;
 He never gazed on Carcassonne,
 Each mortal has his Carcassonne !

In the fourth of these stanzas we have changed *vicar* into *curate*, for the French of "curate" is "vicaire," whereas "curé" is, properly translated, "Parish Priest." Not to leave French soil at once, let us give "The Curé's Progress" as described with much feeling and grace by Mr. Austin Dobson.

Monsieur the Curé down the street
 Comes with his kind old face,—
 With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
 And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande-Place*,
 And the tiny "*Hotel-de-ville* ;"
 He smiles as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,
 And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool.
 Where the noisy fish-wives call ;
 And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thérèse*,
 As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drap at the locksmith's sho
 And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
 Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé grapes
 In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit
 Who is said to be heterodox,
 That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui !*"
 And a pinch from the Curé's box

There is also a word that no one heard
 To the furrier's daughter too ;
 And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
 And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu !*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
 And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne ;
 And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
 And a nod to the Sacristan :—

For ever through life the Curé goes
 With a smile on his kind old face,—
 With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
 And his green umbrella-case.

I have never heard anything more of Frances Louisa Bushnell, whose name was appended in an American magazine of several years ago to these musical lines, which she called "World Music."

Jubilant the music through the fields a-ringing,—
 Carol, warble, whistle, pipe,—endless ways of singing ;
 Oriole, bobolink, melody of thrushes,
 Rustling trees, hum of bees, sudden little hushes,
 Broken suddenly again—
 Carol, whistle, rustle, humming,
 In reiterate refrain,
 Thither, hither, going, coming ;
 While the streamlets' softer voices mingle murmurously together ;
 Gurgle, whisper, lapses, plashes,—praise of love and summer weather,

Hark ! A music finer on the air is blowing,—
 Throbs of infinite content, sounds of things a-growing,
 Secret sounds, flit of bird under leafy cover,
 Odours shy floating by, clouds blown swiftly over,
 Kisses of the crimson roses,
 Crossings of the lily-lances,
 Stirrings when a bud uncloes,
 Tripping sun and shadow dances,
 Murmur of aerial tides, stealthy zephyrs gliding,
 And a thousand nameless things sweeter for their hiding.

Ah ! there is a music floweth on forever,
 In and out, yet all beyond our tracing or endeavour,
 Far yet clear, strange yet near, sweet with a profounder sweetness,
 Mystical, rhythmical, weaving all into completeness ;
 For its wide, harmonious measures
 Not one earthly note let fall ;
 Sorrows, raptures, pains and pleasures,
 All in it, and it in all.

Of earth's music the ennobler, of its discord the refiner,
 Pipe of Pan was once its name, now it hath a name diviner.

Shall so long an interval separate these "borrowed plumes" from the next selection of the sort, as separates this paper from its predecessor? To make sure, let us find room now for that legend that is told by the people of Castleisland, in Kerry. In noticing Mr. William B. Yeats's new volume last month we mentioned this as one of the simplest and most human of our young poet's inspirations:—

The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day,
For half his flock lay in their beds
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die;"
And after, cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep:
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp,
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"Ochone, ochone! the man has died!
While I slept on the chair;"
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father! you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died,
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

"He Who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed
Sent one of his great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He Who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

HOW THE QUESTION WAS ANSWERED.

THE Professor was decidedly tired. It had been warm all day; unusually so for the season, and the little study in which he had been engaged from early morning in preparing and classifying botanical specimens was close and stuffy. Now, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he felt that he could stand it no longer. He was sleepy, he was choking, he was sick of Botany, of Zoology, of Geology, of all the *ologies* in short. He looked out into the street to see what materials for entertainment existed there. The servant at No. seven was gossiping with the milk-man, a black dog of some trebly crossed breed was lying stretched out in the very middle of the road; the Professor felt sure that the next vehicle that passed would drive over it and felt also, such was his mood of disgust with all things under the heavens, that he wouldn't in the least care if it did. A ragged bare-footed boy was leaning against the area railings of the house opposite and whistling "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ai," with an offensive cheerfulness of tone, which made the Professor long to throw one of the pots of sickly geraniums which adorned the window-sill—adorned it, that is to say, in the opinion of Mrs. Jones, the landlady—at the whistler's head.

As the man of learning continued to gaze vaguely at the scene before him, he saw an organ-grinder, an unclean and unshaven son of Italy, approaching leisurely along the side walk. The man perceived a face at the window and with a friendly smile, to which the other did not respond, he proceeded to plant his awful instrument before the house and deliberately and remorselessly to maltreat, tear to pieces, and massacre one of the Professor's favourite opera airs thereon. This was more than flesh and blood, or at any rate the flesh and blood of Dr. Oscar Schultz, Professor of Botany, Zoology and the National Sciences generally to all the highest of the High Schools in B———and its neighbourhood, could stand. With an angry bang he closed the window and then, finding the heat worse than ever and the sound of the "music" without but little deadened, he seized his hat, brushed past the astonished domestic on the stairs and was soon striding down the street at a rate which caused the Italian organ-grinder, the maid servant, the ragged boy, and even the cross-bred dog to turn their heads and look after him in amaze.

For some time his only idea was to get out of reach of "Lucia di Lammermoor," but when that object was accomplished, he slackened his pace somewhat and reverted to a train of thought which had occupied him more or less all the early part of the day. It was not a pleasant train of thought and probably it was the heat of the weather and his own weariness after a night passed partly in study and partly in tossing on his bed in vain efforts to sleep, which had first started it in his mind. It was nothing less than the uselessness of Natural Science, of his own special branch, from what might be called an æsthetic point of view.

He himself from his very earliest youth, from the time that, a little fair-haired lad, with round chubby face and grave Teutonic blue eyes, dressed in wonderfully ill-fitting and ugly garments, he had sat in the lowest class of the gymnasium of the quiet, old-world Thuringian town, where he was born, till now, when a portly man of fifty, he "professed" at an English watering-place equally famous for its homœopathic and for its educational establishments, had been drawn by his natural bent to investigate the secrets of Nature. Often as a boy he had wandered about the woods, the glorious, solemn pine-woods of Thuringia, with their soft springy carpeting of delicate green mosses, and their giant trees which seemed to pierce the tender azure of the sky, all day

long, returning home in the evening with his little tin case full of plants and birds' eggs, which it was his greatest pleasure to prepare and classify, writing the harsh sounding scientific names on little paper labels in his best hand, and affixing them to the specimens.

Now, however, it struck him, it had often struck him lately, that it was but a poor kind of pleasure after all, a rather low occupation, this dissecting of plants and blowing of eggs and impaling of insects. The young girl who gathered a rose for her dress, the child who shouted in innocent delight at the sight of a gaily painted butterfly, loved flower and insect better than he did, took a more genuine pleasure in their beauty than was possible for him—for him who only thought of the class and family to which each belonged, and only regarded their form and markings as enabling him to decide on that family. And if this were so, why instruct the girl or the child in a science which would only serve to spoil their simple—or, if you will, their ignorant—pleasure, by teaching them to reason and investigate where, before, they had felt and enjoyed?

The Professor had put the question to himself, but he could not answer it; with a sigh he gave up the attempt and began to look about him. While thus buried in thought, he walked several miles, not noticing whither he went, and he now found himself completely out of the town, close to the borders of a wood which extended for a considerable distance over the level country, and then climbed half-way up the side of the hill which bounded the horizon. The Professor knew the wood well, having often visited it on botanizing expeditions, either alone or in company with a select band of pupils, some of whom, he remembered, seemed to consider nettles, thistles and burrs the most interesting plants that grew, since they could so conveniently be pushed up the legs of one another's trousers, or down one another's collars, when a halt was made, and, besides, were at all times useful for tickling. Mechanically Dr. Oscar Schultz crossed the stile, and found himself on a mossy, grass-grown path, barely distinguishable and shut in over-head by the interlaced branches of the trees. He walked along slowly, switching at the wild flowers with the very Teutonic-looking umbrella, without which, as a prudent man, aware of the strange vagaries of English climate, he rarely stirred out of doors, even in the summer. He was again beginning to turn his

mind to the question which had occupied it before, when he was startled by the sound of someone whistling close by him. Looking up with a little irritation, for he was reminded of his recent sufferings from the street urchin's "Ta-ra-ra-boom-der-ai," and the organ-grinder's still more objectionable "Lucia di Lammermoor," he saw a small boy sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, and deliberately eating a lump of a kind of coarse and fearfully indigestible cake, much affected by the youth of B——, whilst between the bites he whistled softly to himself.

The little boy was in every way a most ordinary looking boy. He seemed about ten or eleven years old, and his clothes and rough boots indicated that he belonged to a class of society the members of which are comfortable and "well-to-do," but not rich, nor in the habit of aspiring to be considered as ladies and gentlemen. The Professor had seen hundreds of such boys in B——, more than he desired to see sometimes, for whole troops of them, from the various middle-class schools, were in the habit of attending (under compulsion) the children's Lectures in Botany and Zoology delivered by him, twice a week, in the town Lecture Hall, during the spring and early summer months—those very lectures the utility of which he had to-day been so gravely questioning in his own mind. They were not a particularly pleasant audience as a rule. They shuffled with their feet; they yawned audibly; often they quarrelled with each other till half a dozen of them had to be forcibly ejected; worse still, when the weather happened to be damp, most of them had colds; and if there was one thing more than another which irritated every nerve in the Professor's body it was snuffling, a habit much indulged in by youths, who, even when they did happen to possess pocket-handkerchiefs, regarded them as offensive weapons, or as articles of ornament rather than of use.

Thus the Professor did not feel particularly kindly disposed towards the type of boy, a specimen of which he now saw before him. Still, on a second glance, and after a second thought, a sort of half-interest or a mild curiosity induced him to stand still and consider the small whistler more closely.

In the first place it struck him as rather odd that a youth of his age and class should have come into the wood *alone*. To play by oneself, without any toys, is hardly exciting or even possible to the average unimaginative English boy of ten or twelve years

old. Even the delights of tree-climbing and birds'-nesting soon pall, when there is no one to applaud the daring feats of the climber, or to admire the captured nests. The lad could hardly be going on an errand, the Professor decided, not because he was so obviously taking his time—the professor was acquainted, by sad experience, with the peculiarities of errand boys—but because he had no sort of parcel or basket with him, and because the wood-path led to nowhere in particular. Then the little fellow's expression had in it something earnest and serious, as if he were thinking, or at least as if he could think. When he saw the Professor, he stopped his eating and whistling and regarded him gravely and respectfully, not rudely nor stupidly, as most of the town boys of B—— were accustomed to regard any stranger who appeared unexpectedly before them.

"What have you been doing here in the wood?" the Professor asked.

"I have been picking flowers and looking at birds' nests," was the reply.

The phrase, "looking at birds' nests," struck Dr. Oscar Schultz as rather odd, and not quite what he usually heard; but in spite of his twenty years' residence in England he was still liable to occasional uncertainty about the peculiarities of the language, so he passed that over and demanded:—

"What flowers have you got?"

The boy replied by standing up and holding out to the Professor a bundle of plants and flowers which he had laid on the tree-trunk beside him. They were a rather motley collection, and included a good many of what most unscientific people would call weeds. The Professor merely glanced at them carelessly, and then asked, "And have you many eggs?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I never take away the poor birds' eggs; it is very cruel. I only look at them."

"But don't you want to have a collection?"

"My brother has one; we took an egg out of every nest we found last summer; the birds never missed them, you know. And now that we have one of each sort, we don't want any more, except rare kinds which one doesn't find here."

"So one of the B—— boys collects eggs on scientific principles," said the Professor to himself. "That is interesting. I must hear more of this young philosopher's views." And turning to the boy he asked, "What is your name?"

"Willie Morris. I live in Charles-street, and go to the Grammar School," said the child, giving, as most small boys and girls do, more information than was asked.

"And why do you think that it is cruel to take away the birds' eggs?"

"My brother told me. He is in the big school, and he goes to lectures twice a week all the time from Easter to the summer holidays. Lectures about birds and animals and flowers—such nice lectures! When I am in the big school, I shall go to them too. He tells me all that he can remember of what the gentleman says—the gentleman who gives the lectures, I mean; his name is Shoe, I think." At this the Professor winced. Most of us are rather sensitive about mispronunciations of our names, though, as few of them are very beautiful or expressive, it is not easy to see exactly why. "But of course he can't remember everything. He told the boys wonderful things about the birds—how they fly away over the sea, when the winter comes, to the hot countries; and how they always know their way back in the spring; how much trouble they take to build their nests and to get food for their young ones; and how some birds, when they see anyone near their nest, will pretend to be hurt and not able to fly, and will lead the person away in another direction by hopping before him on the ground, so as to make him think that he can catch them. We used to take away the birds' eggs and their young ones, and to throw stones at them; but now that we know so much about them, and how clever they are, they seem just like friends, and Harry and I wouldn't hurt them for the world. We often think what wonderful things they must have seen away in the hot countries where they spend the winter, and we wish that they could speak and tell us of them. The insects aren't so nice—some have shiny green backs, and the butterflies have lovely wings; but they have horrid crawly legs, nearly all of them, and most of them are quite ugly. But they are very clever, too, even cleverer than the birds—if you only heard all that the Professor said about the ants and the bees! I never kill an insect now if I can help it, and I try not to stand on even the big red worms that come out after the rain, because they are so useful in mixing up and loosening the earth that things may grow."

The Professor started. He thought of the tale which Saint Augustine tells in his Confessions of how he owed his conversion to

Christianity in a great measure to what seemed at first a child's song, heard one evening as he walked in his garden, and giving him a long-sought clue to guide him in his search for truth. It seemed to the Professor, unbeliever as he was in all things, spiritual or divine, as if in some mysterious way, by some mysterious power, this child had been sent to furnish him with the answer to the question which had troubled him all day.

For a moment he was silent, and then he spoke again to the boy.

"And the flowers; are you fond of them too? Some of these are not very pretty, I think," and he took up the bunch of already half-faded blossoms.

"No, but I like them all. Some of those that are the ugliest are the funniest of all. (Willie used the word "funny" in the sense of *strange*, as most children do). "Look at the little yellow dust inside that one; that is called pollen." And, all unconscious of his audacity, Willie proceeded to explain to Dr. Oscar Schultz, correspondent to half-a-dozen scientific journals, Professor of Botany to half-a-dozen schools and colleges of the highest standing, the functions of the pollen in the internal economy of plants.

His explanation was rather inaccurate in some of its details; but the Professor sat meekly on the log beside him and did not interrupt. When he had finished discussing the pollen, Willie passed to other things; the little hooks which enabled the seeds of some plants to adhere to what they touched; the plumes which served others as sails to catch the wind and waft them away to where they could spring up and grow; the sheathes which protected the baby plants from injury, etc.

This was told in childish language and with many mistakes, but through it all the Professor felt as if he were receiving new ideas on science, ideas higher than any he had ever himself conceived.

For Willie knew nothing of the atomic theory, nothing of the laws of development, of Darwinism, or of protoplasm. Simply he referred all the wonderful works of Nature to a Divine Author, telling how well and wonderfully God had made bird and insect and flower, and how lovingly He had provided for their wants. He had added something poetical and beautiful and spiritual to the Professor's dry teachings, and his childish eyes had been, it seemed, able to see the heavenly order, and design and harmony

of creation to which the world-worn orbs of the man of learning were blind.

The evening shades were gathering and the sun had set, leaving a streak of crimson and gold in the west, when the Professor rose to go. At the stile he parted from Willie, who turned down a narrow country lane which led in the direction of his home. The Professor sauntered on along the high-road towards the town, listening to the evening song of the few birds which were still abroad, to the chirp of the grasshopper and the whirring sound which the bats made as they circled about in the still air. While on the bank beside the path, he saw that the wild flowers had bent their heads and slumbered for the night within their circles of enfolding leaves.

He wondered whether Willie's reading of the Great Secret of Nature were indeed the true one; whether a Divine Father had indeed arranged and adapted to some end infinitely great and good all the organs and all the life-work of man and beast, bird and insect, plant and tree. It was a question terribly involved and difficult, and he abandoned the attempt to answer it just then. To the other question, however, which had occupied him in the earlier part of the day, he had received an answer; an answer which he felt to be full and sufficient, though the mouth of a child had uttered it.

MARY HAYDEN, M.A.

THE MESSENGER.

WHY do I cower before Death's pallid face
As if he were a grim relentless foe?
He who is but a messenger of grace
To bid me "Come! The Master wills it so."

I'm like a child who, standing on a height
Whence he must leap, is filled with vague alarms,
Although he knows that, when he takes the flight,
He'll reach the shelter of his father's arms.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

"MY SOUL IS SORROWFUL."

I WOULD that I were lying
In the dark, beneath the ground,
Where never sight nor sound,
Weeping rain nor wind low-crying
Should trouble me,
Sleeping quietly.

If I could live forgetting
That sorrow, dark as death,
Walketh, with ice-cold breath,
From white dawn to the sun's setting,
My heart had peace,
Nor cried for Death's release.

But I am weary listening
To the moans of hearts that break.
I cannot smile for sake
Of the sunbeams goldly glistening,
While faces white
Turn, sick, from the light.

How can I laugh unheeding
'Mid my roses, heavy with dew
Beneath morn-skies of blue,
When so many wounds are bleeding?
God, overhead,
Seeth the ghastly red!

If, when snow-laden branches
Are gleaming silver-white,
Lost in the bitter night
Some girl-face all coldly blanches
In rigid death,
Where moonlight glisteneth—

Can I stand careless, thinking
If white coral groves like these
Be under throbbing seas,
While beneath the scared moon shrinking,
That horror lies
With glassy, staring eyes!

If I could live, and deafen
Mine ears that are a-strain
For every cry of pain
Ringing to Christ's Throne in Heaven,
I would not weep,
Nor long to lie asleep.

ALICE FURLONG.

THE DIALECT OF THE BARONY OF FORTH, CO. WEXFORD.

The following Paper was read by Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, at the Dublin Meeting of the British Association, in August, 1857. It was published in the second number of *The Atlantis*, a learned periodical, edited by Cardinal Newman, when Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. As it is not likely to have come under the notice of many of our readers, we reprint it in a less dignified journal, which has lately devoted a good deal of its space to all that concerns the Author of this Dissertation.—Ed. I. M.

AMONG the minor curiosities of the ethnographical map, one of the most interesting is the occasional occurrence, in the centre of one of the great families of language, of some fragment of another and entirely distinct tongue, which is found to have maintained itself in complete isolation, in vocabulary, in structure, and inflexions, from that by which it has been, perhaps for centuries, surrounded. All the more prominent examples of this phenomenon—as that of the Basque cropping up in the midst of the Italo-Pelasgic group; of the Ossete in the centre of the Caucasian; and the Samoyede in that of the Tartaro-Mongol—have already been the subject of much learned speculation. I allude at present to certain less known and less striking, though, in some respects, hardly less instructive instances, in which the affinities of the intruder with the group amidst which it is found are closer and more appreciable. Such, for example, is that of the well-known German dialect of the *Sette Comuni* of Verona, and the *Tredici Comuni* of Vicenza—descendants of the few stragglers of the Cimbrian expedition into Italy, who, nearly two thousand years ago, escaped from the almost total extermination of their army under Marius; or the converse example of the Latin vocabulary and the Latin forms, which have been preserved in the Romani languages of Wallachia, since the days of the Latin colonies planted upon the Danube under the early Roman emperors.

The object of the present essay, however, is not to trace the history of these foreign anomalies, but to bring under the notice of the Section a domestic example of the same singular phenomenon, which, although well known in Ireland, has received but little attention elsewhere, and which, even in Ireland, has never been thoroughly discussed : I mean the peculiar dialect which, up to the last generation, continued to be commonly spoken in the baronies of Forth and Bargie, in the County of Wexford.

A paper on the subject of this dialect, accompanied by a metrical specimen and a short vocabulary, was printed by General Vallancey in the second volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, and it is alluded to by several writers ; but I am not aware that any regular attempt has been made to analyze its elements, or to investigate its character. Vallancey is content to represent it as the ordinary English of the period of the Invasion, preserved unaltered by the descendants of the original colony. But a more common, and in Ireland a more popular opinion, looks upon it as of Flemish origin, or at least, as exhibiting the Flemish element in a very high degree. I purpose, in the following observation, to submit for the consideration of the Section whatever lights upon the question appear to me to be derivable, first, from the history of the colony, and secondly, from the vocabulary and structural or grammatical analysis of the dialect itself.

1. The origin of the colony presents no difficulty. All writers upon Irish history, local and general, agree in considering it as a settlement of the first adventurers, who, in 1169, accompanied the expedition of Strongbow, Fitzstephen, and Maurice Fitzgerald, to Ireland, and to some among whom lands were assigned in the district now under the name of the baronies of Forth and Bargie. This little band consisted of one hundred and forty knights, and three hundred infantry. The latter being followers of Strongbow and Fitzstephen, may be presumed to have been recruited in Glamorganshire and Pembrokeshire ; and one of the main foundations of the hypothesis of the Flemish character of the language of their descendants is derived from this circumstance. The population of these counties was at that time a very mixed one, consisting not only of Welsh, but also of English, of Normans, and of other foreign adventurers. Among these were a large number of Flemings who had been settled in Wales for nearly half a century previous to the invasion. A terrific inburst of the sea in 1107, and again in

1113, had laid waste the seaboard of the Low Countries, and had driven a considerable body of Flemings for refuge to England, with which country, since the marriage of Matilda, daughter of Baldwin of Flanders, with the Conqueror, a close connection had been maintained. With the English peasantry, however, these foreigners were from the first so unpopular, that the king, Henry I., found it expedient to collect them all into one settlement around the present Haverfordwest, in Pembrokeshire, where they were joined by a subsequent immigration of their fellow-countrymen, who came over as military adventurers in the reign of Stephen I., in 1138.

These Flemish settlements had their centre in the south of Pembrokeshire and the south-west of Glamorganshire, in that peninsula west of Swansea Bay, still known as the Gower district; and that they engaged in considerable numbers in the invading expedition under Strongbow, is inferred from the number of seemingly Flemish names, such as Connick, Colfer, Godkin, Bolger, Fleming, Furlong, Waddick, Ram, Scurlock, Rossiter, Prendergast, Wadding, Codde, Lambert, Parle, and others, which are still to be found in different parts of the county of Wexford, but especially in these baronies of Forth and Bargie. On a closer examination, it is true, this evidence will be found in part illusory. Of the names on which it is founded, some, as Ram and Godkin, are certainly of a date far later than the Anglo-Irish invasion. Others, as Rossiter, Lambert, Prendergast, however Flemish in appearance, are unquestionably Norman or English. Mr. Herbert Hore, of Pole Hore, however, in a learned paper in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* (New series, iii. 127), clearly proves the Flemish origin of many of the Wexford families. A roll of Wexford men, summoned for military service in 1345, cited by him, contains several unmistakably Flemish names. And on the whole it is impossible to doubt that the original settlement in the baronies of Forth and Bargie, contained a considerable infusion of that Flemish element which already existed in the population of Pembrokeshire and Glamorganshire. With the view of ascertaining the proportions of the two races at present, I addressed a sheet of printed queries to the clergy of the two baronies, but unfortunately the time was too short to permit any exact conclusions. Thus much, at least, is certain: that a large majority of the names is Norman or English, as Stafford, Devereux, Barry, Hore, Browne, Gifford, Lambert,

Roche, Hay, Whitty, Mitton, etc., some of which are still popularly known by the hereditary character embodied in the rhyme :—

Stiffe Staffort,	Stiff Stafford.
Gai Gaffort,	Gay Gifford.
Dugged Lamport,	Dogged Lambert.
Leighen a-Chiese,	Laughing Cheevers.
Proud Derouze,	Proud Devereux.
Criss Colfere,	Cross Colfer.
Valse Vurlonge,	False Furlong.
Gentleman Broune,	Gentleman Browne.

II. But secondly, even were it certain that the Flemish element had preponderated in the population at the time of the original settlement, it may be doubted whether that circumstance could be regarded as conclusive in deciding how far the same element was actually introduced into the language of the colony. It would yet remain to be inquired whether the Flemings of Wales themselves at that period still retained their native language in its integrity. Now, it must be recollected, not only that the Flemings were not the only foreigners then settled in Wales, but also that the Welsh colony of Flemings was, by this time, at least in its second generation. We know, too, that even at the first settlement, Henry sent English colonists among them to teach them the English language; and so successful was this policy, that, as early as the time of Higden, it is said of their descendants that "*dimissa jam barbarie Saxonice satis loquuntur*"—*Higden, Gale's Ed.*, p. 210). This Pembrokeshire colony, indeed, was so eminently English, that it was known under the name which Camden himself renders, "*Anglia Transwallina*"—"Little England beyond Wales." The most, therefore, that can certainly be presumed of the original language of the adventurers who settled in Forth and Bargie, is, that the form of English which they introduced contained a certain portion of the Flemish element.

But, whatever was the precise character of the language of these colonists, authorities agree that their descendants preserved, with singular fidelity, not only this language, but also many peculiarities of manner, of social and domestic usage, and even of costume. The most notable of these were maintained in full observance down to the generation before the last, and are well remembered by many old persons still living in the baronies. In the seventeenth century they were almost universal.

In the Southwell MSS., now in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillips, of Middle Hall, Worcestershire, are a series of returns regarding the county of Wexford, written about 1680, and supplied to Sir William Petty, copies of which have been kindly communicated to me by Mr. Edmund Hore, of Wexford, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information on the subject of the language. In the first of these returns, which is anonymous, we are told that "they preserve their first language (old Saxon English), and almost only understand the same, unless elsewhere educated;" that "they observe the same form of apparel their predecessors first used," which is, "according to the English mode, of very fine exquisitivelie dressed frieze, comlie, but not costlie; that they inviolble profess and maintain the same faith and form of religion" (of their observances in which particular many most interesting details are described); and that "they seldom dispose of their children in marriage but unto natives, or such as will determine to reside in the barony." There is one of the customs mentioned by him which deserves a special notice. "In summer," says he, "they constantlie desist from all works about ten of the clock, soon after dine, reposing themselves and their ploughhorses until two of the clock, during which time all sorts of cattle are brought home from the field and kept enclosed." Another of the reports in the same MS., by Colonel Richards, an old Cromwellian officer, then governor of Wexford, goes still farther, and not only states that "about high noone men and women, children and servants, naturally cease from labour, and goes to rest for about one hour or two," but adds that "*the cattle doe soe too*—the geese and the ducks repaire into their master's yard, and the cocks and hens do goe to roost for that time, and exactly at the hour!" This usage of the siesta (though perhaps not quite to the extent described by the worthy colonel), has continued down to the generation now living. It is called in the local dialect "enteet," or more properly *nonteeet* (noontide)—"the noontide rest."

There is another of the colonel's notices of the barony which will startle you no less. In describing the women of Forth, he assures us that, "in one particular they excel all their sex in this kingdom, viz., they so revere and honour the male sex, man, beast, and bird, that to instance one particular only, if the master of the house be from home, his sonne, if any, or, if none, then his chief servant present, though but a poor plough-driver or cow-boy shall

have the first mess of broth or cut of meat, before the mistress and her female guests, if she have any ! This I know, but I have heard it affirmed, that if there be noe man or boy in the house, *they will give the first bit to a cock or a dog, or any male creature !*" Whether it be that the rights of women are now better understood by the fair ones of the barony, or that the tone of the other sex has been elevated since the colonel's day, I am happy, for the honour of modern Forthite gallantry, to add, that of this strange usage I have not been able to discover any present trace.

The same, indeed, might be said of most of the peculiar usages of the district. Fashion in this, as in other matters, has prevailed over traditionary feeling. The youths and maidens of the new generation have grown ashamed of the ways of their elders, and accommodated themselves in most things to the customs by which they are surrounded ; and now almost the only characteristic by which the people of Forth and Bargie are distinguished from their neighbours throughout the country, is their superior industry, intelligence, and thrift.

The language has shared the same fate. Even in 1788, at the time when Vallancey collected the specimens of it which give interest to his paper, it was not without some difficulty that he discovered experts sufficiently intelligent for his purpose ; and the vocabulary which he printed was chiefly supplied by an old gentlewoman named Brown, commonly known under the title of "the Madam." An old man named Dick Barry, of Ballyconnor, who lived to an exceeding old age, was probably the last genuine representative of the Forth-speaking peasantry. Hardly one is now to be found in the entire district who uses it as a familiar tongue ; and very few, and these only among the oldest Forthers, can be said even to be familiar with the common words of the vocabulary. An address, written by Mr. Edmund Hore, was presented to Lord Mulgrave in 1836 ; but it must be regarded rather as a pleasant surprise for the good-humoured curiosity of that popular nobleman, than a serious literary or political composition. Like Irish in what used to be the Irish-speaking districts, the Forth language has become unfashionable in Forth itself ; and the young generation are unwilling even to acknowledge an acquaintance with it, much more to employ it as a medium of ordinary intercourse.

The idea of the Flemish origin of the dialect is comparatively modern. Grose (*Antiquities*, ii. 61) holds it, it is true, to "be a Teu-

tonic tongue, introduced in the first age of Christianity, or perhaps earlier." But no one has ever seriously discussed so wild a theory. I have already alluded to the opinion of Vallancey, that the Forth dialect is nothing more than the English of the invaders. The anonymous report in the Southwell MSS., written in 1682, describes it as "old Saxon English." Colonel Richards pronounces it "the very language brought over by Fitzstephen," and adds that "whoever hath read old Chaucer will better understand it than an English or Irishman." A third contemporary report in the same MS. collection concurs in this view.

Stanihurst, however, with more exactness, while he agrees in regarding English as the substance of this dialect, adds, "that in our dais they have so acquainted themselves with the Irish as they have made a mingle-mangle or gallimaufre of both the languages, and have in such medley or checkerwise so crabbedlie jumbled them together, as commonlie the inhabitants of the meaner sort speak neither good English nor good Irish." Of the samples of the vocabulary which he gives some are plainly Irish.

If we possessed any satisfactory specimens of the language, this controversy would present little difficulty. Had we some Forther "Tim Bobbin," or even some collection like those of the English provincial songs; had any of our native novelists, by introducing into their dialogue, done for it what Conscience has done for his native Flemish, or Auerbach for the rude dialect of the Black Forest, it would be easy to determine its real character. But, unfortunately, hardly any relics of the language are now recoverable, although the old inhabitants declare that, in their early days; songs and ballads in the native dialect abounded in the baronies; in which also I am assured many of the old English ballads, as *Chevy Chase*, *Robin Hood*, etc., were quite common among the people. The Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Catholic Bishop of Kilmore, remembers to have heard when a boy, a great variety of Forthite songs, said or sung by a blacksmith in his native parish. Mr. Edmund Hore once had met in a number of the *Wexford Chronicle*, of the year 1772, a considerable collection of metrical pieces; but, unluckily, the paper was inadvertently destroyed, and I have in vain appealed to every quarter which seemed to offer a hope of recovering this collection. A few scraps, which, it must be owned, have their full share of the *Fescennina licentia*, are all that I have been able to find. One friend had often heard in his youth a rustic song, commencing :—

Th'ar was a waddeen in Bollymore,
Th'ar was a hunnert, lackin a score;
Y'ar welcome hartille, y'ar welcome joyes,
Y'ar welcome hartille every one.

The song proceeded to describe the company there assembled, but the only further fragment he remembers is a line about

Ee Vrieste o'paryshe on a long-tailed garrane.

There was another, which began—

A maide vrem & Bearlough,
Anure vrem ee Bake,
E'sholthet ownamoree,
Nich th' hia thoras o'Culpake.

One of these maids was bringing to market a *tick* (kid)—the other a basket of eggs; unluckily the kid, in some awkward gambol, jumped against the basket and broke the eggs; and the fun of the piece consisted in the scolding-match which ensued between the fair ones, and in which the Billingsgate of the dialect is exhausted.

Sometimes the common English ballads contained a few words in the native dialect, generally in the nature of a hit at the Forthers. There is one about a mumming expedition, which, according to the old country fashion, a party of young men from Duncormac made into the parish of Kilmore, where, instead of receiving the hospitality which they expected, they were put off by the canny Kilmore men with regrets and apologies—

In rank and fine order we marched to Kilmore,
Our only intention being mass to procure,
But the hochanny set unto us did say,
“Fad didn't thou cum t'ouz on zum other dey?—
Fad didn't thou cum t'ouz phen w'ad zum thin to yive?”—
But curse on the churls, 'tis at home we could live.

The only complete piece which I have been able to recover is that printed by Vallancey. I shall give a short account of it, together with the opening and concluding verses, as a sort of text for the observations on the structure of the dialect which it seems to suggest. The theme is of the simplest. An old yeoman, Walthere (Walter), who is described as “lournagh,” and “hachee” (“low spirited” “and out of temper”) with the world, in answer to the remonstrance of one of his neighbours, Jone (John), on his downcast and moody appearance, relates how a great match of the well-known rustic game of *commane* or *hurley*, in which two neighbouring parishes were pitted against each other, had been lost through

an unfortunate miss on the part of his son, Tommeen. It begins by Jone's demanding—

"Fade teil thee zo lournagh," co Jone, "zo knaggee !
Th' weithest all curcaqh, wafur, an cornee,
Lidge w'ous ana milagh, tis gai an louthee
Huck necher y'art scudden—fartoo zo hachee ?"

Walthere replies—

"Well, gosp, c'hull be zeid ; mot thee fartoo an fade ;
Ha deight ouz var gabble tell ee zin go t'glade.
Ch'am a stouk, an a douel ; wou'll leigh out ee-dey ;
Th' valler w' speen hero, th' laas i chourch hey."

"What ails you, so melancholy," quoth John, "so cross ?
You seem all snappish, uneasy, and fretful ;
Lie with us on the clover, 'tis fair and sheltered ;
Come nearer, you're rubbing your back, why so ill-tempered ?"

"Well, gossip, it shall be told ; you ask what ails me, and for what,
You have put us in talk till the sun goes to set.
I'm a fool and a dunce ; we'll idle out the day ;
The more we spend here, the less in the churchyard."

I must refer to Vallancey for the narrative. Walthere proceeds to tell that the game was "jist'ing our hone"—all but won by his party—had it not been that by ill-luck his son "Tommeen was ee pit t' drive in"—that is, placed as the player, to give the *barnaughblow*, the decisive stroke, which was finally to drive the ball through the enemy's goal. At first the odds had all been against Tommeen's party, but the scale turned, and they were on the point of complete success. The ball was almost at goal, and needed but a gentle stroke to drive it through, when, instead of a gentle "dap or a kewe," Tommeen, in his unlucky over-eagerness, "yate a risph"—drew a tremendous blow, and, striking his bat upon an ant-hill, (emothe knockane) shivered it in his hand. Losing the advantage by this unlucky indiscretion, he gave the adverse party an easy victory. Hence the mortification and chagrin of the narrator.

The concluding stanzas, which describe the rough but hearty consolation offered to Walthere by his listener, are highly characteristic :—

"Ha ha ! be me coshes, th' ast ee paid it, co Jone ;
Y'oure w' thee croaken, an ye me thee hone !
He et nouth fade t'zey ee'lean vetch ee man,
Twist thee an Tommeen, and ee emothee knaghane.
Come w'ous, gosp Learry, theezil, and Melchere ;

Outh o'me hone eh'ull no part wi Walthere.—
Jowane got leigheen ; she pleast am all'—Howe ?
Sh'ya ame zim to doone as w'be doone now :
Zo bless all oure vrendes, an God speed the plowe."

"Hey ho ! by my conscience you have paid it," quoth John.
"Give o'er your crossness, and give me your hand,
He that knows what to say, mischief fetch the man,
Betwixt you and Tommy, and the pismire hill.
Come with us, Gossip Larry, yourself and Miles ;
Out of my hand I'll not part with Walter.—
Joan set them a laughing ; she pleased them all. How ?
She gave them some to do as we're doing now : (drinking).
So bless all our friends, and God speed the plough."

Meagre as is this specimen of the language, it will at least enable us to form a general idea of its structural and grammatical peculiarities. It is hardly worth while to advert to the principles of pronunciation. Many of them are, in the main, those of all the archaic forms of English, at least from the period when English orthography became sufficiently settled to enable us to judge. The hard *g* and *c*, the broad sound of the vowels, the peculiar powers of the diphthongs, are all very strongly marked in the Forth dialect : and there is a general tendency in it to lengthened and drawling accentuation, which cannot fail to be observed. Many of our modern monosyllables appear in Forth in the dissyllable form—"halluf," "calluf," "moweth" (half, calf, mouth), etc. ; and in dissyllables the accent is almost invariably laid by the Forthers on the last syllable.

In the inflections of nouns, pronouns, and verbs, there are some things which call for special observation. The most ordinary form of the definite article is *ee*, and when the modern article is used, the final vowel is commonly elided. Nouns in the possessive case invariably follow in the modern inflection of *s*, instead of the Chaucerian *es* or *is* ; and the old plural termination *en* is almost entirely unknown in Forth. The plural of nouns is commonly *es*, which termination, however, is always a *distinct syllable*, and converts a monosyllabic noun into a dissyllable in the plural ; as *man*, *manes*." There are a few exceptions, such as "keyen," *kine*, "pizzen," *peas*, "ein," *eyes*, etc., etc. But it is remarkable that some of the words in which these anomalies occur are also abnormal in modern English itself.

The personal pronouns, with the exception of "ich" (pronounced "itch"), "I," and the old Saxon "hi" (they), are almost

the same as in modern English; but in prefixing them to the persons of the verb, as also in prefixing articles, prepositions, and similar particles, whether to nouns or verbs, the final vowel is always elided, even before a consonant. Thus the substantive verb is conjugated, "ch'am," "th'art," "he's," "she's," "w'ar," "th'ar"; so also "ch'ave," I have; "th'ast," thou hast; and in the infinitive, in prefixing the preposition "to," the same elision takes place, even before a consonant, as "t'drowe," to throw.

In the regular verb the terminations of the singular are the same as in the modern English verb; but the plural occasionally follows, in the second and third persons, the old Saxon or Frizian ending "eth;"—a form which, for the second person, is familiar to the readers of Chaucer, as in the line,

"Riseth up, sir preest, and stondeþ by me."

On the contrary, the old Chaucerian ending of the third person, "en" is unknown in the Forth dialect, as is also the "en" of the ancient infinitive. The present participle ends in "en," or "een;" and the past retains the old "y" prefix, or "ee," often prefixed to the simple infinitive, as "ee-drowe," from "drowe," "to throw," and sometimes to the participle, as "ee deight." In some participles, however, this prefix is omitted, and some others follow a form almost of purely German character.

The vocabulary has hitherto been chiefly known from Vallancey's paper; but, through the kindness of Mr. Edmond Hore, I have received a very considerable supplement to that collection of words. However strange this vocabulary may appear to one unaccustomed to archaic English, it is impossible to doubt that in the main it is English. A large proportion of the words are perfectly identical with their modern counterparts; and others, as "vorreat," forehead; "bawcoon," bacon; "stuckeen," stocking; "maistreece," mistress, are but broad sounds of the modern English.

Still it is equally certain that many of the words are decidedly un-English. As it may fairly be presumed that the early settlers married in the country, the first mothers of the colony can hardly have failed to leave a trace of their native tongue in its language. Accordingly, notwithstanding Vallancey's assertion to the contrary, the dialect contains a considerable mixture of Irish words; as, "puckane," a goat; "garrane," a horse; "knookane," a hill, etc.

Whether, and how far the Flemish element may be traced in

it is much less clear. From what I have already said, it is plain that Flemish must have some influence on the original language; but I am satisfied that this influence was less than has commonly been supposed. It is true that there are some words which at first sight have a very foreign look. Such, for example, are a large class of words beginning, in modern English, with *f* or *p*, but in the Forth dialect, as in the Flemish or Dutch, with *v*; as *vrom*, *vresh*, *vroste*, *voote*, *vrist*, *vour*, etc. There is also a similar change of *s* into *z*; as, *zin*, *zey*, *zill* (*amezil*), *zitch*, etc.; but this seeming identity will appear less conclusive for the Flemish origin of the Forth dialect, when it is recollected that the very same peculiarities occur in almost the entire of the southern group of the provincial dialects of England:—the *z* in the Somerset or Dorset; the *v* in these dialects, and still more of those of Devon and Wilts. So, also, the coincidence of the forms of certain of the numerals in the Forth dialect with the Flemish, by which some persons have been struck, equally occurs in English dialects. Again, the seemingly peculiar Forth demonstrative “*dicka*,” is exactly the Devonshire “*thicka*,” and I have little doubt that any adept in archaic or provincial English, would find it an easy task to trace the same analogy through the entire Forth vocabulary, with the sole exception of the Celtic portion, to which we have already alluded.

On the whole, therefore, I cannot hesitate to say that the notion of any decidedly Flemish affinity of the Forth dialect appears to me an illusion. Trying it by either or both of the two great rival tests adopted by the opposite schools of comparative philology, I can find no trace whatever of any peculiar Flemish characteristics, whether in its structural forms or in its vocabulary. The inflections of its nouns and verbs are entirely different from the Flemish: the vocabulary has hardly anything Flemish in it which may not be explained by the common descent of English and Flemish from one German stock; and much that appears Flemish at first sight in the Forth dialect, is equally found in other dialects of English, to which no one has ever dreamed of ascribing a Flemish origin.

If I could have hesitated at this conclusion at all, my doubt would have been removed by the judgment of a distinguished Belgian scholar, a perfect master both of English and of his own language, to whom I sent Vallancey's specimen for examination, and who assures me that there is nothing whatever in them which can be regarded as peculiarly Flemish.

I venture, therefore, to conclude that the Barony of Forth language is a lineal descent of the English introduced by the first settlers, modernized in its forms, and also, though in a less remarkable degree, in its vocabulary. The latter, indeed, were it not for the large proportion of Irish words which it contains, does not depart very much further from the ordinary English than some of the provincial dialects of England themselves.

A more curious task would be to compare the Forth language with the Gower dialect, or with the popular language of south-west Pembrokeshire, of which the Forth settlement was but a colony, and which, if any inference could be drawn from the affinities of race, ought to be presumed to exhibit the same substantial characteristics. I regret my inability to undertake such a comparison: but I am confirmed, in what I have said of the Forth dialect, by Mr. Latham's opinion, that there is nothing peculiarly Flemish in the kindred dialect of Gower. The only specimen of the Gower dialect with which I am myself acquainted, is the short vocabulary published by Mr. Collins, in the *Transactions of the Philological Society*.* It contains about sixty words; these, with the aid of my friend, Mr. Edmond Hore, I have compared with the Forth vocabulary; but there are no more than six out of the entire which we were enabled to identify; nor in these is the coincidence very remarkable, as some of them occur in other provincial dialects.

Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that this curious dialect, even as bearing on the history of the English language, deserves more attention than it has received. It appears to me to partake of the vocabulary of each of the three great provincial groups—the Northumbrian, the Mercian, and the Saxon, but especially of the last. Moreover, judging from the inflexions of the verb, and from the participial forms, it seems to me to belong to a period especially requiring illustration. And while I am fully conscious of my own inability to do justice to the inquiry, the meeting of the Association in Dublin has appeared to me an occasion on which I might venture to invite to it the attention of others whose studies in English philology will render the task at once easy and interesting.

C. W. RUSSELL

* A Paper on the Flemings in Pembrokeshire in the "Archæologia Cambrensis," New Series, i., 138-42, contains nothing on the language.

VOICES.

In Memoriam: Oct. 6, 1892.

" I hear a voice
 That's speaking in the wind !"*
 O listening earth, rejoice !
 This child thy mysteries divines and loves ;
 The budding poet-mind
 Soon will expand and find
 Music in all that o'er thee breathes and moves.

His voice we heard,
 And we, the humblest, felt our bosoms stirred
 With wonder and rejoicing. " Why, he sings
 Even of us, this man ! How doth he know
 Our toils, our struggles, all the homely things
 That make us what we are ? Our tears he weeps ;
 These quivering strings,
 Which with a hand so light and sure he sweeps,
 These are the inmost fibres of our being.
 We, who were mute before,
 Who strove and suffered dumbly, now outpour
 Through his inspired lips our love and woe,
 And gather strength and comfort as we go,
 With his enlightened eyes all beauty seeing."

But he is silent now. 'Tis we who speak,
 Ours only are the tears upon his cheek.
 O spirit pure and bright !
 To thine ethereal raiment still we cling,
 Tarry a moment in thine upward flight !
 Hear'st thou no voices in the wind to-day,
 Voices that weep and pray ?
 Hear'st thou no cry
 Sweeping the earth and echoing to the sky ?
 We chant thy dirge, for thou no more wilt sing.

* See " Lord Tennyson," by H. J. Jennings, page 7.

Now we have laid thine head
 In its own place amid the glorious dead :
 Now closed is the tomb with flowers strewn o'er,
 Now the last solemn note away hath died
 And we have turned us weeping from thy side—
 Must there, in truth, be silence evermore ?

Nay, thine immortal voice shall still be heard
 In murmurs of the winds and of the waves,
 In softly rustling grasses of men's graves,
 In pipe of bird,
 In flower's blossoming,
 In all it was thy wont to love and sing.
 Athwart life's silences it still shall ring
 Clear as before, and noble counsels give.

High, spiritual, pure,
 While love and truth and beauty still endure,
 Thy music in our hearts shall ever live !

M. E. FRANCIS.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

IX.

Correspondence with Cardinal Newman (concluded).

IT has seemed best to put together as many as I could of the letters that passed between Dr. Russell and Cardinal Newman, long before the time when they would naturally come into these Memorial Notes.

The next that we give is a private note introducing the public letter which follows, and it is surely very interesting as a contrast to the easily satisfied pensmen who never rewrite a sentence, and imagine that the first thoughts and first words that come to them are good enough for even somewhat important and dignified occasions. We may quote here Dr. Newman's own account of his method of composition, given in 1869 in a letter to the Rev. John Hayes, vicar of Colebrookdale :—

"It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapter over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and inter-linear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. Those who are good speakers may be supposed to be able to write off what they want to say. I, who am not a good speaker, have to correct laboriously what I put on paper. . . . However, I may truly say that I never have been in the habit, since I was a boy, of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz., to express clearly and expressly my meaning; this has been the motive power of all my corrections and rewritings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside, or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as obliged to correct and rewrite as I was thirty years ago."

The Oratory, Sept. 27, 1875.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—I feel the great compliment you pay me in asking from me some lines about your great ceremony which you may put in the papers; also the feeling of affectionate attachment to me which has led you to ask it. I have attempted something, which I enclose, and beg you not to take it if you do not like it, for I am deeply sensible how very awkward are my efforts at accomplishing what others are able to throw off with ease and effect.

But whatever be the deficiency of my words, no one can sympathise with you more than I do at the answer which has now been made to your earnest prayers, and in the thankfulness which you all must feel at this mark of divine mercy towards you.

I am, my dear Dr. Russell,

Yours very affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory, Sept. 27, 1875.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT—In thanking you for your very kind invitation of me to the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of your new church, I beg to accompany my expression of regret at my inability to avail myself of it, with my hearty congratulations to you, your Professors, and your whole College, that the great day is at length granted to you, which you have so long desired and had in prayer.

You have now for many years had collegiate buildings suitable to the dignity of the largest and most important ecclesiastical seminary in Catholic christendom, suitable, as far as they went, for the chief part of the original design had yet to be brought into effect. The foremost inquiry which occurred to the many strangers visiting Maynooth, has hitherto been, where was the Church? The feeling which rested on your guests, when admitted to that most touching spectacle, your ordinations, was one of sorrow, that the sacred rite, which sent out clergy all over Ireland, was administered in a building which spoke of its past times of persecution rather than of its triumphant present.

Now that, with the Divine blessing, this desideratum is to be supplied, it is natural that I who with many others have at various times met with such great civilities from your Professors, and who have, for more than thirty years, had the blessing first of your charity towards me, and then of your friendship, should receive the announcement of it, which you have made me, with sincere and warm satisfaction. Be sure, my dear Dr. Russell, when the day comes, you and yours will be in my thoughts, and thus I shall take part in your auspicious act and its attendant festivities as if I were not so many miles away.

I am ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Very Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D., President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

Probably our Magazine will have the privilege of printing under another head some other letters of Cardinal Newman; but for the present we shall conclude with three short notes. In the second of them allusion is made to the death of Dr. Russell's only married sister, Mrs. J. P. Kelly, the "dear Margaret" of his early Maynooth correspondence.

The Oratory, September 28th, 1876.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL—I thank you sincerely for your kind present and your kind letter. I should say kinder, except that the letter and the gift are parts of one whole.

Your report is the work, on the face of it, of tedious and wearisome labour; it is emphatically a library book, and will in our library, besides its intrinsic worth, carry on the memory of your friendly feelings towards me to a later time, when I am gone.

Do not forget me in your prayers and believe me,

Yours affectionately in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory,

December 12, 1877.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL,—I have heard with great concern of the affliction which has lately befallen you, and, unwilling as I am to write to you, lest you should think it necessary to reply, I do not like not to send you a line upon hearing it. These severe losses are the penalty of our living on, and by them our loving Lord prepares us for what must soon be. I say this to myself under the stress of my own keen sorrows from the bereavements which I have undergone during the last four or five years. “*Adhuc modicum aliquantulum qui venturus est veniet et non tardabit.*” I have said Mass for your sister.

It is with great joy that I have heard of the successive stages of your recovery; but I have been all along afraid of writing to you. I have never got out of my mind that you wrote to me too soon after your accident.

Ever yours affectionately in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

We have many things to tell, and much correspondence to publish before coming to the point referred to in the foregoing letter. Cardinal Newman placed in our hands two letters received from Dr. Russell a little later. The first of these regards his elevation to the Cardinalate.

Dundalk,

February 22nd, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. NEWMAN.—I am not very well able to write letters, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of a few lines to tell you of my delight in hearing of the dignity which our Holy Father has offered to you. I am sure you will believe that it is to me a subject of unspeakable pride and pleasure, and if I am withheld from expressing to yourself all that I feel, solely by the consideration of your own self-denying humility, I shall only add my earnest hope that notwithstanding your reluctance, the intention of the Holy Father and the desire of your numberless friends will yet be carried into effect, and that the history of your life will thus receive its fitting consummation.

With all best wishes and prayers, I remain, as ever, my dear Dr. Newman, most affectionately yours,

C. W. RUSSELL.

Leaving for another time what the Cardinal wrote about his friend after his death, we let them part now with the last letter that we can find, addressed to Dr. Russell from the Oratory, Edgbaston.

The Oratory,

September 19, 1879,

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL,—I heard with great pain that you had ceased to be President of Maynooth, yet at the same time I felt how great a relief it must be to you when the first pain was over.

It is a sad trial to all your friends that a mere accident should have suddenly cut you short in the midst of your work and closed a career of usefulness, but the right to be at leisure is so great a blessing that I cannot but congratulate you on it, and I pray and trust that you may have full enjoyment of it. What can be a greater blessing than to be in peace and to wait for heaven? Not that you will be put out from active duties altogether, but you will be at liberty to choose your work.

These are the thoughts which comfort me and make it easier to me to say "Thy will be done."

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

P S.—*Don't answer this.*

But he *did* answer it, from that County Down village where he had been born sixty-seven years before.

Killough,

September 21, 1879.

MY DEAR LORD CARDINAL,—I am, deeply grateful for your Eminence's most kind letter, but the report of my retirement was a newspaper blunder. I had sent in my resignation, but the bishops declined to receive it, and have given me an extended leave of absence till June. I hardly hope that even then I shall be fit for work; but I must humbly submit all to God's holy and merciful will.

I have been watching with great anxiety every intelligence about your Eminence, and I trust I may hope that your strength is quite restored.

With most respectful and fervent good wishes, and praying your Eminence's blessing,

I have the honour to be

Your Eminence's most affectionately devoted,

O. W. RUSSELL.

This was, perhaps, the last letter that Dr. Russell wrote with his own hand. He did not complete on earth the further leave of absence accorded to him by the Episcopal Board of Maynooth College.

X.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH CARDINAL WISEMAN.

It is now, for certain reasons, expedient to make another departure from the order of time, and to publish together a good many of the letters received by the subject of those notes from another Prince of the Church. We have obtained permission to do so from the great kindness of the Rev. John Morris, S. J., to whom the present Archbishop of Westminster has entrusted the duty of writing the life of the illustrious founder of that see. The mention of these names allows me to recall that I more than once heard Dr. Russell speak of Father Morris's "Letter-Book of Sir Amyas Poulet" as the best piece of editing that he was acquainted with—an opinion which, in the *Dublin Review*, he expressed in these terms:—"The valuable volume of Father Morris on the 'Letter-Book of Sir Amyas Poulet,' keeper of Mary Queen of Scots, for extent and originality of research, acuteness of criticism, and breadth and comprehensiveness of view, may claim the very highest rank in the long array of literature, Latin, French, Italian, and English, devoted to the vindication of this ill-fated lady." From such a biographer, therefore, we may at least expect a worthy memorial of the first of the three great English Cardinals of our time.

In passing from the autograph letters of John Henry Newman to those of Nicholas Wiseman, one is tempted to remark that those who contend that character is indicated by handwriting might very plausibly appeal to the contrast between these two handwritings and these two characters. In the Oratorian they might find the marks of exquisite refinement, conscientiousness, self-restraint; in the Archbishop a masterly boldness and an elegance of quite a different kind; Newman's was "a delicate, sensitive handwriting," as Mrs. Ritchie says of Mrs. Browning's. We could not imagine him twisting his initials into such an ingenious and graceful monogram as N. C. W. became in the corner of the envelopes of the first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

We have mentioned that we reserve for publication apart some letters that regard the *Dublin Review*. We cannot carry out this with respect to the Wiseman correspondence, especially as that topic is constantly turning up in these letters. On this account we are surprised at not finding any letters dated earlier than 1841;

for the *Review* began in May, 1836, and Dr. Russell told us once that his contributions, to be kept up without a break for quarter of a century, began with the third or fourth Number. But he may have contributed to the *Dublin Review* without coming at first into relations with Dr. Wiseman, who was not editor. That office was filled for a time by Mr. Michael J. Quin, author of "A Visit to Spain, and of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube, with Sketches of Hungary, Wallachia, Servia, &c."* Even in that more formal generation the young Maynooth professor would hardly have continued to be "my dear sir" to his correspondent if they had been brought into contact with one another as early as we should have expected from their connection with *The Dublin Review*.

Dr. Wiseman very generally dates his letters by the feast of the day. One of the earliest dates is simply "St. Agnes"—namely, the exquisite Saint who was to inspire his best work—*Fabiola*. He writes from Oscott—

St. Mary's College,

St. Agnes, 1841.

REV. DEAR SIR.—I forward to you the enclosed, having perused them with great pleasure. Allow me to mention one or two little matters.

1. The excommunication against Napoleon was posted at the usual places in broad day, in spite of the piquets of French troops placed to prevent it. The person who performed the feat was the late Cavalier Menacci, then a hackney-coach driver, with his son. He contrived to put up the edict during the afternoon heat of the day—though it was pulled down in a few minutes. He was highly rewarded by Pius after his return, and laid the foundation of a noble family.

2. There has been great difference of opinion respecting Napoleon's personal violence to Pius. Cardinal Gamberini, the Vicar-General and Administrator of Imola under him or for him, and his confidential friend, was assured by him (as he told me last year) more than once that, when he withdrew his consent from the Concordat, after having told the Emperor that his condition of the Sacred Colleges' consent

* This book was in two volumes, and had reached a third edition when reviewed in the *Dublin Review*, July, 1837. How completely is this Irish Catholic author forgotten! I remember calling Dr. Russell's attention to a statement in the French translation of Alzog's "History of the Church" that the *Dublin Review* was founded by O'Connell, Dr. Wiseman, and "le Docteur Michel." "Quin" had dropped out.

had not been verified, Napoleon in anger seized him by breast of his cassock and rudely pushed him down back upon a chair, saying, "Imbécile!" He told me this in Italian.

3. There was a collection of documents in vindication of the Pope's conduct, such as correspondence, &c., printed by the Government, but the impression was destroyed in the [palace?] the evening before the French marched into Rome. A few copies escaped. I think I could get one; but probably Artaud had access to all the documents, and has used them. Pertolesi's Life, I suppose you have. Other memoirs have been published of particular parts of his life, &c.

Have you seen a little poem recited by Cardinal Consalvi, when a boy, at an Exhibition in the Seminary at Frascati, foretelling his own brilliant career? It is, I believe, inedited, but I have a manuscript copy of the passage.

I throw out these hints for your future work. We want much a review of Lingard's History and another of Moore's Ireland. Could you not furnish them?

I am ever,

Rev. Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely in Xt.,

N. WISEMAN.

I have several *viva voce* narratives or anecdotes about Pius.

The foregoing letter refers chiefly to a project to which Dr. Russell, who at this date was not yet 29 years old, devoted a great deal of time and labour, though he was never to accomplish it. We shall hear much hereafter about his desire to compose a full and minute History of Pope Pius the Seventh.

IMPRESSIONS OF TENNYSON.

IT was somewhere far back in the sixties that I first made Tennyson's acquaintance. I had picked up the little green duodecimo of "In Memoriam," probably at some bookstand in Maynooth College, and had taken it with me into the class-hall during the hour's preparation for the class of Ecclesiastical History. The pages in the latter science with which we were supposed to be interested, dealt with Monophysites and Monothelites, &c., and I found it weary reading. So, carefully concealing my little 12mo under a volume of *Receveur*, I plunged into the mystery and philosophy of "In Memoriam." I was startled, puzzled, entranced, mystified by turns. I had read a good deal of poetry; but nothing like this. Why, it was I myself that was talking to myself through these short but mysterious lines. It was a revelation. I turned to a student who sat next me, his eyes glued to some book. "Look here," said I, "did you ever read this?" Like Cædmon, the poet-herd,

"Slow were his eyes, and slow his speech, and slow his musing step."

So he paused, looked the book over, returned it with the words: "I *have* read it, and I date my education from that hour." After twenty-five years' experience, that verdict too is mine.

* * *

William Morris thinks that Tennyson is incomparably greater than Browning. So do we. But why? Because Browning, like Shelley and Byron, was a spendthrift of talent. Independent, as far as money was concerned, of the estimate that the British public might put upon his works, and more or less careless of fame, he wrote as he pleased that series of philosophical conundrums which are called his poems. Probably in less than twenty years his long and most tedious productions will be found only on the shelves of some literary epicure, and he will be remembered only by his short and powerful dramatic pieces. Tennyson had always an eye to publishers and public. He never offended his age by the prolixity of Browning, or the indecencies of Swinburne. He is a type of the modern Englishman—quiet and correct. As has been well said, "his passions never leave a heart-ache, nor his philosophy a head-ache." But could Tennyson have written "Saul?" I doubt it.

The supreme excellence of the late Poet-Laureate is his knowledge, minute and precise, of the moods of nations and the moods of men, and his marvellous success in interpreting one by the other. Think of that incomparable lyric :

Break, break, break !
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !

and is there any simile in the whole range of British poetry equal to this in Merlin and Vivien, when speaking of Merlin's anticipation of evil to come, the poet says :

So dark a forethought rolled around his brain,
As on a dull day in an ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
In silence.

* * *

Probably, however, the most perfect line for music and metre he wrote is that in *Maud* :—

And sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights.

And the most perfect for music, and metre, and poetry, is that of *Locksley Hall* :—

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might,—
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Which is also true of the "*amor intellectualis*" of the saint.

I have some dim recollection, however, of a certain line in Dante's *Paradise*, where sleep is described as trembling before it vanishes before the awakened senses of the sleeper.

* * *

Tennyson's declamatory pieces, such as "*Locksley Hall* : Sixty years after," "*Despair*," &c., &c., can hardly be regarded as very successful. Yet there must have been some unique charm in his recitation of his poems, which was marked by a curious but not unpleasing monotony, varied by occasional, and very unexpected inflections. I have before me a woodcut, taken from Rossetti's drawing of "*Tennyson reading Maud*." It represents the poet in quite an unconventional and unusual dress and attitude—not at all the brigand we are used to. He was very fond of "*Maud*," whose minor meanings he sometimes maintained had never been understood.

But the best story of his reading is that of Bayard Taylor :—

“I spoke of the idyl of Guinevere as being, perhaps, his finest poem, and said that I could not read it aloud without my voice breaking down at certain passages. ‘Why, I can read it and keep my voice!’ he exclaimed, triumphantly. This I doubted, and he agreed to try, after we went down to our wives. But the first thing he did was to produce a magnum of wonderful sherry, thirty years old, which had been sent him by a poetic wine dealer. Such wine I never tasted. ‘It was meant to be drunk by Cleopatra or Catherine of Russia,’ said Tennyson. We had two glasses apiece, when he said, ‘To-night you shall help me to drink one of the few bottles of my Waterloo—1815.’ The bottle was brought, and after another glass all round, Tennyson took up the ‘Idylls of the King.’ His reading is a strange, monotonous chant, with unexpected falling inflexions, which I cannot describe, but can imitate exactly. It is very impressive. In spite of myself, I became very much excited as he went on. Finally, when Arthur forgives the Queen, Tennyson’s voice fairly broke. I found tears on my cheeks, and Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson were crying, one on either side of me. He made an effort, and went on to the end closing grandly. ‘How can you say,’ I asked (referring to previous conversation), ‘that you have no surety of permanent fame? This poem will only die with the language in which it is written.’ Mrs. Tennyson started up from her couch. ‘It is true!’ she exclaimed; I have told Alfred the same thing.’

Try it, reader. It is a hard task to any one possessed of the least sensibility.

* * *

One of the best papers ever written on Tennyson is that by Mr. Hutton, which appeared in *Macmillan’s Magazine*. The opening sentence ran: “Tennyson was an artist before he was a poet.” But he remained an artist to the end, the best proof of which is that you cannot alter one word in a single line of his poetry, without altering it for the worse. I think Matthew Arnold was as great an artist as Tennyson—but not so great a poet. But Tennyson and Arnold spoil one’s taste for ever for other poetry than theirs.

* * *

Yet, Tennyson took a good many of his inspirations from Shakspeare; whilst the influence of Wordsworth is unmistakeable.

In fact, Tennyson is Wordsworth set to music, and slightly sensualized.

* * *

Arthur Henry Hallam, the A. H. H. of "In Memoriam," was described by Tennyson to be "as near perfection as mortal man could be." He was betrothed to a sister of the poet, then in her seventeenth year, and had begun to teach her Italian, when he set out on that fateful journey which ended in his sudden death in Vicencia. The following is one of the sonnets he addressed to his fiancée—

* * *

"Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome,
Ringing with echoes of Italian song;
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark on the right with full piano tone.
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air:
Hark yet again, like flute-tones mingling rare,
Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.
Pass then the lintel freely; without fear
Feast on the music. I do better know thee
Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life—
An English maiden and an English wife.

* * *

And perhaps the readers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* will not regret having the following lines which the maturer judgment of Tennyson excluded from "Maud," although they were in the original manuscript:—

* * *

Will she smile, if he presses her hand.
This Lord Captain up at the hall?
Captain? He to hold command!
He can hold a cue, he can pocket a ball;
And sure not a bantam-cockrel lives,
With a weaker crow upon English land,
Whether he boast of a horse that gains,
Or cackle his own applause.
Bought commission! Can such as he
Be wholesome guards for an English throne,
When if France but made a lunge, why she,
God knows, might prick us to the backbone.
What use for a single month to rage
At the rotten creak of the State machine,
Though it makes friend weep and enemy smile,
The sons of a grey, board-ridden isle,

Should dance in a round of old routine
 While a few great families lead the reels,
 And pauper manhood lies in the dirt,
 And Favour and Wealth with gilded heels
 Trample service and tried dessert ?

* * *

Tennyson's works already promise to become as fruitful fields for controversy as Browning's. He has already set at rest the much disputed question of the personality of

" him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones "

by declaring that it was Goethe he meant. But now comes the question, who is the pilot referred to in that wonderful valedictory, "Crossing the Bar." There actually have been suggestions that he meant his late son, Lionel, or perhaps Arthur Henry Hallam, But from the fact that the poet wrote Pilot with an initial capital. and for other obvious reasons, there cannot be a doubt* that he meant that

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
 Whom we who have not seen Thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone embrace
 Believing where we cannot prove.

Notwithstanding his "Higher Pantheism," and his opinion—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

we prefer to take the former lines as a profession of Tennyson's faith; yet we would have wished for something less Socratic and Pagan, and more Christian than the circumstances and details of his last death hour.

* * *

The *Weekly Register* thinks Coventry Patmore an eligible candidate for the Laureateship. If Ireland had a voice, it would unquestionably give the laurel wreath to him who was the intimate friend (and, were we living in more Christian times, we should say, quite the equal) of Wordsworth and Tennyson—Aubrey de Vere.

P. A. S.

* Since the poet's death his son, Hallam Tennyson, who is the second Lord Tennyson, has settled this question in accordance with our contributor's view.—
 Ed. I.M.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

A clever pamphlet written to refute some charges levelled against the deceased father of the writer of the pamphlet takes for its motto this couplet from Molière :—

Ceux de qui la conduite offre le plus à rire
Sont toujours sur autrui les premiers à médire.

It would be easy to put this more literally into English in the plural ; but it seems to run better in the singular :

The man whose conduct gives most scope for blame
Is always first to smirch another's name.

* * *

Mr. Orby Shipley has devoted great and persevering labour to the collection of all the tributes that have been paid in English verse to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Among other painstaking researches he has circulated inquiries about certain poets in whose writings he had failed to find any such passages. Among the Irishmen in this list is Thomas Davis. The following lines are not included in his published poems. His editor, Thomas Wallis, would be very likely to pass them over. They were found among his papers in his own handwriting, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy thinks them unlike anything he has written ; but it is still more unlikely that he would copy another's verses on such a subject. He may have had many feelings and tendencies that he would not betray in the not very spiritual atmosphere of *The Nation* office..

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining ;
Ave Maria, day is declining.
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night ;
From the fall of the shade, till the matin shall chime,
Shield us from danger and save us from crime :
Ave Maria, audi nos.

Ave Maria, hear when we call,
Mother of Him who is brother to all ;
Feeble and failing we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light ;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns ;
Ave Maria, audi nos.

I chance to have in my note book a couple of classical conundrums by a holy and amiable French Jesuit, who died many years ago—Ernest Chambellan. None of my readers will be likely to discover a lily and the Siege of Troy in the following elegiac couplet. Cut off the first letter of *lilium*, and you have *Ilum*.

Purpureos supero flores candore nivali ;
Si caput excutias, militis arma sonant.

Apply the same process to the things described in this other couplet; *color*, *olor*. The young reader will remember that the last of these is a swan, if he fixes in his mind that *cantus olivinus* is the Latin of *chant de cygne*.

Iris puniceo per me ditiescit amictu.
Tolle caput: lenes lustris superbus aquas.

* * *

We steal a passage about poor Clarence Mangan from the letter of an Irish lady exiled among the Saxons. Evidently, her heart is still in the right place.

"What a magnificent ballad 'Dark Rosaleen' is! I don't know when I read anything more full of poetry—the real divine fire and no mistake—and at the same time so completely Celtic. It is at once spiritual and passionate, the sort of thing one can't put into words but which gives us the feeling of absolute beauty and truth. For me no more jingles after that can be palmed off as 'Irish Poetry.' This is the genuine thing. Nothing that Moore ever wrote comes up in my opinion, and nothing that I have read of Davis seems to me half so fine. But I suppose this is rank heresy."

* * *

I do not know who wrote the lines from which I have seen these quoted:

In Christian hearts, oh for a pagan zeal!
A needful but opprobrious prayer:

The prayer may imply something discreditable to ordinary Christians, but alas! the implication is not unfounded. The upholders of good causes might often take a useful lesson from the upholders of bad causes. The "pagan zeal" held up here for our emulation need not take us back to heathen Greece or heathen Rome. There are pagans now-a-days who manifest an ardent zeal in the propagation of their opinions which the champions of the truth might sometimes copy with advantage. How can these

wretched men who pretend to believe that their little flash of thinking life will be utterly and for ever extinguished in a year or two, and that they will then have as little concern for past, present, or future as any handful of dust on the road—how can they take a laborious interest in the so-called welfare of the human race, and how can they toil as they do ?

The following is entitled “Vir Bonus” in the *Almanach du Sonnet* for the year 1875.

Avec son seul courage, avec son seul mérite,
Obtenir la fortune et mainte dignité,
C'est un rêve plutôt que la réalité.
Mais de l'injuste oubli faut-il que l'on s'irrite ?
Non : l'homme vraiment grand de tout se déshérite,
Fait le bien par devoir, par générosité,
Et sais parfaitement que la célébrité
De la franche vertu n'est pas la favorite.
Les trésors, les amis lui manquent-ils d'ailleurs ?
N'a-t-il pas trois trésors à l'abri des voleurs ?
La Foi, la Charité, l'Espérance éternelle ?
N'a-t-il pas trois amis et des plus précieux :
Son cœur qui reste pur, Dieu qui promet les cieux,
Et l'Ange de la mort qui le prend sur son aile ?

M. Philibert Le Duc honestly labels this “imité de l'Anglais.” If it does not at all suggest its original to some of our readers, these readers will have reason to thank us for quoting the celebrated lines of Coleridge which the Editor of *The Nation*, answering some correspondent forty years ago, called “the noblest sonnet in the English language,” but which our better instructed readers will perceive not to be a sonnet at all, but an excellent poem of fifteen lines.

How seldom, friend, the great good man inherits
Honour and wealth with all his worth and pains !
It seems a story from the land of spirits
If any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.
For shame, my friend ! Renounce this canting strain.
What would you have the great good man obtain—
Wealth, titles, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of coarces which his sword hath slain ?
Goodness and greatness are not means but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man ? Three treasures, life and light
And calm thoughts equable as infant's breath—
And three fast friends surer than day or night ;
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

If the ancient Greeks had played base ball, how intelligible the following would be in the language of Herodotus! Even as it stands, it is all Greek to us. The rival teams were named alliteratively the Chicago Colts and the Philadelphia Phillies. Our newspaper scrap begins with the middle of the conflict:—"Dungan had doubled and gone to third on a sacrifice. The old man ordered him home on Decker's grounder to Allen, and he was caught twenty feet from the plate. In the fourth Umpire Emslie declared Gumbert out at the plate. Dowse had the ball in his lap but did not touch the runner with it. The colts got them in the third on Parrott's hit by the pitcher, Dahlen's bunt, Anson's crackling single, Dungan's line double and Canavan's sacrifice. After Parrott had hit in the fifth and Dahlen had scored him with a triple on to right, Weyhing went in for the visitors. Anson singled, and Dungan, who had two doubles to his credit, jumped on the quaker for a three-sacker and scored Chicago's last run on Canavan's sacrifice. The Phillies got one in the second on a triple and two singles."

* * *

"I smell roast boy. Why, your soutanes are scorched!" This warning given to some young Mass-servers, crouching over the sacristy fireplace, reminded the warner of the vigilance of his mother many a long year before in rebuking him cheerfully, but firmly, if her little son was found sitting too close to the grate. That constant inculcation of manliness and proper self-denial, that relentless war waged against sloth and want of punctuality—how important a part these things play in the formation of a character, and how far do the habits thus formed affect a man's usefulness in after-life! What a pity of those young people whose parents indulge themselves and their children, and fail to exercise that *amoureuse persécution* which De Maistre (I think it is he) sets forth as the privilege of true maternity.

* * *

How does it come that Irish priests and Irish people care so little about botany or natural history, and many other such things which interest greatly persons in similar conditions in England? A knowledge of these matters would give an extra interest to many a walk and ride. But, as a fact, such studies are pursued very little among us, and hardly ever among Catholics. Therefore, in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for October, 1892, when I come

on the following passage which occurs in "A Pilgrimage to Kilmaedugh," I am not at all surprised to find the article signed by such English names as "the Rev. Wilfrid Dallow, Birkenhead."

* * *

"As we neared that part of the Burren Mountains known as the Eagle's Nest, where we were to find the rocky recess once sanctified by the presence of St. Macduagh, the ground lost all semblance of a field and became one great mass of dark carboniferous limestone. To the geologist this portion of Ireland is a valuable field for study, and certainly to the most untutored eye, the rocky floor presented a unique spectacle not to be seen elsewhere. The whole surface is split up into numerous long and deep fissures, in the cool clefts of which grew the hart's-tongue fern and many others. The brilliancy and profusion of the wild flowers, which flourished everywhere around us, was truly delightful, and fully bore out the reputation this district bears as a good hunting-ground for the lovers of botany. Here the hare-bell, of a blue unusually deep, large, mauve-tinted wild geraniums, and the golden rod were mingled with various ferns, amidst which the wild 'maiden-hair' was conspicuous. But most attractive of all was a beautiful white flower, which belonged to a very short-tufted plant, creeping along the clefts of the rock. This we discovered subsequently was a rather rare plant, the *Octopetala* or mountain Avens, in form like a rose (to which family it really belongs), with a stalk but two inches long, covered with dark green leaves with a silvery lining. Another curious plant which abounds here, but is uncommon in the British Isles, is a tall thistle with a golden blossom (*Carlina Vulgaris*). Its petals dry in the sun, and thus it becomes a kind of everlasting flower."

* * *

Much is expressed in the quaint words which, in early days, a charitable nobleman of England ordered to be engraven upon his tomb as a lesson to others:—

"How now, who is here?
I, Robin of Doncastere,
And Margaret my feare.
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost."

Does any reader require further explanation? Namely, what I actually laid out may be supposed to have been mine in the past, for I exercised upon it the rights of proprietorship; what I saved

up I never used, *that* I may be fairly supposed to have lost for ever, for I derived benefit from it in neither world; "what I gave, that I have"—the rewards attached to almsgiving and other good works do not pass away; I have them still, and shall have them always.

TO FR. P. OF MOUNT MELLERAY.

HOW they shall come and crowd around thy feet—
 The many that with tender tact and thought
 Thy hands have stayed, and gathered in, and brought
 Secure and safe unto the judgment seat!
 How they shall run with joy thy steps to meet,
 And one shall cry, "When I had grief he sought
 Me out;" and one—"When I had sin, he brought
 Me from afar to God with patience sweet."
 How swift the silent years have taken flight
 And gone before thee to the great white Throne,
 Through the long watches of the sleepless night!
 How many happy hours were thine alone
 With God! O Father, great in heart and mind,
 To thyself hard, to others ever kind.

I would my gratitude and thy due meed
 Could be combined and placed on record here;
 But my lips close in reverence and fear,
 Lest I should hurt, by slightest word or deed,
 Thy sensitive humility. My need
 Was ever worse, my lack of good more clear,
 Thy kindness greater than to those drawn near
 With plenteous harvest for thy patient seed.
 Stay yet awhile with us, although thy sun
 Far down the golden West must soon have set.
 No one can take thy place, stay with us yet,
 There is fresh work—thy race is not all run,
 And though the Crown stands waiting thy grey hair,
 Yet stay awhile—thy help we cannot spare.

ALICE ESMONDE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. It is very seldom, indeed, that we recommend to our readers the newest three-volume novel which has as yet reached only a small percentage of the patronesses of the circulating libraries, but we must not wait for the six-shilling stage of its existence to welcome "Whither?" by M. E. Francis (London: Griffith, Farran and Co.) The publishers, whose firm dates back to Oliver Goldsmith's time, have brought out the work with much taste. The autumn season which has just begun will hardly make any more delightful addition than this to our stock of fiction. Mrs. Francis has an excellent style of her own, almost as easy and pleasant as that of that early client of her publishing firm whom we have named, with a quiet vein of humour running through it. Her descriptions of places and persons leaves one under the impression that she saves her imagination the trouble of inventing them by simply describing real persons and places. We see them all and live amongst them. The heroine, Virginia, is one of the beautiful characters in modern romance, and yet—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

But Mrs. Francis seems almost to take as much pains with the secondary and third-rate characters. For instance, she seems to an intelligent outsider to be thoroughly acquainted with all the mysteries of servanthood. The scene of a good part of the story lies in one of those rural districts still found in certain parts of England, in which the squire and country folk have never given up the Old Faith; and the quiet little Catholic touches, which only occur incidentally and unobtrusively as they do in real life, lend a quaint freshness to the idyllic scenes of English rustic life. We had written thus far before seeing any of the criticisms of which this new novel is sure to be the subject; but we are glad to find that it has already attracted notice, though it has only just appeared. *The Scotsman* decides at once that "this work must occupy a place of honour in contemporary fiction. The heroine is in all respects a finished and powerful study. Her story fills three volumes; but—and it is high praise—Mrs. Francis has not written a word too much." Another Scottish critic, *The Glasgow Herald*, comes to the same conclusion—"This is a new novel by a new writer who at once steps into a foremost place among contemporary fictionists. In every respect it is a work of high merit and of artistic proportion. There is neither haste nor "padding," neither scantiness or superfluity. The plot also displays much originality. The heroine is a fine character, drawn with consummate skill. The story is decidedly one of unusual excellence, both as to conception and literary execution." These are only a few phrases from long and minute reviews. Still more space is given to "Whither?" by *The Liverpool Courier*—"It is in the evolution of the plot in this little unpuritanised corner of England that the strength and genius of the writer become manifest in a succession of remarkable incidents, some of which are depicted with a power really marvellous, so conspicuous are the originality and gracefulness displayed in the treatment." This

reviewer singles out for special praise the old French priest who considers himself completely naturalised on the English mission. "Canon de Mévins, too—what an exquisite ideal of the priest, so hopeful, so honourable, and yet so utterly unable to fathom the depths of Virginia's agony of soul or of Geoffrey's despair!" We shall watch with interest the judgments passed on this beautiful tale by the higher critical journals.

2. "Jesus the All-beautiful, a Devotional Treatise on the Character and Actions of Our Lord" (London: Burns and Oates) is the latest addition to the great quarterly series which has been carried on through so many years, chiefly through the persevering zeal of Father Coleridge, S.J. It is edited by the Rev. J. G. M'Leod, S.J., but it is written by the anonymous author of "The Voice of the Sacred Heart," and of "The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth." Its thirty-four chapters, many of which are of considerable length—the book consists of five hundred ample pages, and the typography reflects credit on the Manresa Press—are devoted to a patiently loving and devout study of all the aspects of our Divine Redeemer's demeanour and character, showing Him beautiful in his love of the Father, in his love of souls, in his truth, in his humility, in his power, in his weakness, in his authority, in his gentleness, in his manner of dealing with the souls of men, in his sensitiveness, in his zeal, in his patience, in his sorrows and his joys, in his predilections and aversions, in his words and his silence, in his prayer, in his actions, in his reproaches, complaints and disappointments, in his countenance, his tears, his sighs, his fortitude, his disfigurements, in his weariness and rest. The pious writer is not afraid of repetitions, of returning to the same scenes and the same texts; and the effect is, as Father M'Leod says in his brief preface, "to present to the mind a complete and most elevating study of our Divine Lord as He has revealed Himself to us in every line of his teaching, and in every detail of the example which He has left for our imitation." This volume will help many a devout soul to dwell in pious contemplation on the adorable and amiable perfections of Jesus the All-beautiful.

3. The Passionist Father, the Rev. Arthur Devine, has just published through Washbourne of London, and M. H. Gill and Son of Dublin, a solid octavo of 440 pages, entitled "The Creed Explained, or an Exposition of Catholic Doctrine according to the Creeds of Faith and the Constitutions and Definitions of the Church." The very minute and elaborate table of contents in front makes us grumble less energetically at the absence of an index at the end. Ten preliminary chapters discuss the general questions concerning Faith; and then the twelve articles of the Apostles' Creed are fully and methodically treated, some half-dozen separate sections being devoted to each, and even fourteen sections in the case of the ninth article, where the division of matter is somewhat confused by the mingling of sections and chapters. The book is very carefully printed—except that on the first page the Vicar Capitular signs his *imprimatur* with the genitive case of his name, and "Pentecost" is spelt "penticost" some half-dozen times. "The Creed Explained" will be found a solid and useful addition to that department of that Catholic literature in which Hay's *Sincere Christian* is one of the earliest and best, and *Catholic Belief* one of the latest and cheapest.

4. We do not know who "M. C. E." is, but he or she has translated into excellent English "The Little Martyr of Prague," by Father Joseph Spillman, S.J., author of "Grandfather and Grandmother" (Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.) We confess that we take up a book of this kind with great suspicion, expecting to find, according to the old Italian *mot*, that the translator has proved a traitor to the original. Not so in the present case. The story reads as smoothly and pleasantly in English as if that were its native tongue.

5. The author of "Flemish Interiors" and of many other pleasant books, has just contributed to the entertainment of the reading public two splendid royal octavos—"Gossip of the Century, personal and traditional memories, social, literary, artistic, &c." (London: Ward and Downey). The frontispiece of the first volume is a portrait of our present Lord Lieutenant—a compliment certainly not paid to the dignity of His Excellency, but to the memory of a certain Rachel Busk, who was the common ancestress of Richard Monckton Milnes and of the authoress of these agreeable tomes. The pages are thickly sprinkled with portraits, large and small, of a great many other persons, large and small also. There are anecdotes, often founded on personal experience, about an immense number of English and foreign notabilities, politicians, painters, sculptors, singers, actors, literary people, social celebrities, &c. The index of proper names crams twenty-six long columns; and this index is given in full at the end of each of the volumes—an innovation which strikes us as a happy one, for you may want to look up a name when you have not the concluding volume in your hands. Of course in such a vast mass of minute particulars there must be plenty of little inaccuracies, but we are surprised in the account of Sothorn, to see Octave Feuillet's innocent novel *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* assigned to the notorious Eugene Sue. The excellent *raconteuse* to whom we owe this encyclopedia of nineteenth century gossip, besides a lively pen and a marvellous memory, is evidently the possessor also of a very amiable disposition. There is nothing that can be called scandal in any severe sense; and we are allowed to carry away a good impression of most of those who figure in this long procession of some eleven hundred royal octavo pages.

6. We are delighted that the compiler and publishers of "St. Patrick's Hymn-book" have at last emerged from the hidden life. Messrs. Brown and Nolan of Nassau-street are the publishers, and the author and compiler is the Rev. Edward Gaynor, C.M., of St. Vincent's Church, Cork. Father Gaynor has for some years given himself with enthusiastic devotion to the practical study of hymn music, and the result is the present collection which is issued in several forms. The words only are given, bound in cloth, for fourpence; the Tonic Sol-fa vocal score, with the words, for two shillings; and the organ score, tunes only, in staff notation, for four shillings. "As it reproduces the vocal score, singers who do not understand Tonic Sol-fa may read from this edition." The two-shilling edition, which is bound with great taste and very carefully produced, begins with a preface of considerable length, in which Father Gaynor explains the objects he has aimed at, the materials he has used, the assistance he

has received, and the manner in which his labours may best be turned to account. We are sure that any convent, especially that has dealings with children, will, upon reading this notice, procure copies of this excellent work, if they do not already possess it. We omitted one of the forms in which Fr. Gaynor's labours are utilised; namely, St. Patrick's Hymn Cards for schools, sodalities, &c. Each card contains one complete hymn with the melody of the tune in Tonic Sol-fa. Each packet contains twenty-five cards of one kind, and may be ordered by number or title, price sixpence. This important work has been examined and approved by the Dublin Diocesan Commission on Ecclesiastical music; it bears also the *Nihil Obstat* of the President of Maynooth College, and the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Dublin. By an oversight Cardinal Newman's name is not given with his hymn, "Help, Lord, the Souls which Thou hast made," though his brother Oratorian, F. W. Faber, is duly mentioned on the next page. In addition to most of the well-known hymns, there are many that have never appeared in any hymn-book, such as six by Sister Mary Alphonsus Downing, of Cork ("Mary of *The Nation*"), and ten by the author of *Emmanuel*, whose name would look rather strange on the present page. Father Gaynor is scrupulously exact in expressing his acknowledgments to very many who have helped his undertaking, especially Mr. Orby Shipley, whom he justly describes as "the best living authority on Catholic hymnody;" but, no doubt, all of these feel, as one of them certainly does, grateful for the chance of having their simple lines used by innocent children and holy nuns and the devout faithful, while singing the praises of God.

We are, with great regret, obliged to hold over till next month, notices of very many new books sent for review.

LOVE AND DEATH.

(Translated from *Théophile Gautier*.)

O INNOCENCE, alas, so soon forgone!
O laughing dreams of love and goodly fame!
Ah, why not with the evening linger on,
Illusions fair that in life's morning came?

Ah, why? Dost thou not see at noon the dew
No longer decks with silvery tears the flowers?
The frail anemone its brilliant hue
The cold winds tarnish ere the twilight hours.

The streamlet gushing from its fountain head,
So limpid now, is soon befouled with mire;
The sky at first serene, the swift clouds spread
And dim its glowing reach of golden fire.

'Tis thus the world—O strong and ruthless law!—
A shadow's dream that flickering passes by;
Joy flies our hearts, and care remains to gnaw;
The rose an hour, the cypress lives a century.

ROBERT JAMES REILLY.

DECEMBER, 1892.

MARGERY KENRICK'S DIAMONDS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

IT had just gone ten o'clock, that cold December morning, up at Wyldewood.

The tall, old-fashioned time-piece on the great staircase at Dr. Kenrick's was yet vibrating drowsily the last stroke, when the door of Mrs. Kenrick's dressing-room opened, and somebody came in.

It was only Floy, Mrs. Kenrick's quadroon maid, her lithe little figure set off by the gay chintz dress and white ruffled apron, and a French cap of tulle and red ribbons stuck jauntily upon her dark braids.

The room was very bright, with its rich furniture, the ruddy fire in the low-down grate, and the winter sunshine streaming in through curtains of crimson silk, giving a rosy glow to everything around ; but, for all it was so warm and pleasant, the apartment was silent and tenantless.

A casket of diamonds lay open upon the dressing-table, amid an elegant chaos of perfume bottles, ivory brushes, and other toilet *bijouterie* ; and a long ray of sunlight had struck in upon the jewels, and made a rainbow of glory upon the polished ceiling above. Over an empty *fauteuil* was flung a dinner-dress of white silk ; and a pair of embroidered slippers lay by the footstool, as if the young mistress of all this silent splendour had just cast them from her little feet.

The pert quadroon gave a quick glance around the apartment. Then she thrust her hands into the pockets of her white apron, and came and stood by the dressing-table.

She was well accustomed to most of the fine things scattered about, here and there, in such lavish profusion ; but the diamonds were something new.

And rare beauties they were ; a necklace, earrings, and bracelets of the purest water, and worth, Floy thought, a mint of money.

She knew they were Dr. Kenrick's birthday (as well as Christmas) gift to his young wife ; that they had been sent home only an hour ago ; and that Mrs. Kenrick was to wear them, that Christmas Eve, for the first time, at a dinner-party to be given in her honour, miles and miles away. Olney was the name of the place ; and Floy knew also that it was Mrs. Kenrick's native town, whence the doctor had brought her a bride six months before ; and although it was whispered that she was not to the manor born—"a penniless lass," in fact, without "a long pedigree"—a very haughty, supercilious bride she had proved to be, as Floy knew to her cost.

It was just like her careless ways to go out of her room, and leave all those precious things open upon the table.

While the little maid stood thinking this, and feasting her eyes upon the jewels, there came a rap at the door which communicated with a private staircase. To open it was to admit a waiter with a basket of cut flowers in his hand, an exquisite thing which filled the room with the mingled odours of roses and heliotrope, geranium and japonicas.

The young maid had a tropical thirst for flowers. She took them from the man, turning them about in her hand, her eyes sparkling through their jetty lashes, as she thrust her little nose among the leaves, and inhaled their perfume.

But the waiter was differently occupied.

He was a mulatto, tall and well made, but with a beardless, treacherous face.

Instead of departing as soon as his errand was done, he lingered near the girl, and, unobserved by her, was watching silently and hungrily the jewels exposed upon the dressing-table. His small black eyes glistened like a ferret's, his lips and fingers trembled with an odd, convulsive motion. He was even prepared to draw closer to the casket ; but just then an angry voice was heard in the distance, and the man disappeared through the door by which he had entered, just as a bell rang sharply across an opposite passage.

Down went the basket of flowers on the table, and off darted Floy with the casket of diamonds.

Across the corridor she ran in hot haste, and lifting a heavy velvet curtain from an open door, she entered a spacious sitting-room, furnished with a simplicity which was almost severe.

A large ivory crucifix hung above the oaken mantel-shelf, and a marble statuette of the Madonna was on a bracket in a bow-window, where some choice flowers were growing in pots, and a canary singing in its gilt cage.

In front of the open fire sat a noble-faced old lady in a quaint, old-time gown of dove-coloured merino, and a cap of clear muslin upon her snowy hair.

This was Mrs. Ursula Kenrick, the doctor's gentle old mother.

Her sweet brown eyes were fixed with a troubled gaze upon a tall, elegant young creature who stood near her on the hearth-rug, attired in the extreme of fashion. A singularly beautiful girl, with a profusion of blonde hair and a brilliant complexion; but, just now, her cheeks were flushed more than was becoming: there was an angry light in her blue eyes, and a sullen pout upon her delicate lips.

This was Mrs. Margery Kenrick, the doctor's wilful young wife.

She was twirling a slip of paper impatiently in her long, taper fingers. It was a telegram, and contained these words:—" *The case is such a critical one, I shall not be able to return until to-morrow. Am grieved to disappoint Margery this evening, but hope to keep the Christmas with her at home.—Lewis Kenrick.*"

An old patient, a merchant of high standing, was very ill in the adjoining town of Elton, and Dr. Kenrick had been summoned to his bedside the night before. At noon he was expected back to accompany his wife to the dinner-party, miles away at Olney; and here, at ten o'clock, had come this telegram instead; and Margery Kenrick was vexed beyond all reason.

She had been such a spoiled and petted darling ever since her marriage, that she had come to chafe against the least crossing of her naturally strong will, and rebelled passionately against this first real obstacle to the course of her gay pleasures.

To be cheated out of her birthday party; to be robbed of the golden opportunity of displaying her new jewels and all the rest of her festive finery to her dear five hundred friends at Olney

(which she had not visited since she quitted it a bride); all because some stupid old Eltonian saw fit to consider himself dangerously ill, and detain Lewis at his bedside—it was insufferable, and could not be borne. Nay, it *should* not be borne.

The wilful beauty beat the point of her dainty slipper upon the rug, and formed in her heart a desperate resolve.

"These are the diamonds," she said ungraciously, as she motioned Floy to place the open casket in the elder lady's hands.

The grave old eyes were graver still as they gazed down almost sadly upon the sparkling gems.

"They are very beautiful," she said gently, "very beautiful, indeed; and Lewis will be sorry enough, dear boy, when he knows that you have been disappointed in the first wearing of them this evening, Margery."

A disagreeable expression passed over the young wife's face. She took the casket almost rudely from the old lady's hands, and closed the lid on the jewels with a vicious snap.

"I do not intend to be disappointed," she answered shortly, adding to the maid: "Floy, you may go now, and put my dinner-dress and laces, with the rest of the things, into the small trunk, and don't forget my gloves and fan; and see that the carriage is ready to take me to the railway station after luncheon."

As the curtain dropped upon the quadroon, the old lady said pleadingly:

"Margery, dear daughter, you surely do not mean it? You will not go to Olney without your husband?"

"Why not?" was the sharp reply. "Why should I stay at home and mope? It is my birthday, and this dinner is to be given in honour of the day by those who truly love me. If Lewis cares so little for me and my friends as to sacrifice both to the whims of some whining old hypochondriac——"

"Margery! Margery!" remonstrated the mother, "do not be unjust to our dear one. You well know how tenderly, how devotedly he loves you. Nothing but the call of sacred duty could ever keep him from your side."

The soft old eyes were moist with tears.

"To purchase for you *these*," and she laid her hand upon the jewels, "he sacrificed the darling hope and plan of years—that of building a new wing to the old Charity Hospital at Elton."

A sudden chill struck through the hot blood of the excited girl

who listened. She shuddered visibly and became very pale. Was it a premonition of coming evil? For the moment it seemed to her as if the casket she held in her cold fingers was filled, not with diamonds, but with the crystallized tears of the myriad poor whom the gratification of her inordinate vanity had deprived of succour and shelter in their hour of bitter need and suffering.

"Dear child," said the old lady, seeing, but somewhat misunderstanding her daughter-in-law's sudden emotion, "when you came to me a while ago, I had just finished reading those sweet words of the solemn, wise epistle to Christian wives, 'whose adorning,' it says, 'let it not be the outward plaiting of the hair, or the wearing of gold, or the putting on of apparel; but the hidden man of the heart in the incorruptibility of a quiet and a meek spirit, which is rich in the sight of God. For,' it adds, 'after this manner heretofore also the holy women, hoping in God, adorned themselves, being subject to their own husbands,'"

The blood mounted hotly to the young wife's temples.

Those words, "being subject to their own husbands," chafed her independent spirit; and the glance she gave Mrs. Ursula was so fierce and defiant, that the latter murmured soothingly:

"But we will say no more, dear Margery. God knows I have no wish to curb or control your actions, without an eye to your true happiness. But, I am sure, when you think better of it, you will not go alone to Olney, to-day."

Mrs. Margery Kenrick made answer quickly, in a raised key, and in a voice shrill with passion:

"No matter what the consequences may be, I am determined to go, alone, to Olney this afternoon."

And, turning, she quitted the apartment with angry abruptness. In doing so, she ran against someone standing in the corridor just outside the hanging curtain; someone who had been pressing his ear to a crack in the drapery, and listening eagerly to the dialogue just finished.

It was Arnold, the mulatto waiter.

"What are you doing here, sir?" she questioned haughtily. "I dismissed you some hours ago."

The man looked at her with a very ugly expression on his olive face.

She had, indeed, discharged him from service that morning for some trifling offence; and he hated her most cordially for it.

And not for that alone.

His wife, Daphne, had been lady's maid for years to Mrs. Ursula Kenrick, and had recently lost her place through the arbitrary interference of this new queen of the household. So exacting and overbearing were her ways, to be sure, that the servants all fretted under her rule, and wondered among themselves how the grave, gentle Dr. Kenrick (so like his dear, placid old mother) could ever have mated with such a haughty, hot-headed bride.

Arnold, the waiter, was secretly a man of violent passions; a dangerous man, in fact, whose past (it was whispered among his fellow-servants) had been stained by many a dark and desperate deed.

He and his wife had been the special victims of their young mistress's bad temper and spleen; and after Daphne had been driven from her place, Mrs. Margery had persistently refused to grant her the "character" necessary to secure her another situation.

And now Daphne's husband was literally thirsting for revenge.

"I came, madam," he replied, "to see if you wished me to remain until after luncheon was served?" his ferret eyes scanning her, as he spoke, through their half-closed lids.

"I wish you to leave the house at once," was the scornful retort.

"It shall be as you say, madam"—and the man, whose manner and speech had a certain indescribable elegance and polish, made her a bow worthy of a courtier to his queen. But he went away down the passage, with that ugly expression on his face, muttering to himself: "It shall be, indeed, as you say, young madam; but *you* shall pay dear for it all, my lady, in the hour of reckoning!" And then, stealthy and unobserved, he slipped into one of his master's private rooms at the other end of the corridor, and being assured that the apartment was tenantless, he noiselessly turned the key upon himself.

From an antique wardrobe in the corner he proceeded at once to take a complete suit of Dr. Kenrick's best clothing and linen; extracted some of the doctor's gloves and handkerchiefs, as well as some of his cards from a drawer at hand, and adding a velvet travelling-cap and handsome cloth ulster, which had just been sent home, tied the whole rapidly into a neat bundle.

That done, he drew from his pocket a false beard, glossy and

flowing, which, pausing before the cheval-glass, he appended for a few moments to his chin, and laughed quietly to himself, noting the effect, and the complete change it made in his face.

When he had replaced the artificial hair in his pocket, he carried his bundle to a window which gave upon a thick belt of evergreens in a secluded part of the grounds.

This he opened softly, and with a low whistle, and a whispered "Hist, Daphne!" he dropped the bundle upon the grass below; waited until a dark-faced woman crept out of the shadow of the firs, and, with an upward glance and a nod, concealed the bundle under her shawl, and disappeared in the shrubbery; and then he closed the window, unlocked the door of the room, and went away as noiselessly as he had entered.

Meanwhile his young mistress had passed into her dressing-room, very much out of sorts, and found Floy cuddled up in a little heap on the floor before the fire, rocking to and fro, and bemoaning herself most pitifully.

The girl had given her ankle a sudden twist and sprained it badly.

Mrs. Kenrick sank into an easy chair, disgusted and despairing.

She had reckoned, at least, on taking her maid with her on this ill-starred journey to Olney; and here was the wretched little creature unable to put her foot under her, or even to help with the necessary preparations for the journey! Everything seemed to be going wrong.

Margery Kenrick looked into the blazing fire in the open grate, and her eyes glowed like the hot coals. If she had looked as long and as well into the fiery recesses of her own unbridled passions, they would have been dimmed and drenched with tears of contrite repentance; for she would have seen in that interior scrutiny that all her annoyances sprung from her inordinate pride and vanity, from the wilful neglect of her religious and social duties.

It was the Vigil of Christmas, a solemn feast of the Church, and she was bent on a headstrong attendance at a grand festive dinner.

Her gentle husband had said to her when the cards first came from Olney: "Would it not be better, love, to keep at home with mother this first Christmas of our wedded lives? Think how sweet it would be to approach together the Holy Communion in our own little Wyldewood chapel!"

With the recollection of these words, the recollection of some other and more recent ones flashed suddenly upon her.

The telegram was still crumpled in the grasp of her slender hands.

She straightened the slip of paper out upon her knee, and read the message over once more : "*The case is such a critical one, I shall not be able to return until to-morrow. Am grieved to disappoint Margery this evening, but hope to keep the Christmas with her at home.*"

"*Hope to keep the Christmas with her at home !*"

She repeated the last words to herself with bitter emphasis.

"It is all a preconcerted thing," she murmured angrily ; "he did not want to go to Olney from the first, and now he has trumped up this shallow excuse to have his own way, and keep me at home !"

Her mind was made up.

The great clock on the staircase was chiming the hour of noon. Floy had managed to cripple off to her own apartment.

Mrs. Kenrick rang the bell, and ordered the chambermaid, who appeared at the summons, to complete the packing of her trunk, and serve her with lunch in an adjoining room.

An hour later, attired in her costly sealskins, the diamonds flashing in her delicate ears, the young wife lifted the curtain at Mrs. Ursula's door to say adieu.

The old lady was like an antique picture, beautiful and touching to behold.

She was in her high-backed chair, her head resting against its cushions, and her eyes closed in a gentle sleep ; but a tear trembled upon her soft old cheek, and the hand upon her knee still grasped her rosary of pearl. Sleep had surprised her in the midst of her fervent prayers for the wilful girl whose unhappy temper had so often, since her coming, darkened the sunshine of her son's peaceful home.

At this vision of meek and venerable holiness, something like remorse stirred in the bosom of the one for whom those loving prayers had been offered.

It was the last pleading murmur of the good angel before he spread his snowy pinions and fled away into the gathering darkness ; but it was rejected on the instant, and Margery Kenrick pressed obstinately on to the hour and scene of a terrible retribution.

II.

She was alone in the palace car *en route* for Olney.

She had ensconced herself in the depths of a luxurious easy-chair, her drapery of garnet silk so gracefully adjusted as to display the dainty little foot upon the footstool. The dark sealskin cap afforded a strong relief to the blonde braids on which it rested; and set off to striking advantage the clear pink and white of a peerless complexion.

Her blue eyes rested complacently upon an exquisite little satchel of painted satin which lay in her lap, its slender gold chain wrapped carelessly round her gloved wrist.

Save and except the diamonds in her ears, the rest of her precious brilliants had found a hiding-place in that little satin bag.

It was not in her nature to be over-careful about anything; but these were certainly rare jewels; and, as she had said to her mother-in-law that morning, they would be safer in the hand than they could possibly be in a trunk. Trunks might be lost or mislaid or robbed, but nothing could happen to *her*, she thought, strong and defiant in the inexperience of her reckless and beautiful youth.

She gave the chain another twist around her hand; and, remembering that it was yet a good three hours' ride to Olney, she bought a book (a trifling tale) from the newsboy, and settling herself more comfortably among her cushions, began to turn the pages of the translated French novel.

Thus occupied, taking in, without a scruple, the poisonous imagery, the false and seductive sophisms of the romance before her, the last vestige of her uncomfortable self-reproach melted away.

In short, so blinded was the selfish beauty to her own pride and bad temper; so keenly alive to the sense of her fancied wrongs, that she even began to regard herself in the light of a much-abused individual, who, by the laws of compensation, was entitled, after all that she had undergone, to the lion's share of enjoyment in the delights of the approaching festivities.

The most charming visions began to float between her eyes and the printed follies of the page they were perusing. In the invisible mirror which the Spirit of Vanity held towards her, she seemed to see herself arrayed in the white silk dinner-dress (now lying simply in the bottom of her trunk), with its elaborate garniture of seed-pearls

and rich old, creamy lace; the precious diamonds sparkling, like dew-drops, on her throat and arms; and their envied wearer entrancing the fashionable assembly with the corresponding brilliancy of her *jeux d'esprit* and after-dinner coruscations.

So absorbed was the prospective belle of Olney in these false illusions of her French novel, and still falser illusions of her own ambitious fancy, that she did not notice the two gentlemen who sat just behind her in the luxurious car, and who were watching her every movement with something livelier than the casual curiosity of mere fellow-travellers.

Of the personal appearance of one of these curious gentlemen, it does not concern us to say more than that he was a plain, slender person of uncertain age; of a nervous, awkward manner; and, despite his dark skin and fiercely-twisted moustache, of a decidedly effeminate face.

His companion, on the contrary, was a tall, elegant man in the prime of life, with a full, flowing, glossy beard, which, like his hair and lashes, was of a purple black. He wore a handsome cloth ulster and dark velvet travelling-cap, and was faultlessly gloved and shod.

His small, penetrating black eyes, it is true, had a quick, restless motion, right and left, which was calculated to produce an unpleasant impression of distrust; but he and his friend were possibly Spaniards, being both of that markedly olive complexion.

They had entered the palace car just after Mrs. Lewis Kenrick had ensconced herself in that inviting easy-chair wherein she was now poring over her novel; and they had evidently chosen their seats with a view to her close proximity.

The handsome man with the beard had expressed his whispered satisfaction to his homely companion, as they divested themselves of their wraps, and dropped into their chairs; and after settling a large valise at his feet, he had straightway devoted himself to watching closely over the top of a newspaper, the movements of the unconscious girl before him. In truth, the singular eagerness of his gaze, whenever Mrs. Kenrick's face turned towards the car window, surveying for the moment the wintry landscape outside, and giving him, at the same time, a clear view of her fair, regular profile, the sort of hungry, fierce satisfaction which seemed to leap out of his small, restless eyes had something quite repulsive in its disagreeable intensity.

It was Christmas Eve, and the weather very cold, and beginning to threaten snow. Besides Mrs. Kenrick and the two men, there were no other passengers in the compartment except an aristocratic-looking old gentleman, who was seated in their rear, and who had just awakened from a delicious nap over the *London Times*, to inform the conductor that he was an English traveller who was making, for the first time, the grand tour of Northern America.

The remark was overheard by the more vigilant and more elegant of the two dons in front, and, simple as it was, it seemed to afford him a singular pleasure, as he smiled and stroked his long, silky beard, and whispered approvingly to the companion beside him.

The smile, however, had vanished the next instant; and a little dumb show took place between the dark gentleman and the conductor.

The former had passed the latter his companion's ticket; and then he tendered him *two* other tickets, indicating by a silent gesture that one was his own, and the other that of the lady who sat before him.

The pantomime was concluded by a nod towards the unconscious Margery, a melancholy shake of the traveller's head, and a significant tapping of his finger upon his dark forehead.

The little stir behind her aroused Mrs. Kenrick from her book.

Looking over her shoulder she saw the conductor, and suddenly remembered that she must produce her ticket.

She was not accustomed to travel alone. She produced her dainty little pocketbook from her satchel, and searched hurriedly through its contents.

The ticket was not there. Neither was it in the satchel itself.

How odd, and how annoying! She had certainly purchased it, a while ago, at the station-window; but, with a blush at her own carelessness, she concluded she must have dropped it in passing from the ticket-office to the car.

She must buy another. The conductor had gone past her without any comment; but she called him back, and offered him the money, telling him she had lost her ticket.

She was surprised to see the official turn his eyes from her with an inquiring gaze, and looking meaningly at someone beyond her.

"It is all right, madam," he said in a soothing, conciliating

way which astounded and angered her; "the gentleman there, your friend, has already attended to your ticket!"

"What gentleman? what friend?" she questioned hotly in her intense and proud astonishment; and then, looking behind her, saw, for the first time, the person he indicated.

"This is an outrage!" she cried with her cheeks aflame. "Conductor, I do not know this man at all! I am travelling entirely alone."

The old English traveller in the corner peered through his gold-rimmed glasses with an expression of extreme disgust at this situation (so unusual in a first-class carriage), and frowned openly at the usages of American society which permitted so young and beautiful a woman to travel "entirely alone."

Meanwhile the dark-bearded gentleman had drawn the conductor's ear close to his lips, and whispered—but loud enough to be heard by all—

"She is my wife, poor girl!—hopelessly deranged for months past. My brother and I are taking her to Lethe for special treatment."

Lethe was a large private asylum for the insane, a couple of miles ahead.

For a moment, Margery Kenrick was mute with rage.

She had risen to her feet. She became deadly pale, and the pupils of her eyes dilated till those blue orbs seemed changed to black. A slight froth rose upon her lips.

"It is all right, madam," reiterated the conductor, alarmed at her looks, and dreading an immediate outbreak of the supposed mania.

"It is *not* all right!" she screamed, losing at once all control of herself. "It is all wrong, all false and outrageous. Conductor, I will have you reported for this. I am Mrs. Lewis Kenrick; see!" and she produced one of her cards from her pocketbook; "and this insolent man is—"

"Dr. Lewis Kenrick, your husband, poor darling!" said the dark gentleman coaxingly, also producing a card which bore that name. "The worst feature of her mania," he whispered aside to the official; "very distressing!" and he sighed deeply.

"This man is *not* my husband; I swear it, conductor," she cried, beginning to grow wild and bewildered. "My husband is Dr. Lewis Kenrick, of Wyldewood, and he is now in Elton visiting

a dying patient. That was the reason he could not come with me to Olney; for it is to Olney I am going, conductor, and not to Lethe. If I had not unfortunately lost my ticket, you could see for yourself."

The conductor was puzzled. He was a new hand on the road and knew none of the prominent residents of the vicinity. The lady was very beautiful, and seemed in great distress. He appealed to the old Englishman in the corner.

"They seem to be vulgar people," said the old aristocrat, sniffing the air with disdain; "but if that fellow is not her husband, why doesn't she telegraph to the one that *is*, and get him to identify her? Poh!"

The train was "slowing up" to the station.

"If you will give me the address of the sick man in Elton, madam," said the conductor, coming back to the now frightened girl, "I will telegraph to inquire if Dr. Kenrick is there."

"Yes, yes!" she cried eagerly, and then paused in blank consternation.

The Spanish-looking traveller rubbed his gloved hands softly together, and nodded again significantly at the official.

In her excitement she had forgotten that she did not know the name of her husband's patient.

All she did know was the name of the Elton hotel where Dr. Kenrick was accustomed to stop. Would a telegram there reach him in time? She wrung her slender hands in an agony of anxiety.

The train had reached the station. The early winter twilight was beginning to fall as the conductor gave to the clerk the telegram Margery had dictated, addressed to the Elton Hotel, with instructions to forward the answer at once to Lethe.

Then on with a shriek steamed the locomotive once more into the cold gray shadows, fitting emblems of the chill and darkness beginning to settle relentlessly down upon one wilful woman's troubled heart and life.

She could not sit at her ease now, and dream her vain and selfish dreams. A hectic spot burned in each of her fair cheeks as she paced up and down the car, clenching her hands and biting her fevered lips, till she looked, indeed, the mad, restless creature she was so cruelly said to be. . . .

What did all this terrible mystery mean? Who was this

strange enemy who was affecting to be asleep in his chair, but was watching her, even yet, stealthily through his half-open lids? and what was his object in playing out to its end this bold and dangerous game?

The conductor had lighted the lamp above his head, and she scanned the dark face more narrowly.

Surely she had seen before (and recently) those small, evil eyes! That expression of vengeful and treacherous hate, was it not desperately familiar to her? Surely, another face—was it at Wyldewood?—dark, also, and treacherous—but beardless?— . . .

She shuddered, and began to sob passionately as the conviction of her own utter helplessness burst upon her. Oh! why had she slighted the gentle mother's advice, and started alone on this fatal journey?

"No matter what the consequences may be!" she had said in her bitter anger.

And now, she would have given every one of the priceless jewels in her grasp to be back once more in the safe retreat of home, kneeling at Mrs. Ursula's feet in the warm, bright sitting-room, and listening gratefully to one of those grave and tender homilies she had hitherto despised as tedious and impertinent. Like a cool, calm picture in the frame of her excited fancy, she saw again in imagination the crucifix above the mantle-shelf, the Madonna on the wall, and the sweet-faced old lady asleep by the fire in her high-backed chair, the rosary shining in her withered hands.

"O Blessed Madonna!" she prayed, praying as she had never prayed before; "Comfortress of the afflicted! refuge of sinners! hear and help your unworthy child!"

A long, sharp whistle sounded on the frosty air. Someone shouted "Lethe."

The lights of the trim station loomed in view; the trees slid past the windows, like trees on the slide of a magic lantern; there was a rattle, a grinding rumble, a jolt which threw her against a hand which grasped and held her like a vise—and the train had stopped at the dreaded station.

A faintness began to creep over her. As in a troubled dream, or the stupor of a nightmare, Margery Kenrick felt that the supreme moment of her life had come.

She sank into a seat, still in the grasp of that iron hand; and

the conductor's voice seemed to come to her from some far-off place as he bent over her, saying :

"There is no answer to your telegram, madam."

Then she was conscious that *another* face, darker and more evil, full of a suppressed and hideous vengeance, also bent close to hers, and hissed at her through its shut teeth, like a terrible and significant echo :

"No answer to your telegram, madam !"

And in that brief instant she recognized him.

With a ringing shriek : "Arnold ! Arnold ! I know you now—I know you at last !"—she sprang from the chair, tottered blindly forward with her hand to her head, and fell prone in a dead swoon at his feet.

"You see she recognizes me, poor dear," said the dark gentleman softly ; "but she calls me by my brother's name. Arnold," and he turned to address his companion, "help me to support the afflicted darling to the carriage. So ! It is better as it is—better as it is. Our sad task is comparatively easy while she remains insensible. Conductor, please put off the lady's trunk on the platform, and hail a cab. Gently—gently—" (as they bore her carefully to the door). "Here is her pretty little satchel, sweet pet ! slip it safely into the valise, Arnold. This cold air will soon revive her. Thanks, conductor ; you shall be rewarded for your considerate services."

And, clasping to his breast the limp, inanimate mass of seal-skins and garnet silk, with the blonde head and the death-like, beautiful face lying motionless as a broken lily on his shoulder, the supposed Dr. Kenrick shut himself and his companions into the carriage in waiting, and was driven off, bag and baggage, down the dark road which led to the Lethe Asylum.

III.

The gray dawn of the Christmas morning was stealing into the chamber of a fine old mansion on the outskirts of Elton, where a silent but awful battle between Life and Death had all night long been desperately fought.

Life had conquered, but at such terrific odds that the grinning skeleton with the scythe seemed yet to linger by the bedside, crying out in hollow tones, "Your triumph is but short-lived !" as

he pointed his fleshless finger jeeringly at the cadaverous face of the victor, lying spent and wasted among the pillows.

But the crisis of the disease was passed, and the sick man had sunk into a profound and healthful slumber.

With a sigh of relief, Dr. Lewis Kenrick arose from the chair where he had spent his sleepless vigil beside his patient ; and with an assuring nod to the nurse, who had just returned to her post refreshed by a brief repose, he stepped noiselessly to the window, and looked out on the wintry town.

It had snowed heavily in the night, but the dawn was clear and promising.

The Christmas chimes were ringing merrily from the belfry of a church some blocks away. A rosy light was beginning to glow in the east ; and a large, fair star hung trembling there, like a dying lamp.

"O star of Bethlehem ! O sweet star of Bethlehem !" murmured the doctor softly under his breath ; and just then a little child came gayly up the street, singing the dear old *Adeste Fideles* in a quavering little voice, very tender and touching to hear.

The doctor's eyes, so like his mother's brown and placid eyes, grew moist with unshed tears.

He was a great, big, brave, bearded man, with auburn hair and a fresh complexion ; strong and wise and skilful as a master in his art, but, at the same time, gentle and pure and simple-hearted as a child.

Looking up now into the cloudless expanse above him with the tender prayer of Tennyson's St. Agnes—

" Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are these frosty skies,"

he made reverently upon himself the sign of the Cross, and gave thanks to the Great Physician for the life which He had seen fit in His mercy to give back to His servant's hands that peaceful hour. Then he dropped the curtain, and came back to the nurse.

"I am going now," he said in a whisper.

"How long will this sleep last ?" questioned the woman, nodding towards the pallid face of the sleeper among the pillows.

"Possibly for hours. When he wakes, give him those drops I ordered, and the beef tea. All he needs now is careful feeding and nursing."

The nurse followed him into the hall.

"Will you not take some breakfast before you go, doctor?"

He shook his head.

"No, thank you, nurse. It is Christmas morning, you must remember, and I shall not break my fast, if I can help it, for an hour yet."

The woman was Irish, and a Catholic; she smiled understandingly, and murmured a blessing on him, as he passed down the staircase and out into the street.

He walked briskly on, block after block, feeling how good it was, after his long vigil in the confined atmosphere of the sick room, to drink in deep draughts of that pure, elastic air, and crunch the fresh snow under his rapid feet.

A flood of light and sacred song suddenly poured on him from the open door of a church. He went in with the silent throng of worshippers, hastening to one of the aurora Masses.

Near the entrance a priest in stole and surplice sat at a latticed screen, hearing confessions.

This was the opportunity Dr. Kenrick had desired.

Grave and recollected, he knelt at once in the line of penitents, rich and poor, gentle and simple, reverently waiting alike their turn for absolution.

How warm and bright and peaceful was the holly-wreathed house of God! The pungent odour of the greens and the sweet aroma of the altar-incense mingled gratefully together.

"How lovely are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" thought Dr. Kenrick; "my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord!"

And then he fell to wishing most fervently that Margery, his young wife, could have been kneeling there at his side, sharing the solemn delights of that early Christmas morning.

Possibly at the same moment (he consoled himself with the thought), she and the dear old mother were adoring the Divine Babe of Bethlehem in the little chapel at Wyldewood.

God bless and keep them both! prayed the loving tender heart. A half-hour passed; and the great bearded man knelt with the throng of devout communicants at the sacred rail, and, with tearful eyes, received from the hands of the priest that Incarnate God whose altar shall be unto the end of time, truly a Bethlehem, truly a House of Bread,—yea, verily, the Bread of Life which cometh down from Heaven!

The sun was well up, and the earth rejoicing in her Christmas mantle of unspotted ermine, when Dr. Kenrick came out of the church, and made his way to the hotel for breakfast.

He had finished his coffee, and done full justice to a bountiful meal, when one of the clerks approached him.

"I have been looking for you all over," he said apologetically. "*This* came for you last evening; but we did not know where to find you."

He passed on, leaving a telegram in Dr. Kenrick's hand. Walking into the reading-room, the doctor tore the envelope. He read it at first mechanically, not taking in at all its real meaning. Then, with a start, with a shudder which shook his strong frame from head to foot, his eye ran wildly again over the mysterious message:

"Margery!—my wife, on the road to Olney—in danger!" fell in broken words from his lips.

He stood transfixed with astonishment and anguish.

Merciful heavens! what could it all mean? Was some one playing a trick upon him? Or could it be that the child had persisted in going to Olney without him,—and that some misfortune—?

He put his hand to his reeling head. The blood surging to his temples seemed to blind him.

By one of those incongruities so singular in their essence, so common in their daily occurrence, this grave, gentle, noble-hearted man loved tenderly, devotedly, with all the strength of his simple nature, the proud, passionate, frivolous girl who bore his name.

And this woman whom he loved,—O pitying angels!—the wife of his bosom, his precious, golden-haired darling, had called to him, hours ago, from the depths of some far off, unknown peril, and no answer had been made to her wild appeal!

Was it now *too late*? . . .

The cold sweat stood in great beads upon his brow; but with a wordless prayer to God for aid, for direction, in this supreme emergency, Dr. Kenrick threw himself into a carriage at the door of the hotel and was borne rapidly away to the rescue.

* * * * *

"There go the church-bells, Rosy, *asthore*; and isn't it sweet and beautiful they sound? (Glory be to God!), and everything so cold and dark and dismal about us! It's Heaven's mercy it stopped snowin' afore midnight."

"You may well say that same, Peter Finnegan. Have you the lantern, man? Take care of that broken bit there by the out-house wall; and hurry along, or it's late we'll be for the midnight Mass, I'm thinking."

"Hark!" cried the man; "what's that? I hear a sound close by."

"Tut, tut!" returned his wife; "don't loiter. Sure it's only the wind moanin' through the little wood yonder—"

"It's no wind at all, at all, Rosy Finnegan," disputed the lantern-bearer; "it's a groan it is—hist! there it goes again! Faix it's the voice of a human craythur, and no mistake, and somebody's in distress in the out-house."

The good couple (they belonged to the force of hired "help" of the Lethe Insane Asylum, and were making their way across its extensive grounds to the Christmas Mass) pushed open the door of the out-house, and stepped in.

It was an old shed, used in the summer for garden-tools, in a secluded spot somewhat off from the public road.

Peter Finnegan flashed his lantern around the interior; and he and his wife gave vent simultaneously to a cry of surprise and horror.

Stripped of her outer garments, bound hand and foot to the rickety old bench on which she lay at full length, they beheld before them a beautiful, fair-haired lady, who was moaning most piteously, and shivering, unprotected, in the piercing cold of the December night.

The clothing left to her, they saw at a glance, was of the finest quality. Her lips were blue; her delicate features pinched and drawn; her face and hands as white, and almost as cold, as the snow-drifts which had blown in during the storm, through the broken window of the shed, and lay, like tufts of ermine, upon her lovely hair.

"God be good to us!" cried Peter; "it's kilt the poor colleen is, entirely, with the black frost; and her as purty and shapely itself as a wax doll. Mebbe she's one of the crathurs from the House yonder, and she's give them the shlip; and some black-guard of a tramp has robbed her of her clothes. Lend a hand, Rosy dear."

And in less time than it takes to tell it, the good fellow had cut with his pocket-knife the cords which bound her, and with

the aid of his strong-armed wife had lifted the stranger, and was bearing her over the snowy fields to the asylum.

Poor Margery Kenrick ! poor Margery Kenrick ! "How hath the gold become dim ; how is the finest color changed !"

Cold, senseless, stripped of the vain ornaments so precious to her heart ; indebted, under Heaven, for her very life to a poor Irishman and his homely wife, whose service she would have scorned in the heyday of her pride and passion, the haughty woman whom God had humbled was carried over the threshold of a madhouse, and welcomed like a vagrant, to its walls.

She was put to bed at once, and restoratives applied.

But before an hour had elapsed there was no crazier creature in that vast abode of crazy misery than the hapless wife of Dr. Lewis Kenrick. Delirium had supervened upon the exposure and horrors of that awful night.

The white cheeks glowed, the blue eyes were brilliant with fever, as their owner tossed upon her couch, crying aloud ever the same strange words :

"The Stable of Bethlehem ! the stable of Bethlehem ! How dark it is—how cold it is ! Help, help, O Lewis ! they have robbed me of my diamonds and my furs ! They have left me alone in the cold, dark Stable of Bethlehem !"

If Arnold, the Mulatto, could have stood that hour beside the bed of racking pain, and gazed with his evil eyes upon that shattered wreck of the once proud and beautiful Margery Kenrick, even *his* desperate heart must have relented from the further enjoyment of his bitter revenge.

But Arnold would cross her path no more.

Far, far away, hours ahead of pursuit and detection, making the best of their opportunities and their stolen treasures, the mulatto and his travelling companion (who was no other than his disguised wife, Daphne) were afloat in a sailing-vessel from the nearest port, bound for foreign shores.

Late in the afternoon of that eventful day, a tall, bearded man, stole softly into the chamber where Margery Kenrick lay with the ice-fillets bound about her burning brow.

The nurse and the superintendent stepped aside in mute but warm sympathy ; and Dr. Kenrick bent alone over the suffering girl.

As he listened to her pitiful ravings, her hot hand clasped in

his, his broad chest heaved, his tender eyes ran over with tears.

He fell on his knees beside the bed, and gave vent to his long pent-up emotion in a prayer of mingled thanksgiving and anguish.

Praise be to God! the lost one had been found; but alas! alas! would the hungry grave even yet yield up its threatened and trembling victim?

* * * * *

It is Christmas Eve once more in the old familiar sitting-room at Wyldewood.

The crucifix is above the oaken mantle-shelf; the pure Madonna beams down upon them all from her marble pedestal; and the gay canary sings among the flowers in the sunny bow-window. Besides the glowing grate stands the mother's high-backed chair.

In it, as of yore, sits the dear old, brown-eyed lady, in her muslin cap and dove-coloured gown; and in it, but not as of yore, across her knee, as brown-eyed and cheerful as herself, lies her treasure of a month-old grandson, a superb rosy roll of a baby, who is crowing on its back at a stray sunbeam, and laughing like a cherub as it flashes full upon Grandmama's glasses.

Close at hand, in her low sewing-chair, smiles the young mother.

The young quadroon, Floy, has just dropped on one knee beside her, seeking directions as to the mass of delicate white embroidery flung across her arm; and as Margery Kenrick lifts her head to answer, we see how great and charming a change has come upon that fair, distinguished face.

The proud blue eyes have grown soft and gentle. A tender meekness hovers about the curves of the once haughty mouth; and over the whole countenance is shed the grace of Christian motherhood, giving it an undefinable and touching likeness to the face of the Mother of all mothers throned upon the wall.

She wears no jewels; and her dress is a simple robe of violet cashmere; for Margery Kenrick has profited well by the bitter lesson of the past. Purified and refined by suffering, she has learned, at last, to seek the things that are above; and all her earthly joys are centred at present in her duties to her husband and to her peaceful, happy home.

Now, as she dismisses Floy and the crowing baby to the nursery, the curtain at the door is lifted, and the grateful husband and father enters.

He carries in his hand a large morocco casket ; and his brown eyes glow with tenderness as he lays it in Margery's hand.

"Our Christmas offering, dearest," he softly says ; "our blessed *ex voto* for past and present favours."

And, opening it, the sunlight blazes upon a magnificent golden chalice, set with diamonds of the purest water.

Brighter than the diamonds in her hand, purer and far more precious in the sight of God and His angels than those sparkling gems, the contrite tears begin to shine upon Margery Kenrick's blushing cheeks.

"Nay, weep not, my darling !" says her husband fondly, "but rather rejoice and smile."

He draws her close to his side, and lays his hand in blessing upon her golden head : "The past is buried, love, with all its bitterness and pain, the present is full of peace and radiant promise. And when, to-morrow, at our Christmas Mass of 'thanksgiving, the good priest raises aloft, for the first time, this jewel-studded chalice, what shall we say to the Divine Babe of Bethlehem, Margery, for all His tender mercies ?"

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO !" says the aged mother, her moist eyes raised in grateful reverence to God.

And slipping to her knees, at her husband's feet, her head bowed meekly on her folded hands, Margery Kenrick joyfully responds :

"ET IN TERRA PAX HOMINIBUS BONÆ VOLUNTATIS !"

A WAVE AND A HEART.

[N diamond-crusted spray upon the shore,
 Broke a long emerald wave ; then lowly spake
 Your voice, O Love ! "Before they may outpour
 Their magic treasures, wave and heart must break."

ALICE FURLONG.

HER VOCATION.

NO step was fleetier in the dance,
 No girlish laugh was half so gay,
 Yet I could see by her sweet glance,
 That in her heart a secret lay.

Like some deft toiler at a loom
 Whose thoughts unfetter'd wander far,
 She floated through the lighted room
 In sight, yet distant as a star.

A score of partners sought her side ;
 On each she let her glances fall,
 More soft than moonlight on the tide,
 Yet like the moonlight cold withal.

Where was her heart that gave no sign,
 While dancers whirled in circling sweeps ?
 It knelt before an altar shrine
 Where adoration never sleeps.

T. H. WRIGHT.

CHARITY AT HOME.

TWO children stand, with dimpled cheek and chin,
 Pressing their brow against the window pane
 To watch the folk go by in twilight rain,
 But only see their happy walls within,
 Winking in firelight, wavering rosy-warm,
 While rush without the roaring wings of storm.

So, often, we who at glad hearths abide,
 Where the Good Fairy Fortune smiling brings
 Her gracious gifts with seldom-folded wings,
 View our poor kinsmen of the night outside ;
 For, warm within, from our sweet rooms we gaze
 Into the dark, and see—our fireside-blaze !

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

RENAN'S BEGINNINGS AND END.

ONE New Year's morning there were gathered in the "grande salle" of the Seminary of Philosophy, at Issy-sur-Seine, some two hundred students. They formed an animated and picturesque body. Most of them wore the sombre habit of the French cleric, but here and there were youths still "en péquin," as it is termed—youths who had not yet assumed the regulation soutane—some of them were unmistakably English; the rich Irish brogue could be occasionally heard amidst the noisy chatter; the nasal drawl of the American States was not absent; there were Orientals, too, sallow and silent. A small knot of Englishmen stood discussing with British freedom and outspokenness the ceremony which was about to begin. It was the "Jour de l'an," and therefore that day of all others which, in France, is a day of effusive greetings.

"Why can't they be content with an honest hearty handshaking?" said one. "I hate these horrid French customs," said another. But despite their murmuring, the Englishmen had to conform to the unchangeable time-honoured usage which required that each student should on that day give to and receive from his companions the "accolade" of friendship. Such an ordeal was certainly distasteful to a Britisher; it did not fall in with his ideas of comradeship; it was almost as nauseous to him as it was natural to his French fellow-students. Only one Frenchman had ever been known to shirk, and to absent himself from this formidable interchange of courtesies; his name was whispered with pity and horror there in that home of piety and learning. It was an evil augury for them, the Englishmen were told, that they should resemble *him* in anything. They were reminded how Ernest Renan used invariably, on this festive day, to sulk in his tent, to hold aloof, to take no share in joyous salutation or hopeful wish. That one trait of his character was best remembered at Issy. Throughout his career in that seminary he was ever reserved and unsociable. The "jeu de balle" had no attraction for him; he shunned the society of athletic Basque, or boisterous Englishmen. He was pensive, gloomy, morose.

He betrayed no taste for philosophic or scientific study; in his classes he never rose above mediocrity. Not much good, not much harm was known of Renan. He was lost in the round of busy life, in the succession of prayer, of meditation, of church services, of lectures; but during the brief hours of recreation, his habitual moodiness was a subject of general comment.

On the weather-stained wall of the old Seminary, near the door by which Renan first passed from his scantily furnished, brick-paved cell, out into the bright parterres of the college grounds, is a sundial whose figures are now half effaced; but around the blurred numerals was a motto still legible: "*Homo quasi flos egreditur et conteritur et fugit velut umbra.*" The thought which these words convey is a solemn and mysterious thought: they form the first meditation for the seminarist who has just quitted the pleasures and ambition of the world; they come upon him with something of a shock, so widely do they differ from the garish prints and enterprising announcements of fresh enjoyment which bedaub the hoardings of the gay capital; they bring home to him so completely the hollowness of a life whose end is mere pastime; they nerve him to carry out his own noble purpose, to use this fleeting existence for the highest good of his fellow-man. Seen as they are unexpectedly, the meaning of these words is intensified; it penetrates into the soul; it is meant to sober, not to chill, not to oppress; but it did fall upon the mind of the young Breton with a sense of despair. From the day that he beheld those words "*di colore oscuro,*" they appealed to him with dread significance—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate."

The seminary was to Renan a prison; it never became a home. Unhappy, unloveable and unloved, Ernest Renan set himself to endure a life which he had not then the courage to abandon.

For another reason, too, Renan was disliked: he was slovenly in his dress and habits. It had been a wet day, last "*congé*" day, and still, in obedience to inveterate custom, the students of Issy had set out on their weekly walk in the environs of Paris. Submitting with the best possible grace, the lads had meekly trudged along the uneven cartroads of Mendon and on through the woods of St. Cloud, back into the sloppy streets of Issy. Cassocks were bespattered—"doublottes" stained by the deep red mud, and as the days were long gone by when a seminarist might bring with him to the seminary his valet-de-chambre, it was the task of each student to look after his own wardrobe. From laziness or indifference, or from the rude primitive habits of his Breton peasant life, this task was irksome to Renan, and on the morrow of such a walk, he would appear in chapel, or in study-hall or class-room, either regardless or unconscious of the mud now slowly drying on his bedraggled skirts.

All that savours, however remotely, of vanity in dress is quickly observed at St. Sulpice—the elegant coiffure of the abbé of old times is ruthlessly condemned; an edging of lace upon the surplice worn in choir at once provokes indignant disapproval, not because such an

adornment is in itself unworthy of the house of God, but because it creates singularity, because it affects a seeming superiority. The sumptuary laws of the seminary are rigidly enforced. There was no danger, however, of their being violated by Renan. St. Francis de Sales—in everything a gentleman—was the model of clerical life constantly put before the student of M. Olier's seminary. Renan chose for his patron rather the pilgrim-saint of Amettes, Benedict Joseph Labre. It was in vain that superiors urged upon Renan the unbecomingness of such habits; he despised the "*convénances ecclésiastiques*" and went quietly on his eccentric way, unbrushed, unwashed, unkempt. The remembrance of his dirty hands yet survives amongst his confrères of Issy.

Before leaving Issy Renan received the clerical tonsure, and in a letter written about that time he speaks of the "inexpressible joy" with which he consecrated himself to God. No doubt on such a day there was joy at the Seminary; no doubt many a pure young heart was in earnest when the thanksgiving hymn of the newly-made cleric rose from around the statue of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Vierge, reçois cette couronne !
 Qu'elle soit le gage heureux
 De celle qu'auprès de ton trône
 Tu nous réserves dans les cieux.

We are inclined to doubt the sincerity of Renan, for at St. Sulpice, to which he now passed to begin the higher studies in preparation for the career which he had so solemnly chosen, he was soon observed as an adroit dissembler. A professor went so far as to say that dissimulation was the dominant trait in Renan's character. Such a disposition must needs be checked; if possible, eradicated. It was difficult to approach Ernest Renan—difficult to influence him for good. Daily he became a more confirmed hypochondriac. The counsel of kind friends was thrown away upon him. Frequently M. l'Abbé Dupanloup came to the Seminary during the hours of recreation, and always sought out the young Breton, in whom he took a warm interest. M. Dupanloup was not slow to perceive that Renan's nature was developing a new phase. The hitherto silent lad now spoke—spoke with harshness, spoke in a critical spirit, spoke irritably. Dupanloup observed him with pain, and returned sadly wondering to S. Nicolas du Chardonnet.

Despite his sourness of temper, and his discontent with his daily life, Renan never relaxed his ardour for study. The deeper Scriptural studies, which form part of the course at St. Sulpice, were especially congenial to him, and he showed an aptitude for Hebrew. But, in truth, Renan did not follow the lectures of his pious and

learned guides; he complied with the letter of the rule, and was not absent from class, but in the privacy of his room he passed many an hour in poring over books which were new to him, perplexing to him, and yet fascinating. They had come from his sister, then in Germany, and they had introduced him to the sophisms, to the intellectual mists, to the startling exegetic theories of German rationalism. From acts of outward acknowledgment of the mysteries of faith he returned to his room, to the volumes, which, as he read them, sapped the foundations of his faith. His sister's letters stimulated doubts which had been gradually creeping upon him, and which, even in conversation, he could no longer conceal. His friend and protector, M. Dupanloup, one day told Renan plainly, "I see, my child, that you have lost all faith; you do wrong in remaining here; you are only deceiving your superiors."

And so Renan left St. Sulpice. He went out into the great city—he tells us himself how sadly, with what unavailing regret for the past he had so loved, till his peace of mind was destroyed. Without money, almost without friends, his heart filled with anguish—he had no hope in the world. Still clad in the sacred garb of a cleric, he was an infidel and outcast. For a time he obtained tutorial work, and he strove by constant occupation to stifle remorse of conscience. By degrees the gloom lifted, and in the gaiety of Paris he became not the moody, repulsive sceptic, but what he has been recently called, the Apostle "du doute souriant." "Je suis fort egoïste," he tells us, "retranché en moi-même, je me moque de tout;" but he takes care to add: "I make it a rule always to say to everyone the correct thing." "Je dis à chacun ce que je suppose devoir lui faire plaisir."

He won favour in high places; he grew into notoriety, and being appointed professor of Hebrew in the College of France, he overshoot the limit of his own ambition, and to escape from this dangerous eminence, he is said to have deliberately denied in his first lecture the Divinity of Christ.

A storm broke upon him. The *Vie de Jésus*, written after his travels in Syria, was published, and the storm redoubled in violence. He certainly had taken the most effectual means of ensuring his dismissal from the chair of Hebrew.

Looking back upon it all now, one is tempted to ask in what lay the secret of the success of this extraordinary book. It took the world by surprise; it was an audacious book, but its main position was not novel. Men before Renan had denied the Divinity of Christ. Yes; but they had done it with rude, harsh, blatant, vulgar impiety; their denial of the Divinity of Jesus appeared to some minds an atrocity more revolting than His crucifixion by the Jews. Here at last was a

man whose impiety was seductive, plausible, polite, fit to grace the salons of high dames, and the reunions of dilettanti. How charming! how fascinating! how specious! how probable! how true! Renan denied the Divinity of Christ; yet was this dethroned king far above all the children of men; there was in Him no longer "the fulness of the Godhead corporally," "the brightness of the Eternal Father"—and yet! and yet! He was something more than man. And so Renan cast a glamour of poetry and romance around the figure of Jesus Christ. Alas! for the endurance of fame! Renan outlived Renanism. Before his death the Jews had condemned him, and if they had had an index they would have placed him on it. Protestants, remembering his blasphemy, charitably prayed for his conversion. He had ceased to injure Catholicism, because, in the light of real science, all his scientific objections against the Church had disappeared.

What has been said of the *Vie de Jésus* is true of those other so-called critico-historical works in which Renan attacked the basis of Christianity. These books may live as samples of style—of rhythmical, chaste, eloquent French. They may dazzle an unwary, shallow mind; they can have no weight with the scholar who reasons, and whose reason does not recoil from before brilliant imagery, but penetrates to the hollowness and contradiction beneath the glittering surface. It has been said of Renan that he first showed the world how obscure the French language can be made. "Une brume flottante enveloppe tous ses discours." One need not marvel at this haziness of thought and of language, when we recall the fact that at St. Sulpice Hegel was his guide and model and master. Hegel, who, of all men in modern times, has carried off the palm for vague, unintelligible writing.

Renan, speaking of the letters which he had written, has informed us in his candid fashion: "La correspondance sera ma honte, j'y ai mis une foule de choses dont je ne suis pas sûr." He might have said the same of his more extended writings. Yet he had the impudence to declare to a crowd of admirers in his native province: "If I could choose my own epitaph, I should select the words, *Veritatem dilexi*. Ce témoignage je le porterai haut et ferme sur ma tête au jugement dernier." Nevertheless Renan, the sceptic, the truth-loving Renan, had taken his infant son for baptism to the Church of St. Francis Xavier, and old Madame Renan, while Ernest, uncovered and respectful, stood by the baptismal font, begged of M. le curé a prayer for her grandchild, a prayer that he might be pious and God-fearing, as his father, her Ernest, once had been. This lover of truth, who had painted the horrors of Calvary, and at the same time denied

the efficacy of Redemption, summoned to the death-bed of his mother a priest of the faith which he had cast aside and derided—obtained for her those consolations of religion which to him were an empty formality or the lingering memory of a beautiful dream.

Should not his epitaph rather be "*Fidem negavi*," or these other words of St. Paul, "*O insensate, quis te fascinavit non obedire veritati?*" While still in the vigour of health, Renan had chosen his epitaph. He is hardly cold in the grave, and the judgment of men has condemned his choice. True to his character of word-painter and maker of phrases, when drawing up his will, he assured the world that in dying he would thank the Cause of all good, "*de la charmante promenade qu'il m'a été donné d'accomplir à travers la réalité.*" When death was stealing upon him, as on the morning of Rosary Sunday bells joyously rang out for early Mass, the words which fell from his lips were other words, the old, old lament of suffering humanity. "Man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries; who cometh forth like a flower and is destroyed, and fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in the same state." It was the legend written round the rude sun-dial at Issy.

J. C. M.

TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

WHAT brief delight your days of triumph bore!
 How long the years of labour and of pain
 Ere you could compass quest athwart that main
 Whose vague vast waste no prow had braved before?
 What shame, when from your own discovered shore
 You Spainward sailed enthralled in caitiff's chain!
 Yet, for that cup of woe you did thus drain,
 What glory earth and heaven held in store!

True Christopher, the Christ you longed to bear
 To half a world untutored by the Cross,
 Your pattern shone, most frequent in the strife
 Of want and direful pang, in Tabor's glare
 But once, hosannaed once; His death, all loss
 That seemed, is now for you light, love and life.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S.J.

ERE THE STEAMER SAILS.

THE letter is borne to the thatched farmhouse among the hills, probably by some school-child's hand, that makes Mary Donovan a more important personage in her native parish than she has ever been in all her innocent, quiet life; for it contains her passage ticket and maybe a small sum of money to prepare her for her journey, from the older sister who is "doing well" in America.

"An' Mary has got her ticket! Troth, an' 'tis herself is the modest, well-doin' girl, an' I trust 'tis for luck that it comes."

"So be it! An' luck she'll have. Sure her story niver was heard, nor her ill word."

"An' well she attended her duties. Not a Confraternity station did I miss her from. Troth, Mrs. Donovan, ye needn't cry. Hasn't she her sister before her?"

"True for ye. An' what can the young people (God bless them) do but go abroad? There's nothin' to be made at home."

Many such conversations does the poor mother listen to during the few weeks that Mary takes to make her simple preparations; for simple they are. She has a couple of frocks to make—very fine gowns they are, too, to her unsophisticated eyes, though a couple of sovereigns buys them and a hat, gloves, and many smaller articles besides—and her girl friends gather to help her with her sewing. There is something very pathetic in the life of those days. A younger sister takes up Mary's duties, and the girl is free to ply her needle and thread. The mother slips into the workroom from time to time to note their progress, or to make a suggestion, pausing to express an opinion on the texture of the material at which they are engaged, maybe. She generally leaves the apartment with quivering lips and tear-dimmed eyes that Mary, threading an obstinate needle, pretends not to see. There is some fun among the girls, but for the most part they work seriously and steadily till the big trunk, "that is so lonesome looking," Mrs. Donovan says, is packed. Big as it is, its capacity is taxed to the utmost, for Mary carries presents from friends with her to others beyond the seas, and should the passengers of the particular Transatlantic liner on which she sails by any chance have stinted rations she need not worry, for in it also are the oaten

soones some neighbour, famous for her oat-cakes, has brought her, with a dozen of speckled turkey eggs and a package of tea, and a jar of Mrs. Donovan's golden butter. Many little "kindnesses" does the girl receive from her friends in those days—a brooch, a handkerchief, an apron. Among them, Mrs. Donovan points proudly to the prayer-book and rosary given Mary by Father John when she knelt at her last confession to him.

"An' not a foot would he let her leave till she promised to call at his house for her breakfast. God bless him! Sure it was himself that christened her and prepared her for Confirmation, as he said the other day." And then Mrs. Donovan launches into some anecdotes concerning Mary at that period of her life.

At length Sunday comes, and the girl walks for the last time down the old boreen and through the pleasant meadow ways by her mother's side. In after years she will see the scene often; she will remark that the hills and meadows were never so fair before, that the throstles never sang so sweetly as on that last Sunday. She has never been so smartly arrayed before, and Mrs. Donovan cannot gaze enough on her girl; yet they speak little, and that little in sudden, spasmodic fashion, as people who are strongly affected and yet try to restrain their feelings speak; and both are thankful when some neighbour joins them as they reach the high road that leads to the little chapel whose belfry is barely distinguishable among the lines of aspen and sycamore, beech and ash that surround "God's Acre." The girl scarcely realizes that she is kneeling for the last time in her accustomed place; and while the mother's tears fall, she is able to look round the familiar walls and—God will pardon her if so—indulge in a day dream anent her coming home again. A group of friends and acquaintances await her by the church door, once Mass is ended. Some have messages to send their loved ones by her; some have waited to say farewell. A few friends will go home with her to spend the evening. They are old people chiefly, or at least middle-aged. Tomorrow night the young folks will gather. A visit must be paid to the Donovans' burying-ground, and a brief prayer said by the grave mounds; and a few leaves of shamrock are plucked and placed in Father John's prayer-book ere they turn their faces homeward. There are many arrangements to complete that Sunday evening concerning one thing or other, and night comes all too soon. Mary accompanies each visitor down the boreen, and

says good-bye bravely by the old rowan tree. But when she sits by the hearth with the next girl by her side, when the mother, after repeated good-nights and fond kisses, has at length gone to bed, if not to sleep, she indulges in the luxury—the woman's luxury if you will—of a good cry. Charles Dickens' "Miss Berwick" understood its merits when she wrote—

" And now, dear, it is such a comfort
To be able to cry in peace."

On the morrow preparations have to be made for the evening's festivities. It is not often so much baker's bread is seen, and the cups and saucers have been borrowed from more than one or two neighbours. Much scorn and some blame have been bestowed on the Irish method of spending the last night at home, and yet, methinks, it has some advantages. It is not at all likely that any member of the family would sleep long or soundly. Mary must leave early to catch the first train, and so it is not wonderful that it is customary to spend the hours in harmless amusement in dance and song. In after days the girl will be able to smile at many a little jest she scarcely understands now. She will often think of the big, *sonsy* kitchen, and the cheerful hearth where the great fire burns brightly, and the kindly faces around. She sits closely by her mother to-night, and only dances once with the champion dancer of the district, whose many "steps" and "turns" and vigorous movements would make an *habitué* of a fashionable ball-room faint. Afterwards other feet than hers keep time to the strains that Dan Fegan draws from his beloved instrument, and others sing the songs she knows and loves. I heard a song, an ordinary street ballad it was, on such a night. Mr. Yeats heard it and admired it, as he told not very long ago in the *Boston Pilot*, sung by a wandering ballad singer. The opening verse runs thus, I believe—

" I'll sing to-night of a fairy land
Like a gem in the ocean set,
And of all the lands I've travelled o'er
'Tis the fairest land I've met.
There the willows weep, and the roses sleep,
And the balmy breezes blow,
In the good old land, in the dear old land,
Where the lovely shamrocks grow."

and after enumerating the various soldiers, and poets, and scholars who have made our island famous, the song concludes thus :—

“ I'll sing of the lonely old churchyard
 Where my father's bones are laid—
 The church that stands in its ruins grand
 That our tyrant foes have made ;
 But I'll strike my harp with a mournful touch
 While the blinding tears they flow
 For the dear old land, for the good old land,
 Where the lovely shamrocks grow.”

I believe another song with the refrain, “ Where the lovely rivers flow,” has been written ; but I fancy this is likely to have been written first. Any land may have lovely rivers, but the shamrocks belong peculiarly to Ireland.

Though the singers' voices were uncultured, I was crying when the strain was ended ; and poor Mary Donovan feels heart-broken listening to similar strains. When the morning comes, the majority of the guests take their leave, and Mary feigns to partake of the hurried breakfast, and then “ good-bye ” to home is said. God keep me from witnessing such scenes ! God grant the day may come, and soon, when Ireland's sons and daughters can all remain in their own land ! The mother's grief is pitiable to behold. She has kept up to the last, till she holds the girl in an agonized clasp to her heart. The father keeps his woe in better check, and poor Mary is led forcibly away at last, too overcome to cast even “ one long last lingering look behind.”

MAGDALEN ROCK.

WINGED WORDS.

A wag is contemptible, a prig is a pest, a fop is a nuisance ; but when a wretched caricature of each is rolled into one, we have then what the great Pugin called a certain absurd compound of orders in architecture—an atrocity.—*Canon Thomas Doyle.*

Our tokens of love are for the most part barbarous. Cold and lifeless, because they do not represent our life. The only gift is a portion of thy self. Therefore, let the farmer give his corn ; the miner, a gem ; the sailor, coral and shells ; the painter, his picture ; and the poet, his poem.—*Emerson.*

It is only by our own fault that we are not better than we are ; it is only by God's mercy that we are not worse than we are.—*Anon.*

The suit you have paid for is always a better fit than the one you get on credit.—*Anon.*

All life is but a struggle with death.—*Dr. Alexander Morrison.*

Every great man is violent: heavy blows are necessary to force an idea upon the world.—*Voigt.*

It is easy for a man who has no convictions to be dispassionate and impartial.—*Barbey d' Aurévilley.*

When the right thing is done in the right way, it always comes right. — *O'Connell (in conversation with Archbishop Ullathorne)*

All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the divinity of Our Lord, the one central hope of our poor, wayward race.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

Surely they are of the highest type of women, those who, though maternity is denied them, are ready to pour out the vials of their mother love even on the waifs and strays of humanity which Providence sends in their way.—“*Whither ?*” by *M. E. Francis.*

There are many things that God will put up with in a human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with—a second place. He who gives God a second place gives Him no place.—*Ruskin.*

It has been observed that, when a tiny steamer, with much puffing and circumstance, paddles its frothy way from the shore, thoughtless persons on board become possessed by the fancy that the rock-built pier, the staid city, and the big solid earth have set themselves in unseemly motion and are flying from the little craft. Is there room for the suggestion that this supposed advance of positivism, and this hurried falling back of the old lines of faith, are but subjective appearances, the effect of psychological causes akin to those at work in the moving vessel?—*Rev. Thomas Finlay, S.J.*

The emancipation of labour is not wholly an affair of agitation or of legislation. It is primarily an affair of morals. There is no power that can emancipate men who are slaves to degrading habits, who study how to get through their day's work on the lowest terms that will pass muster, and who will cringe for a “tip” to the capitalists they denounce and detest. Contrariwise, there is no power on earth that can hold down working men whose habits are wholesome, who put their heart and their strength into their work,

and who meet equals and superiors alike with courteous self-reliance. Every class is terribly hampered and handicapped by its unworthy members.—*Anon.*

Cholera has a marked preference for the hard drinker.—*Anon.*

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.—*John Paul Richter.*

The coloured sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common unpoetic life.—*Faber.*

AT THE CRIB.

DESCENDING from the starry skies,
The Eternal King an infant lies,
A poor and lonely stranger.
Chill is the night, the north wind sighs,
Around the naked manger.

And while the snow-clouds whirl apace,
The quiet radiance of His face,
(Whereon a tear is stealing)
Is all that lights the dusky place,
Where Mary's spouse is kneeling.

O fount of gladness, thou wert fain
For me to stoop to tears and pain—
For me, for me Thou grieveest.
Shall I refuse Thee love again
Through all the life Thou leavest?

Shall I receive Thee as this cave
That open lay to shield and save
And shineth in thy rising,
When Bethlehem no refuge gave,
St. Joseph's prayer despising?

Ah, no! be thine, O saving guest,
A kindlier welcome in this breast,
A home where love shall warm Thee,
Where no rude foe shall break thy rest,
No wintry cold shall harm Thee.

G. O'N.

DR. RUSSELL OF MAYNOOTH.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

XI.

Correspondence with Cardinal Wiseman (continued.)

IN the letter last quoted Dr. Wiseman proposed to Dr. Russell to contribute to *The Dublin Review* a critical appreciation of Dr. Lingard's History of England. This great work is accordingly examined in an article of great ability and much more than ordinary length in the Number for 1842. The reader of this judicial study of the subject, written by a young man not yet thirty years of age, will not be surprised at the assertion which I heard made by Judge O'Hagan in the last year of his life, that the men best qualified to decide were falling back on Lingard as the only genuine English historian—that in many instances his marvellous historical instinct had led him to the right conclusion even on questions as to which all the documentary evidence was not yet known in his day. We may print here the only letter of Dr. Lingard that we have found among Dr. Russell's papers. There is no envelope, or address, or date. Did any Liverpool bookseller publish any of Lingard's writings? This letter seems to be addressed to one of them.

DEAR SIR.—Your letter which is just come is a satisfactory answer to the letter which I wrote to you yesterday.

It will be with misgiving and regret that I shall yield to the announcement of my name on the title page. It may, perhaps, procure a greater number of purchasers at first; but my solicitude is to facilitate the conversion of Protestants, and you may depend upon it that, as soon as it is published that I am the author, it will also be said that I have in view to cajole and deceive Protestants by painting the Catholic doctrines in false and favourable colours.

There is another objection that may be made, one to which I can confide the answer only to you, that is, I dare not anticipate it in the advertisement. It will form a subject of complaint that I sometimes quote from the Catholic, sometimes from the Protestant, version of Scripture. But I have good reason. In all matters of controversy with Protestants you have more reason to expect their concurrence if you quote from their own translation and prove your doctrine from

it. That is my reason for adopting it occasionally. Why not always, some one may say? Because that would be to give it a preference over our own version. I mention these answers that you may have a reply ready, if the objections are made,

I will thank you to send what books you have for me to Liverpool. The clergy meet there on Tuesday next. Perhaps I may desire some one to call and bring me the parcel, if it be then at your shop in Liverpool. If it be not there, it may be sent on by railway after its arrival.

Are you sure you have not a parcel for me from Mr. Gage Rokewode? It is two months since he wrote that he had sent to you a parcel from the Institute of France for me.

I am, dear sir,

Most truly yours,

JOHN LINGARD.

Dr. Wiseman's next letter* after the one quoted last month* is dated "Easter Day, 1841," which I find from an old prayer-book was April 11. It is long, and we must confine ourselves to extracts, all the more because this portion of our materials is so abundant that it will be impossible to make anything like full use of them in this place. Annotation also must be reduced to a minimum.

I am much obliged to you for your kind and flattering letter, and am glad to have so sound and respectable a supporter, where I dare say I shall stand in need of such. I received a letter from Dr. Miley, anxiously enquiring the grounds of the view I took of the Oxford affairs. I replied, communicating to him only a small, a very small portion of what I know is going on at that University. I can assure you that what appears on the surface is nothing to what is working in the deep; and the Catholic movement is not merely, as some imagine, in the outward forms and phrases adopted by the Tractarians, but is in their hearts and desire. They are every day becoming more and more disgusted with Anglicanism, its barrenness, its shallowness, and its "stammering" teaching. Their advance is so steady, regular, and unanimous, that one of two things must follow: either they will bring or push on their Church with them or they will leave her behind. The first is their great object; the second may be their gain. If their Church repel them and attempt to damp their efforts, they will abandon her, for their hearts have allowed Catholicism to take too

*The printer changed *last* into *least* where we expressed our joy at knowing that from so accomplished a biographer as Father John Morris, S.J., we may at last expect an adequate record of Cardinal Wiseman's career.

deep a root in them for it to be plucked up by the "*telum imbealle sin ictu*" of Anglo-episcopal authority, In the meantime many of them are as yet terribly in the dark as to their *individual* duty, in their present state of feeling; and it seems to me that, if consulted by any *one* as to what *he* should do, I should of course tell him to go forth from his father's house and kindred and come into the land which God's grace shows him, by *at once* yielding to his convictions and securing his own salvation. But when (as in every case that I as yet know of them) they have not been so far enlightened by faith and grace as to feel that it is a risk to their own salvation to remain united to the Anglican Church, though they consider it a duty of that Church to bring itself into communion with the Catholic Church, all we can do is to push them forward in their view so as to make them diffuse it in every direction, and to invite them towards us than to repulse them, as some seem inclined to do. I should like to see them become Catholics at once, and one by one; but, if they will not do that, I should be sorry to check them in their present course.

I have received a letter from a friend gone to Oxford, where he is most intimate with the heads of the party. I will extract a few sentences *for yourself and Mr. Murray only*, unless you think the Archbishop would be glad to see what I write, for whom I have no secrets—but *no further*. "I have the most cheering and satisfactory intelligence to communicate relative to the progress of Catholic affairs in this place, and I feel satisfied that events have advanced the cause far beyond what our most sanguine hopes could have led us to expect. I feel now quite satisfied that Mr. Newman is acting with the greatest sincerity, that his whole efforts are directed towards a reunion, not a distant, theoretical union, but a practical one, and that as soon as it can be openly agitated without causing too great alarm.

Now, my dear friend, let me entreat you to join me in my determination to devote my life and all the little energy and power that God has given me to forward this divine work. Get prayers on every side for it, inspire as strong an interest as possible in the hearts of the young clergy of Ireland for the reunion of this country to the Catholic Church. Above all things do your utmost to quell violent political feeling.

What a mortification before God will it be to any of us if we be found in the end to have been thwarting *His* work by our violence, our political antipathies, or even our negligence!

I hope Dr. Miley will not continue his present tone of writing. I have written to him. How struck I was last week in reciting the first sentences of the fifth lesson in Matins *Feria V in Cæna Domini*! How applicable they may prove before long to many!

Please to remember me most kindly to Dean Gaffney. Also to Mr. Murray, to whom I will write as soon as I can. Please to tell him that the author of the article on Music in the *Dublin Review* is Mr. Hogarth, brother-in-law of Boz. Quin was the Editor at that time. I shall be very happy to have your article.

There is an article on Italian music in the sixth volume of *The Dublin Review*, May, 1839. This, it seems, was written by a brother of that Mary Hogarth over whose grave Dickens placed this inscription: "Young, beautiful, and good, God took her to be one of His angels at the early age of seventeen years"—and whom he remembered so faithfully as to write in one of his letters: "This day eleven years poor dear Mary died." The passage in the office of Holy Week which Dr. Wiseman applied prophetically to Dr. Newman and his friends is from St. Augustine—"Utinam qui nos modo exercent, convertantur et nobiscum exerceantur; tamen quamdiu ita sunt ut exerceant nos, non eos oderimus; quia in eo quod malus est quis eorum, utrum in finem perseveraturus sit, ignoramus. Et plerumque cum tibi videris odisse inimicum, fratrem odisti, et nescis." Many of these were soon, indeed, to suffer grievous trials and real privations for the Catholic faith, which they courageously embraced.

The next letter is dated "SS. Cletus and Marcellinus," which an obliging penoel has translated in the margin, "April, 26."

I return you, with many thanks and congratulations, your very interesting letter from Mr. Newman.* I see no insurmountable difficulties in Oxford against the return of Unity. The passions of men and the gross prejudices of the mass of the people are our real adversaries. The latter *they* are more likely to remove than we; the portion of the former which belongs to our own body we must study to remove.

28th.

This note, owing to my engagements, has lain by till to-day. I have thus the good news to communicate that the *real* Oxford men have resolved to attack O'Connell no more, and are quite altering their views of Ireland. An extract from Dr. Murray's letter to me forwarded to them, has done wonders. . . . I enclose a copy of the last edition of my pamphlet, to show you the correction you were good enough to suggest, as certainly misunderstanding might have ensued. My answer to Palmer is in the press.

* It has been printed at page 486 of our present volume.

On the Eve of the Ascension—and in that year, 1841, the feast fell on the 20th of May—he writes again from St. Mary's College, Oscott, to Dr. Russell (who is still only “Rev. dear Sir”) :—

I have been a good deal engaged of late, which has prevented me from answering your letter. Yesterday we had a visit from Mr. Wackerbarth, the editor of the *Prospectus* of Bishop Forbes. He came in his cassock. He is a young man, well read, and possessed of a fine library of the Fathers and other ecclesiastical works. He spoke and behaved throughout like a Catholic, knelt down and said his prayers in chapel, made the sign of the cross at grace, and asked my blessing at leaving. He said he had never seen any relics; upon taking him into the sacristy to see our altar plate and vestments, I showed him a relic of the Holy Cross, on which he knelt down, trembled, sobbed, and wept like a child, and most devoutly kissed it. Such emotions as these shame our cold faith and give an earnest that if God unite these men to His Church, they will bring back much of the strong and lively devotional spirit of which we have unhappily lost too much. Although there is at this moment a sort of lull in the agitation of Church questions, I have every reason to believe, or rather to know, that things are more going on more and more prosperously.

This letter contains many interesting particulars which we omit with less reluctance, as the great Cardinal's correspondence is now to be placed in the competent hands to which we have more than once alluded. We must not take undue advantage of Father Morris's permission to enrich these Memorial Notes of Dr. Russell with extracts from the letters of his illustrious friend.

The gentleman referred to in the beginning of the foregoing letter was the subject also of a note which I jotted down on the 25th of May, 1884. “Judge O'Hagan told me to-day that Sir Samuel Ferguson had a great admiration for the Rev. A. D. Wackerbarth's translations, especially that of a Latin hymn in the *Paradisus Animae*, ‘Homo Dei creatura,’ which the Judge forthwith, with his marvellous memory, repeated without a moment's hesitation. Ferguson gave the *Lyra Ecclesiastica* to Richard Dalton Williams as his parting gift when going to America in 1849.” Mr. Orby Shipley, in the preface to his *Annus Sanctus*, describes this Father Athanasius Diedrich Wackerbarth as “an Anglo-Saxon student and professor, a man of varied gifts as antiquary, astronomer, and civil engineer.”

Dr. Wiseman concludes the letter last quoted by saying that he is particularly anxious to know when his Maynooth correspondent proposes to start for Rome. "You will, I trust, call here on your way—it will not make three hours' difference. But could I hope to see you here at our opening of the Cathedral on the 23rd of next month?" But Dr. Russell contrived somehow to break away from his college duties earlier than that date, for on the 1st of the next month (Whit Tuesday) a note was left behind for him at Oscott by Dr. Wiseman, who had "put off to the last moment a journey of necessity in the hopes of the pleasure of seeing you. I am anxious that you should speak 'good words' with the Pope, Cardinal Mai (with whom I correspond on the subject), the Propaganda, &c., about Oxford. Oh! that I could go with you! I could do more in a week by word of mouth than in months by writing. But do all in your power to excite good feelings in every quarter, and you will do much."

The phrase "good words" is an allusion to a Puseyite barrister whom Dr. Wiseman had quoted to his friend. "Do you remember the advice given by Rehoboam by the 'old men' who stood before Solomon, his father? We are somewhat in the position of the tribes of Israel. If 'good words' are spoken to us, we may become the servants of the Church for ever; if not, like them, we may be lost to Sion, and who shall say that no fault rested with Rehoboam?"

There seems to be a break of a year or two in the collection of letters in our hands—no letter between the early months of 1841 and the late months of 1844. Meanwhile "My dear Sir" had become "Dear Dr. Russell" and "My dear friend." In a long letter dated "Fest. S. Laur. M. 1844" [August 10th], he gives some account of a dozen or so of the converts that the Oxford movement had already restored to the unity of the Catholic faith—Wackerbarth, Grant, Mivart, Lockhart, Charles Hemans (son to the poetess), Scott Murray, Talbot, &c. Alluding to Newman's slowness in following the lead of those whom he had led, he calls him the Cunctator of the Established Church. "But I doubt if she will be able to say of him,

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."

The concluding paragraph of the letter enables us to identify another of Dr. Russell's innumerable contributions to Catholic

periodical literature. One of the most meritorious of the very many attempts at a cheap Catholic periodical was going on at this time under the name of "The Catholic Instructor." The following extract will show also the minute care that Dr. Wiseman bestowed on every enterprise that he took up:—

I must close with a few words about *The Instructor*. I am much obliged to you for your contribution, but must criticize it. I would have begun with the very contrary supposition to yours. "I daresay very few of you have heard much of the Glaciers of Savoy; so I will tell you something about them before giving you an account of an interesting, &c." Then follow with a short and simple description. I wish you would just write such a short and simple introduction. We do not suppose our readers to know much about such matters, and must treat them quite as simple folk. The paper is taking well. Pray send us something. And do not forget the *Review*.

In the last days of that year 1844, he writes from Seville, having undertaken a pilgrimage to Portugal and Spain, chiefly in search of sleep and appetite.

I am here in my native city, after upwards of forty years' absence; and yet all that lapse of time (although I was too young when I left to remember anything of it) does not seem to have made me a stranger here. On all sides I meet persons, clergy and laity, who welcome as a fellow-townsmen and who perfectly remember my family, and overwhelm me with kindness and do all to make my brief stay here agreeable and interesting to me. * * * I have been greatly delighted with everything except the abominable treatment of the Church by the secular power in every successive Government in Spain since 1821. * * * I cannot find that the clergy here are one whit behind those of our own or any other country, in piety, zeal, or learning.

This trip to Spain, besides restoring the health of the Bishop of Melipotamus (for such he then was), furnished materials for more than one valuable Spanish article in *The Dublin Review*.

It is not quite fair, and indeed hardly possible to use the Wiseman correspondence except as illustrating the relations between the subject of these notes and the first Archbishop of Westminster. This has been done already to a certain extent, and we shall strive to be very chary of our extracts from the pile of letters still lying before us.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. All the space that remains unoccupied in our twentieth yearly volume must be devoted to the books that publishers have laid upon our review table. Many of them would deserve an extended notice, but this is impossible; and we must try to give in a few candid words the impression each book has made upon us. The readers who are interested in special subjects will often from the name of the author or even of the publisher be able to give a pretty fair guess at the character of a work. For instance, "The Vicar of Christ," by the Rev. William Humphrey, S.J. (Art and Book Company: London and Leamington) needs no recommendation to those who are acquainted with Father Humphrey's previous publications, two of which—"The Divine Teacher" and "Mary Magnifying God"—have each reached a fifth edition. There is here the same clearness of style, the same fulness and exactness of theological knowledge. Still less is it necessary to add anything to the announcement of a second edition of the English translation of "The Manna of the Soul," by Father Paul Segneri, S.J. These meditations for every day in the year by the Bourdaloue of Italy, are brought out in two handsome volumes, by Burns and Oates, of London. They consist of pious and solid reflections on special texts of the Sacred Scriptures and do not deal with the incidents of Our Lord's life like Avancinus, Lancicus, and most other compilers of meditation-books.

2. *Select Revelations of St. Bridget, Princess of Sweden*—London and Leamington: Art and Book Company. New York, &c., Benziger). This is a new edition of a book which was published in 1876, with a few words of praise from Cardinal Manning. While it is in our hands, we have chanced upon words spoken by Lacordaire to some pious ladies of Lyons. "Il y a peu de saintes aujourd'hui, parce qu' il y a peu de femmes qui lisent sérieusement. Je ne veux pas dire pour cela qu' il y ait beaucoup de saints, mais c'est assez d'un procès à soutenir. What beautiful things in St. Catherine of Sienna, in St. Gertrude, in the Revelations of St. Bridget! Sometimes I happen to say some things that seem new and admirable; well, then I am complimented on the fine things I have said, I can hardly keep from smiling—I had read them that morning in St. Bridget." Nevertheless we think there are few readers whom doctrines and exhortations put forward in a less mystical way would not suit far better.

3. Priests especially will be glad to have a work which has just been issued by the indefatigable press of Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church," by the Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D. Some of the twenty-nine chapters treat of subjects which ought not to be classified as sacramentals, but which have an interest and utility of their own, especially in America which, perhaps, we shall have henceforth after the Tercentenary to call Columbia. The sign of the cross, the stations, the Agnus Dei, scapulars, vestments, bells, holy water, these are only a few of the topics discussed in this volume, which any priest who finds it on a bookseller's counter, and turns over its pages is very likely to carry away with him.

4. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has lately appeared in a new character which surprises those who knew him only as the author of many novels (for nearly all of which Charles Dickens stood sponsor) and of many gossiping compilations on theatrical and other matters. He has now published several small books of piety for the use of people living in the world. The latest of these is "The Layman's Day" (London: Burns and Oates) which begins by describing itself as "but the attempt of a layman to set before his brother laymen the great truth that salvation is a serious business or profession, not to be secured on the easy terms of merely attending at chapel on a Sunday or Holiday." It is a useful and an edifying book, and will, please God, suggest to many good men of the world how they may sanctify their ordinary life with a solid manly piety.

5. The latest of several useful tracts and treatises on questions of the hour, which the American Jesuit, Father James Conway, has given us, chiefly from German sources, is "Socialism Exposed and Refuted" (Benziger Brothers). It is from the German of Father Victor Cathrein, S.J., the original has not only run through five editions in two years, but has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, and Flemish, and now into English. The painstaking research for which German scholars are famous is exemplified here; and Socialists admit that Father Cathrein interprets their views and aims with candour and scrupulous accuracy. He is peculiarly fortunate in his English translation.

6. *Devotion to the Holy Angels: comprising the Angelic Crown, Miraculous Prayer, Novenas, Hymns, and Examples.* Compiled by a Sister of Mercy. (Dublin: James Duffy and Co., Ltd.) A great variety of edifying matter about the angels is gathered into this volume, which we owe to St. Marie's of the Isle, Cork. Coming from Cork, we are less surprised at finding several pages filled with poems about the angels by a gifted native of the beautiful city, "Mary of *The Nation*." The examples are very fresh and well chosen.

7. We are glad to perceive that our new Irish novelist, Mrs. Francis—for we claim her as such, though her story lies amid English scenes—has won the suffrages of the critics that are hardest to please. *The Saturday Review* says of "Whither?"—"The plot is well and touchingly worked out. The incidental descriptions are good, and the subsidiary characters are well drawn;" and *The Standard* says that "it displays a quiet narrative power that sweeps all improbabilities before it. Mrs. Francis has distinct power as a story-teller, and we shall look for her again with interest." *The Morning Mail*, in a long and careful appreciation, pronounces it "a most interesting and pathetic tale," and says that one of the subsidiary characters, "the Canon is one of the most attractive delineations of the priest in literature. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he is equalled in saintly and human qualities by the good bishop drawn by the author of *Les Misérables*, and by him alone."

8. "Mary McHardy's Elocutionist" (published by George Philip and Son, London and Liverpool) is what it is intended to be—"a new and attractive collection of pieces suitable for recitation." We are not surprised to learn that a second edition has been speedily called for, but we are surprised that such a large variety of pieces can be brought out so handsomely for a shilling. The compiler, who is now Mrs. Abraham Flint, has had distinguished success as a dramatic elocutionist and teacher of declamation, expressive reading, and distinct articulation in speaking and singing; and her great practical experience has guided her in the choice of the contents of this volume, four fifths of which (many of these being poems of very great merit) will have for most readers the charm of absolute novelty.

9. The Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D., whose "Notes on Ingersoll" is one of the most successful of recent contributions to controversial literature, has translated from the Italian of Angelo Cagnola an "Analysis of the Gospels of the Sundays of the Year" (Benziger, New York). It differs from similar works in throwing its comments on each Sunday Gospel into the form of a series of questions and answers; and it strikes us that a priest in a hurry would here get at the pith and substance of the sacred text more easily than by reading a disquisition cast in the more usual mould.

10. The Rev. Thomas E. Bridgett, C. SS. R., who has already done such admirable service for the fame of Blessed Thomas More, has just compiled under the title of "Moriana," selections from writings of the sixteenth century illustrating the life, character, and martyrdom of the sainted Chancellor. A very interesting introduction gives, with Father Bridgett's accustomed completeness, an account of the six writers from which the extracts are taken. The

book has been already used with good effect in schools, for intelligent boys will take an interest in the extracts themselves and also as showing how Latin can be used as a living language and applied to modern topics. It can be procured from the Redemptorist Fathers, St. Mary's, Clapham, London, S.W.; but we consider ourselves accessory to a financial imprudence in mentioning that the price is only sixpence.

11. The Benzigers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, seem to have at present a monopoly of the publishing of Catholic books in the United States. One of their latest publications is "A Primer for Converts," by the Rev. John T. Durward, of Wisconsin. It goes further back than controversial treatises and tracts are wont to go. We hope that there are few enquirers after the truth in these countries that cannot at least accept the first article of the Apostle's Creed; but no doubt this solid little treatise has its own public to address.

12. "The Priest's Hiding Place, or Ripplethorpe Grange and who lived there," by Marian Nesbitt (London: R. Washbourne), is a pretty book containing a pretty story about children of the present day, not of those penal times to which the title might seem to point back. The brothers and sisters are somewhat more sentimentally affectionate in their words than healthy young people of the sort would be in real life. But Miss Nesbitt has a good style and spins her yarn pleasantly. Miss Dobrée has published some short and bright tales illustrative of the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost in the penny series of the Catholic Truth Society, which has also added to others of its series "The Huguenots" by the Rev. William Loughnan, S.J., "Spiritualism" by the Rev. Richard Clarke, S.J., and a striking essay on "Miracle" by Mr. Kegan Paul. Mr. Britten and the other promoters of this Society deserve our gratitude for their persevering zeal and energy.

13. Very different from the dingy little Lindley Murrays of our school-days is "The Home Grammar, or Helps and Rules for spelling, parsing, punctuation, and analysis for young boys and girls preparing for school," by Laura Whitehead (London: Burns and Oates). It is a handsome volume of some two hundred pages of large type and particularly thick paper, and it furnishes a vast number of ingenious exercises suggested evidently by long experience of the real difficulties of youthful learners. Miss Whitehead has taken great pains to "teach the young idea how to shoot," and also how to spell and punctuate and even how to write letters. One of her minute instructions puzzles us. She recommends her young letter-writers to wind up with "I am," or "I remain," rather than "Believe me," because this last does not always chime in grammatically with what goes before. How can "Believe me yours affectionately" ever become ungrammatical?

14. The admirable account of "Buckfast Abbey," by Dom Aidan Hamilton, O.S.B. (London: Burns and Oates) has reached a third edition. This is the first of the old English monasteries which has returned into the hands of monks since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The chief patrons of the work of restoration have been Dr. St. George Mivart and the Duke of Norfolk; but antiquarian zeal has also combined with religious zeal in securing the success of the enterprise. Dom Hamilton ends his most interesting essay with the mystic letters I. O. D. G. One at least of his readers is puzzled by this variation of the famous A. M. D. G.

15. "A Discussion with an Infidel, being a Review of Dr. L. Buchner's Force and Matter, by a Priest of the Society of Jesus" (London and Leamington): Art and Book Company) is a solid philosophical and theological treatise of 150 pages. It appeared originally in the *American Catholic World*, as far back as the year 1874, and is a very able refutation of some of the errors of the German materialists. The same publishers issue at the price of a shilling a sort of Latin appendix to this work: *Index Rationum et Doctrinarum quae ex aliis operibus desumuntur Auctoris*; "A Discussion with an Infidel," *hujus inventa apprime confirmantium*. This learned brochure appeals only to the scientific theologian, who will hardly consult these book-notes on such a subject.

16. "The Catholic World," which we have just named, has introduced a startling innovation. After an existence of quarter of a century it has suddenly become an illustrated magazine—not merely an occasional frontispiece, such as *The Ave Maria* indulges in from time to time, but illustrations by the score, fully illustrated articles like those in the large *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, or like *The English Illustrated Magazine* on our side of the Atlantic. We are not sure that *The Catholic World* would not have been wiser in trusting to the solid merits of its literary work without calling in the aid of the engraver. But they seem to have special facilities in this department in the States. Their cleverest competitor over here we have just named: *The English Illustrated Magazine* is the best sixpenny magazine of our acquaintance—except one. The November Number has almost hundreds of excellent pictures, large and small, including the inevitable full-page portrait of Tennyson. Some of these illustrate copiously a pleasant paper of George Augustus Sala's on London Cries, and others a new story of Brett Harte's, "Sally Dows," in which the everlasting complications of *Elle* and *Lui* are manipulated with much delicacy and freshness. But the most interesting contribution is Mr. Douglas Sladen's "New York as a Literary Centre," which furnishes personal details and life-like portraits of Burroughs, Stockton, Howells, Stedman, Gilder, Edgar Fawcett, Mark Twain, and others.

17. *The Ave Maria* in its monthly parts gives almost too large and too varied an assortment of literary wares. It may be more manageable in weekly instalments. The serial now going on is very good—

"A Little Maid of Arcady," by Christian Reid. It seems a pity that Maurice Francis Egan should take to story-telling—we prefer him much as critic and essayist. From three other different points in those wonderful United States come *The Salve Regina*, *The College and Home Magazine*, and *The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*—each very good in its own perfectly distinct line. Apropos of perfectly distinct lines, how does *The Children's Corner* (edited and published by Uncle Henry, 170 New Kent Road, London, S.E.) claim to be the only periodical for Catholic children in these countries? For whom does *The Marygold* (London: Washbourne) cater? *The Children's Corner* has the advantage of being a penny weekly. A month is too long an interval for young folk. I remember well how long the intervals used to appear between the monthly parts of *David Copperfield*—alas, how many years ago! But a week and a penny just suit the child's purse and memory.

18. Some people are so unsophisticated as to like a little piety in their Christmas gifts they give and receive. These book-notes are supposed to be literary, and prayer-books are not literature; yet as an instance of piety set forth with true literary art we may refer to one of our advertisement pages in front of this Number which weaves a chain of testimonies to the literary charm of Rosa Mulholland's latest book, "Spiritual Counsels for the Young," Dublin: Charles Eason. I could imagine a prayer-book written so as to be a first-class bit of literature. A fair amount of literary merit may be claimed for "The Faithful Guide, Prayers and Devotions recommended to Catholic Youth," by Father V. Raymond, O.P. (London: Burns and Oates). "The Guide to Heaven, for use of those at sea" (Catholic Truth Society, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.) is an excellent prayerbook even for those who prefer to trust to Providence on dry land—362 pages of fine large type, neatly and strongly bound, and only ninepence! "The Servite Manual" (London: Burns and Oates) is compiled by the Servite Fathers and comprises chiefly devotions in honour of Our Lady of Dolours. At page 237 there is what seems to be a new translation of the *Stabat Mater* which has probably escaped the vigilance of Mr. Orby Shipley. The hymn is given complete in an older version in another part of the book; this new one ought to be finished. "Heaven our Eternal Home" by F. Maltus, O.P., is not a spiritual treatise like Father Boudreaux' "Happiness of Heaven," but a small collection of pious aspirations repeated litany-wise. Most attractive of all these pious rivals, and in the daintiest binding, appear "The Maxims of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque," and "The Little Treasury of Leaflets," both published with extreme care by M. & S. Eaton, 8 Grafton-street, Dublin. The last is already an old favourite with the pious faithful.

And so "the last syllable of recorded time" has been reached in our twentieth annual volume, which must end with the heartiest prayers that all its contributors and readers and friends may have a merry Christmas and many a happy New Year.





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